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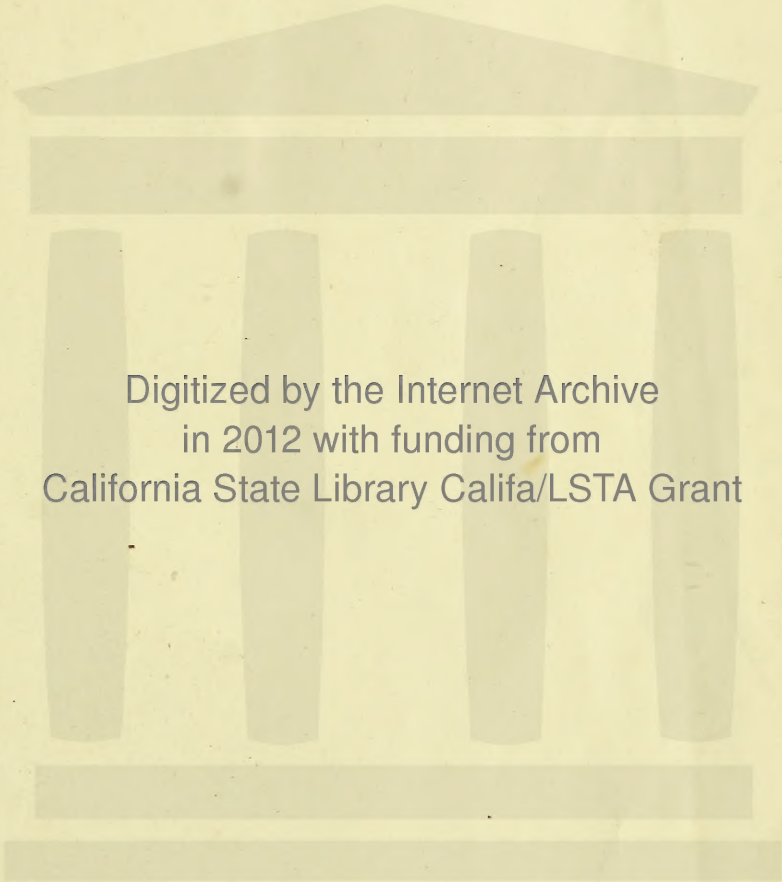
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A print by Hiroshige.

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The Beautiful and the Necessary

A Nipponese View

By Adachi Kinnosuke

NOTHING, it seems, expresses human life better than that little word—longing.

When we say that we need so and so, we mean by that that our nature would be hungry without them; that in some part of it, or to a certain extent, it would commit suicide without them; that in them we find an answer to which our nature stands an interrogation point; that they are so many responsive chords upon which our hearts would play. In this sense, which I am persuaded is a correct one, it may not be too hasty for us to assume at the very outset that what we really need is that ever-enticing trinity of the Beautiful, the Good, and the True which has lured philosophers of many ages; made them gray of locks, dyspeptic, and without sleep, and such fools, too, in all the century-heap of their dignified wisdom. Some of us know and worship it under the solemn three letters—God—and some others dream of it under the equally solemn but much more philosophical and colorless conception—the Nirvana, wherein, as Gotama once said of it, "Subjectivity becomes identical with Objectivity," which is a very big way of saying that the knower becomes one and the same with that which is to be known: in other words, the wedding of the longing and the object longed for.



But we are the children of the day which some of the spectacled wise—the good-natured Heaven grant them the peace and bliss of the short-sighted self esteem!—call "practical."

Well, then, what do the Nipponese think of the beautiful and the necessary?

"The beautiful is a necessary of life"—so perhaps one-third of us would answer you. But the creed of the majority of the race is formulated somewhat like this: "The beautiful is the necessary of life." Indeed, there are others, a goodly number, too, who would put an equation mark between the beautiful and the necessary, and still others who would say to you that the beautiful is not only equal to but identical with the necessary.

These answers given; the theme exhausted: and the rest is mere padding—which is the most delightful portion of any reading.

As a general thing a people would give its answer to a question of this sort in what the poet calls the letters of action, or in the Mosaic of its daily life. Let me take, therefore, the commonest things which all agree to be necessaries—face, raiment, house.

Let me beg you to fancy a Nipponese, sitting at noon on



his immaculate mats, in front of a lacquer tray. That is his table, this little tray of about a foot and a half square. Upon it he finds bowls, dishes, chopsticks, all his very own —for we are entirely too unsociable to share these things in common with other people; in Nippon every one is a master of a republic of tiny utensils. And the dinner is served. And then it is that he surveys an art gallery (you must, however, understand that the Nipponese whom I took the liberty of asking your imagination to conjure up happens not to be a coolie exactly, but a representative of the middle class), for a Nipponese meal is as much for the eye as for the palate; a good Nipponese cook is an artist. A piece of radish—perhaps the cheapest thing in the vegetable kingdom of Nippon—sculptured into a microcosm of quaint humor; the sea-weeds and the dark-colored dried mushrooms floating in his soup bowl remind him, in miniature, of the Inland-Sea of Nippon where poems grow, in truth, like weeds; what he might mistake for a delightful pattern of Nishizin brocade is a preparation of raw fish—don't curl your lips that way, ladies, and take my word for it, it is simply delicious—there is a dish of boiled fish which cannot fail of reminding him of a famous painting of a great painter of the eighteenth century and the founder of the nature-copy school, called Maruyama-ha. And there it is, a dish of pickles, and you feel sure that he saw something like that harmony of colors and design on a corner of a lintel in the famous temples of Nikko. In watching him demolish all these pretty things, you would think that the Nipponese, if he be in any way artistic, would feel such a tremendous censure of his art conscience that he would not be able to digest a thing he eats. You may be correct —that is to say, in theory—but as a matter of fact, he does not feel any such scruples. But on the contrary, if you were to force him to eat the same amount of food and of the same quality, but served with a fine contempt of form and color, I fancy that he would be in a hospital within a very short stretch of time—if, luckily, he escaped an early grave. The beautiful in food is, to him, as much of a necessity as a certain element in food stuff which metamorphoses itself into red corpuscles, or which the master weaver, called Life, transfers into a net-work of muscles. And this is the reason why, when a certain economist of the time from the busy land of the United States asked a Nipponese cook: "What in the name of sense are you spending so many eternities (which, by the bye, meant five minutes) over that little piece of carrot?" the woman with a knife could not understand him at all.

"This Koi is simply delicious!" or "What an excellent saké!"—the comments like these are rather rare at a Nipponese dinner. And the enthusiasm which some of the guests express over the excellence of art work and the picture-harmony of a dish, might make you think that the people are there for a radically different purpose from the gross exercise of filling the stomach. To be sure, stomachs there are, even in Nippon, and nothing would do but to fill them; but at the same time those picturesque folks in kimonos carry

with them a viewless stomach which seems to be always hungry, much more hungry than the stomach of the flesh.

Let a man come to you and say: "Well, I am about to follow in the footsteps of that decidedly stupid king of Babylon and graze by the side of a cow on a green pasture," you would probably laugh at him, and would be thoughtful enough to say to him: "How fanciful of you, even in this whimsical world!" At the same time I know a fellow or two who would rather dine off the grass of the field amid a marvelous setting of nature, in the bosom of the hills, deep-sheltered in a valley, with the purple and the gold glory of a sunset for his dessert than to sit before a bleeding piece of hog meat or a piece of sweet-smelling Hamburg cheese, with that saintly sort of butter ever ready to martyrize a human liver, and armed with instruments, very suggestive of carnage, to help himself. Am I speaking in a parable? Perhaps—and why shouldn't I, when it speaks straighter to the point than facts?

In this heroic age and land, a certain undress on the part of ladies is, they tell me, the most lovely sight imaginable, even in winter. I regret to say that the gentle of Nippon are in comparison to this a race of miserable cowards. Their tame dreams have not attained to the superb height of bare-armed conquests. They insist upon a certain amount of clothes as a necessity, and a woman may satisfy this necessity by getting into a padded flour-sack—and indeed, I am told, although I have never been so unfortunate as to witness it with my own eyes—that some of the fair daughters of Nippon seem to rise to this reckless height of daring, which is positively, to put it mildly, running in the face of fashionable Providence. The happier ones among us with a good portion of that choicest gift of nature, called humor, in them, may look at a remarkably practical woman, and the sight serves them only to entertain; it would not hurt them. Quite different are the effects upon those of us who, through the unkindness or oversight of Providence, are so apt to take things seriously—especially as important a thing as the beautiful.

Not wishing to be unkindly to the humorless, to the unhappier ones of us, no doubt, the ladies of Nippon think it a necessity to dress—"not merely putting on clothes, mind you, but dress," as Professor Chamberlain once said of them. A bevy of them in their silk or brocade kimonos is a symphony in the suave elegance of colors. Artists come several thousand miles to see them, and they become drunk with the sight more than with the saké and flowers. Since I am touching upon the subject, I may just as well impose upon your good nature, charges free, of course, a thing or two I have thought about the crazy news that reaches me now and then; namely, that the cursed malady called civilization, as I am told, is reaching out even for Nipponese ladies for its victims. It is a fact, I know, that in 1886 the Imperial Court ordered the European dresses for the Empress and her ladies. Sense and taste protested; the ladies of America, headed by Mrs. Cleveland, wrote publicly





against the outrage. But they say there are some—not many, thank heaven—among the daughters of the land of the gods and ever-perishing morning glories who are trying to achieve the devilishly difficulty bit of diplomacy of wearing an English tailor-made suit in Parisian style. The fact is, they say, those Nipponese women try to improve on the Parisian eccentricity of Dame Fashion's whims. For it has been stated on good authority that some of them wear their corsets upside down and think it perfectly lovely to encase their perfectly natural and delicately formed feet (which, by the bye, made Sir Erwin Arnold feel very sorry to Theophile Gautier to have died without seeing them) in high-heeled slippers in which, as a clever observer said, "A Japanese lady finds it so hard to walk without looking as if she had taken a little drop too much." A great pity!

To come home to the central theme: no Nipponese women, with all that, dress with their thoughts on the temperature and winds of heaven alone. And I would not faint with surprise if one of them would tell me that she dresses for a certain pair of eyes, as much as for her own comfort. Cut a hemp sack into a gown, and I am sure that a Nipponese lady would not mind that much provided only the hand of Elegance did the cutting.

If anywhere, the formula that the beautiful and the necessary are identical, it is justified in the realm of dress. And who can blame the fair in insisting upon the beautiful in this particular?

Our houses and our rooms—bare and clean and very remarkable for lack of furniture; what about them? Some of the good visitors from abroad seem at a loss what to think of them at all.

"You tell us that your people love pretty things very, very much. Why, then——?" they would ask us times without number.

But if they happen to be really art-loving, they will come very soon to understand us better. I recall one of the remarks of an artist guest of ours. Said he, speaking of a Nipponese room: "There is nothing apparently but what is necessary, and refinement in disposing of that."

In house decoration, perhaps, better than elsewhere, one can see that the sine qua non of the esthetic is not wealth. Of many forms and expressions of the beautiful, nothing is quite so pleasing as the elegance of simplicity—that is, to our way of thinking. There may not be but one vase on the platform of an alcove, called tokonoma, but its workmanship may be great enough to carry the fame of Nipponese potters around the globe; there may be but one flower arrangement, but a twist of a sprig or a nod of a flower is often such that would make you dream—like a stray strain heard in a distance or an echo of your mother's lullaby. You can perhaps see from all these that in the making of a Nipponese house, the beautiful is quite as necessary as wood, or plaster or mat.

In the youth of a year, the people at home can never get along without going out more than once to pay their

respects to certain noted colonies of cherry trees. And would you believe it?—regularly, several times in a season, a whole city or community goes out bodily on the hunt and worship of flowers. I often wonder, what would they think, these civilized idolators of the almighty, I mean all-powerless dollars here in America—and I confess that the thought is quite entertaining to me in those desolate moments when Humor's feathers are wet—of a people who would build a shrine and place therein a short sword or a little piece of ivory, instead of a god, for no other reason than that, once long ago, an artist had dreamed a dream and condensed his toilsome thirty years within the small compass of a few feet, as in the case of the sword; or that another mortal loved a little piece of ivory and cut into it all the divinity that is in man and saw the birth of life in death.

Have I made my enthusiasm for the beautiful almost ridiculous? Nothing is more natural. As the reason of it all I have but to ask you to be good natured enough to turn to the history of my home land—especially the history of her art achievement. If you would not justify me in my position, somehow I feel sure that you will at least understand the why. Perhaps twenty-five centuries of national existence—meanwhile we dreamed, we aspired, we toiled, and after all what have we to give to the world's stock of treasures? Just one thing—the beautiful as we have understood it, as we have expressed it through the brush, the pen, the chisel, through the kiln, through the twist of a flowering spray, through the garden of dead trees almost bare of flowers, through the brocades and embroideries, through patterns, crests, metal works, through the etiquette, and through the commonest phrases of the commonest people at home. There may be a few things besides this, the Japanese expression of the beautiful, that the West may find in us to her profit. For example, it may not hurt her seriously to take a few doses of filial piety, as the Orient understands the virtue, and see the beauties of the lyricism in our ethics, as once Sir Edwin Arnold came and saw it. Withal, the one contribution of our land to the world lies, as none can doubt, in the realm of the beautiful.

Your country, young as it is, is overflowing with original contributions to the rest of the human race; you are full of surprises. You have made a fool of vast distances. It is no common sight elsewhere to see a pig enter at a certain opening and see it come out in sausage meat at another end, and then, as a certain Chicago merchant is reputed to have done, to see the sausage meat turn back again into a pig! Nothing could be more new than to hear a wax cylinder speak the words of one's deceased father, and that, too, in the very identical tone of his voice. You cried to the good Heaven against the horror of a tyrant of an absolute monarch, and you have given History a number of veritable monsters, who, they say, are sucking the blood of tens of thousands of men, women, children and even babies in a huge pestilence's own den called a manufacturing establishment, beside which the most scientific days of the glorious



Spanish Inquisition is a novice as green as a sophomore. Outside of this favored land one can hardly dream of seeing a block of frozen air that would burn and freeze at the same time! And then, it is no small undertaking to put into the letters of facts, as successfully as you have done, the wise saying, "The love of money is the root of all things evil."

But, you see, it is not given to the vainest of us to claim for our home land anything so diverse and so glorious in the way of national contributions. Neither silver nor gold have we there; neither your Edison, nor yet your sausage machine, nor the glorious form of Government called republic, nor the civilized billious heapers-up of money. There is only one thing which we may hope that you are good natured enough to see in what we have. Here I am not vain exactly. And it may be more pleasant to you—as it is decidedly more comfortable for me—to hear one of your own countrymen and also a representative of England, speak on this point. They will do it, I can assure you, far better than I can possibly do with my everlasting butchery of the language of De Quincy and Washington Irving.

Let me quote from John La Farge—an artist from New York—who was in Japan some years ago:

"The Japanese sensitiveness to the beauties of the outside world is something much more delicate and complex, contemplative and at the same time more natural, than ours has ever been. Outside of Arcadia, I know of no other land whose people hang verses on the trees in honor of their beauty; where families travel far before the dawn to see the first light touch the new buds. Where else do the newspapers announce the spring opening of flowers? Where else would be possible the charming absurdity that W—— was telling me of having seen, in cherry blossom time, some old gentleman with capacious saké gourd in hand and big roll of paper in his girdle, seat himself before the blossom showers and look and drink and write verses all by himself, with no gallery to help him?"

When he was at Nikko—you know we say at home, "One should never say 'elegant' before he sees Nikko"—he seemed to drink all its art charms very deeply, and he wrote:

"It has a charm which a passer-by could feel, has more details of beauty than all our architects now living altogether could dream of accomplishing in the longest life. When I began to reflect how this wood and plaster had more of the dignity of art and of its accessible beauty than all that we have at home if melted together would result in; that these frail materials conveyed to the mind more of the eternal than our granite, it seemed to me that something was absolutely wrong with us.

"It is as if they said serenely or splendidly in color, carving and bronze and gold: 'We are the end of the limit of human endeavor. Beyond us begins the other world and we, indeed, shall pass away, but Thou remainest, O, Thou Eternal Beauty!'"

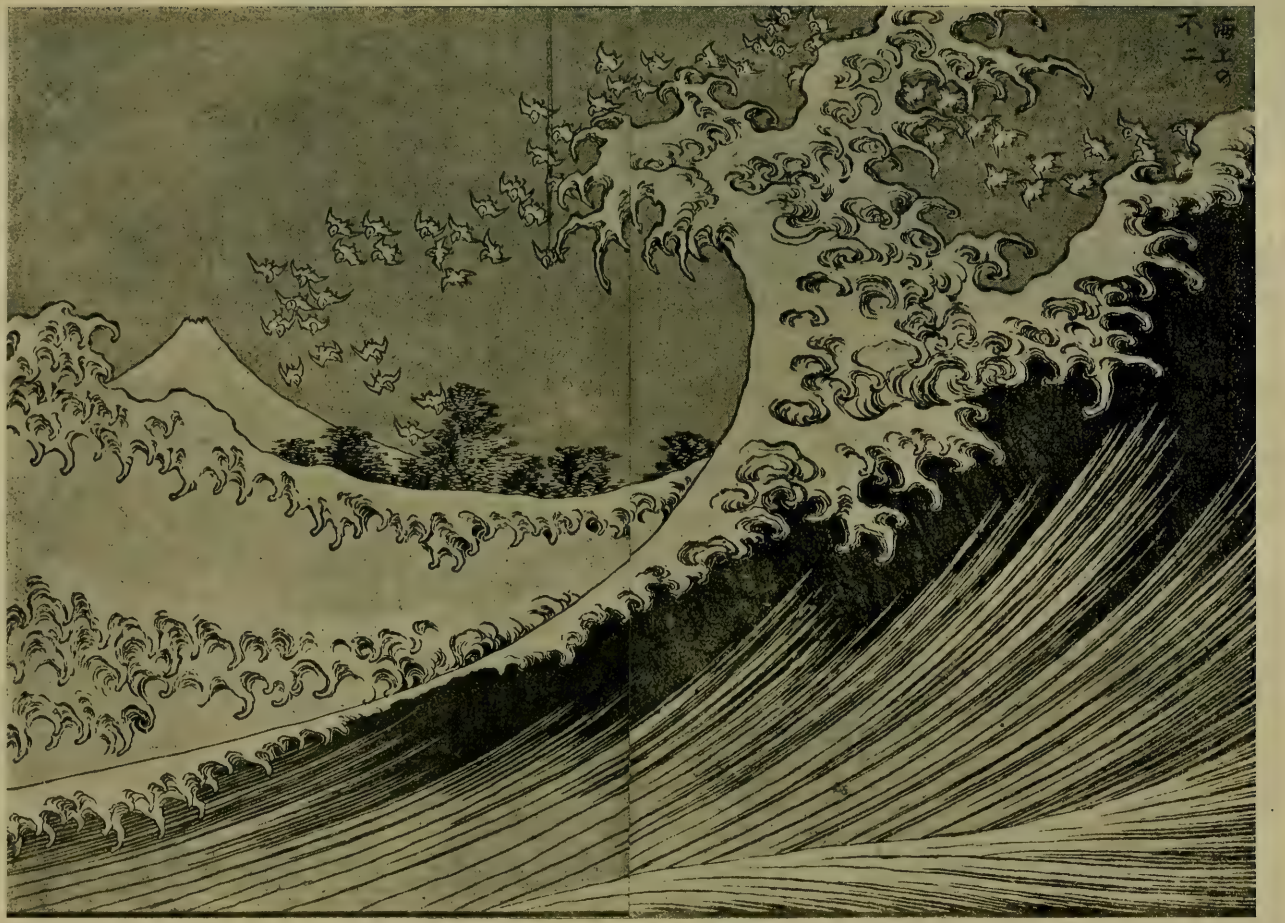
By way of conclusion, one may say that he likes, but after all, it is the beautiful which the world insists as the neces-

sary in the end. Save for the passion of Phidias for the beautiful, save for the enthusiastic idolatry of the people in general that made them kneel with Homer, Aeschylus, Sappho, in the temple called beautiful, the world, I fancy, would have more wit and less tears for the death of Greece. Before we think of Augustus we think of Raphael, Virgil, of Angelo, of Leonardo. We seem to open our Bibles oftener at Isaiah, Job, and Psalms than at the Chronicles. And He, who knew all things, preferred to say, instead of ten commandments: "Consider the lilies of the fields how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin"—perhaps the most delicate bit of lyric that has ever been uttered.

The society in which Shakespeare lived and had his being, the books from which he stole, and the forest wherein he poached, are gone and forgot, but his dreams endure. You cannot see the French society of the first half of the nineteenth century any more. But you would be tempted to become humorous, would you not, were I to declare to you that that portion of it which was caught by the pen of that faithful secretary, the self-appointed, or perhaps heaven-appointed, all-toilsome secretary called Balzac, is dead or is likely to die in a short time? The home-land of Dante, the patriot, must seem very strange to him, were he to rise from his grave to-day—hardly an institution he loved survives; but of his dreams of Paradise and of Inferno he would very likely hear many voices, in fact a chorus, a perfect Babel, of a hundred diverse tongues hailing them as immortal.

The stingy Yeddo that gave Hokusai his brush, his palette (I mean his paper), and starvation, is now in the nirvanah of the Lotus-Land. The Yedo of 1780-1840 is at present sleeping whatever sleep is suitable to her naughty paganism, in the Jigoku, but that portion of it which amused the keen and sensitive and sometimes Rabelaisian humor of the master seems to be more alive to-day than ever before, seeing that it is living before a greater number of eyes and in the minds of much greater depth and vaster breadth.





Birds rising from sea spray. By Hokusai. Author's Collection.

COLLECTING JAPANESE PRINTS

BY NORWOOD BROWNING SMITH

TO fully discuss each reason for collecting Japanese color prints is not within the possibilities of this brief article. The purpose is to dwell upon those points which are of particular interest to this locality, where the opportunity of purchasing is always present and the chance of costly mistakes greater and of a more serious nature than at almost any other western port. For San Francisco is a city of great Oriental interests. The Chinese element is concentrated, but hardly a street in the business district which has not one or two of the small Japanese curio stores, and hardly a Japanese shop but has its periodic invoice of "fine old prints." Besides these places, many of the Japanese boys wander about town with their quota of dirty paper and gay colors. So the opportunity to purchase is ever present, and many fine examples would be lost were we to slight these dealers and the curio vendors with their hundreds of engravings. Many a beautiful and valuable print has been found amongst the piles of useless ones, and doubtless many are still to be found. There is an excitement, a keen pleasure, in spying a delicate Harounobu amongst a great pile of gorgeous Kunisades. It is the possibility of finding good prints which fascinates and sometimes leads a beginner astray.

In speaking of collecting it must be clearly understood that this is a general term involving many specific ideas. In the first place it may be divided into two distinct classes, aesthetic and scientific. And because of the very qualities which give this school its dignified position in the world's art history, there can be no dividing line drawn between one or the other set of examples, calling this of the scientific and that of the aesthetic type. One merges into the other. The lover of color as a pure, simple stimulus, of color in subtle combinations, harmonies or contrasts; in powerful masses; as splendid decoration, he it is who considers aught scientific as outside the pale of art. But the scientific man will have a far more valuable collection of prints both for the artist and the world. It is not the criticism of the aesthetic enthusiast which stands as authority, but of the man who knows



The dancing girl by Shunsho.



By Hiroshige. Courtesy Messrs. Vickery, Atkins & Torrey.

the technical difficulties and how they have been overcome by others.

Consider first the aesthetic collection, where the mellowed colors predominate. Beautiful indeed are these prints even though the original effect, as given by the artist, is entirely lost through severe weathering or a judicious steeping in tea. Yellows, pale reds, orange, violet, sometimes even green and blue, all reduced to a common tone. The result is often extremely effective though the line may have disappeared almost entirely. The same quality of color is gained by fading a green sheep-skin in the bright sunlight, only the Oriental thought, so full of sensibilities to the romantic, is lost. The enjoyment to be gained from such a print is very real, though purely individual. It matters no more to the possessor to what class his print belongs than does the history of his rich old brocade. Color is supreme and exclusive. But there is another spirit in this particular branch of collecting, and one with a higher ideal. To select one's examples because of the pure, fresh color in beautiful arrangement, gives a result which will be of ever increasing value to oneself and the world. In either of these methods the artist and his influence, or those influences which produced the work, do not enter. It is the aesthetic value judged by a distinct person for himself. And because of this such a collection may contain a great many examples of one man's work, sacrificing its breadth to the characteristic bent of the possessor's mind and taste.



By Hokusai. (Author's collection.)

It must not be supposed that the skillful combinations of two or three colors, as exemplified in the prints of Ukioye, can be appreciated and utilized only in the artist's studio. Designers and printed cloth manufacturers should be the most diligent of all in acquiring examples. How much more beautiful would the cotton goods be if closer attention were given to the juxtaposition of color, gaining the maximum of effect and value with but three printings; if two or three colors would be used and carefully dispersed in various patterns, instead of the many, which result in a gorgeous confusion. It might cost a few more dollars for a first-class designer who was familiar with the relations of color, but the expense of printing would be greatly reduced and a far more saleable product the result.

To the designer, composition and line contour are preeminently the valuable attributes of these prints, and many students avail themselves of this ever fresh field. In some of the early books, by Moronohr, for instance, we find huge patterns as a great decorative medium.

In connection with the collectors who follow their own inclinations, who are attracted by a certain aesthetic qualities, we must mention two very worthy and very interesting subjects. Landscape: The realistic landscape of Hiroshige is a favorite subject with almost everyone. So free from convention, as we understand it, and so like nature that it is usually the introduction by which people are lured beyond their depth; so beautiful in its simplicity, that Hiroshige felt and saw things more with a western soul. But it was nature unadorned, unfettered with tradition, that appeals to him. It is the delicate grace of spring fairly budding from his prints which attracts, or the chill of soft snow and dull blue-gray water; or the dripping misty rain. Not less does the power of Hokusai in his marvelously conceived designs, carry by storm when he does not prejudice with convention. Every shrub, every tree, every mountain is distinctly his own. The triumph of genius over nature! Where ten admire the grace of Hiroshige, one will be fascinated, bound by the grandeur of Hokusai.

Actors: The attraction which these narrow prints have for many is not at all remarkable. In fact, the strange thing is the large proportion who do not appreciate them. Not as the portraits of famous actors are they collected, but as decorative panels of extraordinary drawing, strong color and powerful dramatic feeling. The prints designed by Shunsho and his followers are wonderful. It is the spirit of the play which compels attention and warrants special collection.

It is enough to show the respect due one who gathers only those prints which he admires, irrespective of date, artist or cleanliness. It is a perfectly legitimate method from a surely personal standpoint. We cannot help feeling, however, that he who sees a greater beauty in the original color has a higher appreciation of art.



By Koriusai.
Courtesy Messrs. Vickery, Atkins & Torrey.



A Surimono by Shunsho.

In going on now to the scientific methods and reasons for collecting Japanese color prints it may be just as well to pause a moment and define what is meant by "scientific" as here used. Chromopylography in Japan did not, as one may suppose, enter the field of art in the perfected state which is found at the time of Kiyonaga (1784). There must, therefore, be some sort of history which will explain this development. It is the arrangement and classifying of prints illustrative of the many lines which go to make up this history that is meant by scientific collecting.

It is obvious that the quality of print is an essential in this case. Fine color in as nearly the original state as possible; clean paper, clear, sharp lines; in a word, splendid impressions should be the ideal. That such a standard can only be satisfied occasionally is a deplorable fact, but one easily understood when we consider that even the latest work is fifty years old, and all was held in high contempt by the amateur of the day.

The first line which naturally suggests itself for illustration is the chronological development of block printing. We start with the early work in black outline, by Moronobe and his pupils—the first expression of popular life in the cheaper form of wood engravings. Before we reach the introduction of color printing, we must illustrate the ways in which the early artists and publishers met the demand for color. First the use of red lead or "tan," applied to the outline print by hand without any softening accompaniments. But soon we find one or two associated colors which toned down the glaring brilliancy of the "tan," and at the same time gave a certain novelty to the effect. In close succession follow the substitution of a strong red (kurenai) for the "tan" and the mixing of lacquer with the pigment to give the richness and a change. It will be noticed that every step is partly due to the necessity for something new—to increase the popularity of wood engravings and to cope with the restless spirit of the people. It was because some favorite actor was

depicted in attractive form, or a sympathetic tale suggested, that the people cared to buy.

At this time is found the earliest intimation of real decorative value in prints. Whether it was engendered by the efforts of the artist to use a greater abundance of color or whether they strove to meet a popular demand in this respect, is hard to say. For the most part the artists were poor, and consequently needed a market for their pictures. The class amongst whom they worked had but recently come to a realization of its own existence, of its mind; and was beginning to feel something of the elation, the power of the new circumstances. It was the artist forcing the people, and the people demanding of the artist, with a necessity for the minimum of expense in the production which resulted in color printing as a substitute for hand work.

And this was the next change.

To select examples illustrative of this earliest period of color printing as a definite process we must take great care to show the change of the green to a gray-blue, of the sink (beni) to what might almost be considered a light brown. Also the change of color arrangement. For, in the earliest example we find the two colors, sink and green, with black and the white of the paper, combined very carefully, and as a rule in pairs, thus preserving remarkable simplicity in what would otherwise have been a complex composition.

Following this, the parts of the design were differentiated by the arrangement of color in pattern. Perhaps two or three figures will all be of the same color, but the varied patterns of the gowns separate one from the other. The natural outcome was the use of all colors together, and we see this in the latest type of two color prints or "beniye."

The introduction of a third color block and the various phases resulting therefrom, the change from red, green and yellow, the earliest, to red, blue and yellow. The perfected type affords the next link.

With the introduction of many color blocks by Harunobu, the field of the collector becomes broad and complex. The chief purpose should be to illustrate in the best possible manner the origin and development of each school; the influence it exerted and the outcome. When this outline has been secured, it is, of course, very desirable to fill in with good examples of each man's work. Thus, just subsequent to the earliest use of many blocks, there were four schools —that of Harunobu, with young people, and home life in delicate colors; of Shunsho with actors; of Shigemasa with children and graceful women; of Toyoharu with landscape. Each of them deserves notice, and must be traced to



By Hiroshige. Courtesy Messrs. Vickery, Atkins & Torrey.

the end. It must be shown how all schools came under the influence of Kiyonaga and his mastery of technique, and then, upon his withdrawal, how a direful disintegration set in and artists worked with no higher ideal than the demands of the people.

The great change wrought by Kunisada is worthy of important consideration. And very necessary is the tracing of landscape development, both conventional and natural.

Any one of these periods or groups would make a most instructive and interesting subject of collection. How delightful would be a portfolio of prints by Okumura, Masanobe, Torii Kiyonobu, Toyonobu and Kiyomitsu illustrating, as they do, the full development of printing in two colors. Each of the period has its own attractions and each would be equally interesting. It must be remembered, however, that to specialize requires a considerable knowledge of the subject as a whole.

For example, we cannot follow the growth of landscape as a single motive without knowing something of the work of O. Masanobu and his followers as opposed to that of the great Torii school of actor print designers.

Without discussing the arrangement of a complete collection, many possible minor classes have been suggested. Landscape we have noted above. Some individual artist in all his varying phases or a particular one; the actor prints of the Torii school, or of Shunsho and his followers, prints illustrating historical incidents, poems, legends, novels or the drama; portraits of famous personages, emperors, poets, artists; each offers an alluring and unexplored field. There are prints which give us buildings, streets, and roads no longer existing. These are of great value. The changes of designs and patterns would be a fascinating subject. Consider, also, the social condition; the domestic life; the clothes and patterns in varying elaboration; the changes in the arrangement of hair traced from the earliest to the latest with minute accuracy; the popular ideal of beauty mirrored in the sequestial lengthening and shortening of the figures by the artists—each gives an opportunity for valuable research and important collection.

To recapitulate briefly, we have said it must first be determined with what feeling one would collect these fast-disappearing prints, and then set about according to this decision. If it be aesthetic impulse, follow carefully the promptings of your taste and acquire a collection of great satisfaction to yourself and of widely varying use to the world. If it be comprehensiveness and consideration of types, learn the technique of color printing, the history of art in Japan during the last few centuries, and especially the history of Ukiyo-ye; secure only the best prints obtainable, and your collection will ever increase in worth to yourself and the world.



The Samisen-maker.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN JAPAN

BY MARY PIERCE

IT has always seemed to me that Fate was particularly kind when she arranged that the first foreign country that I would visit should be Japan! For what other land can equal it in beauty, novelty, quaintness and altogether unexpectedness! Until actually setting foot in Japan, my preconceptions were decidedly vague, based solely as they were upon the landscapes that decorate tea-boxes, the perpendicular marines that ornament screens, or the angular figures that adorn fans.

I expected to see just the same queer little women, with eyes looped up at the corners, and hair looped up on the head, and sash looped up on the back. The fans, too, had prepared me to find all the men fierce warriors, bristling with ornament, and brandishing an elaborate sword. If, in place of landscape or figure the decoration was of a more domestic nature, how dainty appeared the houses, how delicate the porcelains. It seemed as though a puff of summer wind could demolish the entire pictured land.

I had, too, never associated any season but that of summer with Japan, just as I had always imagined the Japanese as living in miniature paper houses, clothed in thin, graceful garments, all day long waving paper fans to and fro, while they drank tea from the most fragile of cups. By day, paper umbrellas protected them from the heat of the sun, and paper lanterns lighted them on their way by night.

And everywhere I looked I expected to see a great, beautiful mountain, with gently sloping sides; and surely one could always watch a solitary stork flapping his lazy way across a cloudless sky of blue.

We had left San Francisco early in April, and the last day aboard the Mystic was Easter Sunday, when services were held for as many as were able to appear. We did not drop anchor until noon the next day, although since early morning the islands had been in sight. The first glimpse was what seemed a pale pink pearl hung high in the heavens, and as the sun rose its opalescent tints deepened, its shadowy outlines grew clearer

against the blue sky, while the gray mists at its base resolved themselves into land, and slowly, perfect in its outline, sacred in its beauty, alone in its glory, Fujiyama was revealed. In fascinated silence we watched the changing lights and shadows on the mountain until descending clouds hid it from view.

As the Mystic drew nearer the islands the ocean grew rougher and the wind colder. Several of our passengers were returning residents of Japan, who had made the trip many times, and they told us we were unusually fortunate in having had so perfect a view of Fuji, which is, as a rule, very ashy all through the early spring, and seldom comes from behind her veil of mist and cloud.

Several hours later the Mystic slowly steamed through the breakwater of the harbor of Yokohama, and dropped anchor out in the stream. We were detained on board for an hour after anchoring, and amused ourselves hanging over the rail to watch the native boatmen in their little sampans, who, standing erect in one end, sculling with a single oar, swarmed about the ship in great numbers. It was raining hard and a cold wind was blowing, which made a great flapping in the breeze of their blue and white kimonos, ruthlessly exposing their bare legs and chests to the harsh weather. Here and there one saw a stalwart boatman courting pneumonia and sudden death, his naked body glistening in the rain like bronze.

From our anchorage we realized that what had earlier been but great splashes of pink were rows of blossoming cherry trees, picturesquely set against the velvety green background of the hilly streets. The general country is mountainous, densely wooded and rugged; the architecture, the gardens, the whole life dainty and perishable in comparison.

We went ashore in a steam launch, about thirty of us crowded on the small deck, all too interested to go in out of the rain. Another launch was all ready at the dock, so we ran along beside it, climbing over its roof, and set foot at last on the Land of the Rising Sun. We were at once encircled by besieging 'ricksha men, and I was unceremoniously pushed into one of the over-grown baby-carriages. Then I understood the feelings of the Bishop who said "during his first 'ricksha ride he could hardly refrain from crowing and gurgling, and waving his hand to shake a day-day." In my inexperience, I had stepped in facing the



An elaborate interior.



Theatre street, Yokohama.

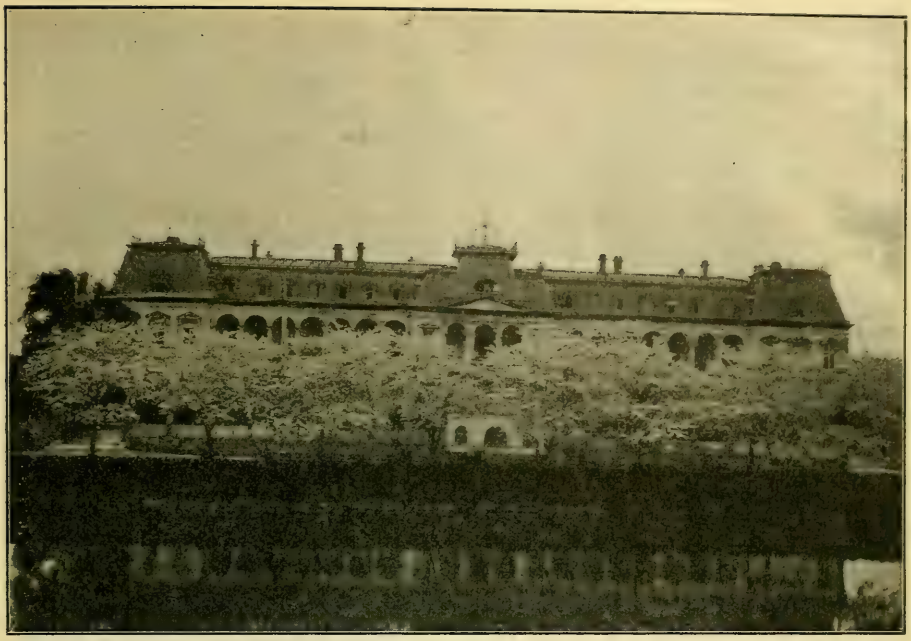
back. Instantly a low black hood was jammed down on the top of my beautiful new spring hat, and a sudden lift of the whole vehicle threw me on my face. As well as I could in the tiny space, I righted myself, with wrath and indignation in my heart, dragged my hat on straight, and then realized my expostulations were directed against a leathern flap, hooked across the front, against which the rain was beating furiously. I seemed to be going at a high rate of speed, and pulled down the flap a bit to see what kind of a run-away steed I had.

Under a big inverted straw bowl hung a deep straw cape, and below these tore along two bare brown legs. Except for this queer object, with rain dripping from every straw, all Japan was hidden from view. I had just begun to wonder where he was taking me, when he suddenly stopped, the 'ricksha fell at an acute slant, and out I slid from under the flap, making an exit as ungraceful as my entrance. We had stopped at the Grand Hotel, and the porter paid my fare of ten cents just as my friends arrived, all relieved to find we had been brought to the same place, as none of us had been given time to give any directions.

After tiffin, as they designate luncheon out there, we engaged 'rickshas, and went out to see the sights, for who could have stayed within a European hotel with all fascinating Japan just beyond the threshold! It was still raining, as we were told it had been doing most of the time for the last forty-five days, so no wonder everything looked drenched! But in Japan, even a rainy day has its fascinations, and is not the thing of gloom it is with us. Under a sudden shower big yellow umbrellas unfurl themselves as flowers beneath the sun. The women patter along on their wooden shoes, raised above the mud by small blocks, balancing the big umbrellas over their bare heads, 'ricksha men fly by in



At cherry-blossom time.



Imperial Hotel, Tokio.

their queer straw costumes, and sudden gusts of an April wind shake down great masses of cherry blossom petals, that seem like the descent of a flight of pink and white butterflies.

After an hour's ride we returned to the hotel to be vaccinated, as small-pox is prevalent during cold weather, while cholera comes to the front in hot. The doctor warned us against drinking any water not boiled and filtered; shell fish should be avoided, also ground fruits, uncooked vegetables and iced drinks. It is hard to remember such details if one is in a hurry and hungry. Dinner, served at eight in the big dining room overlooking the harbor, generally crowded with ships from all nations, was usually a jolly affair. The hotel, early in summer, is always crowded with tourists and foreign residents of Shanghai and Hong Kong, who came up to Japan to avoid the intense heat of China. During our stay an American man-of-war was stationed in the harbor, and the Admiral and his suit often dined ashore. Then the band from the ship would play on the veranda until ten o'clock, and the crowd, the music, the ceaseless hum of voices representing nearly all the tongues of the world, made the evening very gay.

One afternoon soon after our arrival I begged off from the usual routine of sight seeing, and slipped out of the hotel alone, reveling in the strange, free sensation of being all by myself in a foreign land for the first time. After poking in and out of the narrow streets for an hour, carefully avoiding the sidewalk, which is reserved for beggars, I woke a 'ricksha man sitting on the curbstone, and directed him to the pretty native quarter, and there, by promising to pay him extra, induced him to walk, "the better for to see." In America it is hard to realize the peace and comfort of living in a country where there are no electric nor cable cars to avoid, no horses nor bicycles to dodge, nothing to be careful of running over or into except the babies—of which there seems to be an epidemic. They are the most picturesque, engaging tots—at a distance. Their hair is usually shaved in some absurd fashion, hats, shoes and stockings are unknown, their one garment is a cotton kimono, tied with some brilliantly colored sash, above which in odd contrast, rise their serious, moon-like little

faces. Their bare legs and feet are thrust into wooden clogs which they dexterously drag about by their big toes. Cunning as they are, though, I quite agree with the lady who said she wished the missionaries would distribute handkerchiefs among the children as generously as they did tracts among the parents. By the time a child is six years old, almost invariably the youngest member of the family is strapped on his back, while the little tot between the two bears about at his play a big rag doll, accustoming his back in good time to a future possibility. I stopped a few moments to watch a game of baseball. None of the players was over ten years of age, and out of the nine boys playing six carried babies on their backs, who all seemed safe enough, except the mite borne by the batter, whose head was in perilous proximity to every swing of the bat. As the boys ran from base to base the poor babies were jolted up and down unmercifully—but these wonderful Japanese babies! Not a cry, not a murmur. Just a blink!

As I rode along I thought how happy the whole people seemed—always cheerful, always polite, always patient and uncomplaining. To the very poorest the Jananese have charming manners, a polish like their incomparable lacquer. Old English residents affirm it is not a bit deeper, although as difficult to chip through, but to the tourist it seems genuine enough. It is as though their chief desire in life is to please. Soon I began to notice there was something queer about the signs over the shops that desired English patronage. Here are a few speciment: "Y. Hayano—Butterfly and Worm Merchant." Would you guess an entomologist's? This was over a butcher's shop: "Cowmeat and Pigmeat." The following mix-up denotes a dealer in temperance drinks: "Ramune, souda, sasupre, zinzinbiya, jinjiyae-l, taneko." Probably one could get soda, sarsaparilla, ginger-beer or ginger-ale in there, but I don't know what else they served. Another sign read: "Matsuzaki and Co. Coal and Coke. Honest, Industrious make the continual prosperity."

In a silk store on Lenten-dori, one of the two leading shopping streets, I picked up this advertising card: "Silk store. My shop was constantly trading the various cloths of the domestic and the foreigner. Although I was advised by the every foreigners, at this time I have made the nice handkerchiefs of the different specious silk, and begun to sell it. Then I was observed with the honors on the several portions. Hence, whatever will perform truly for something, and it will sell lower price for everybody's wants. Please, I beg consequently to obtain the more favors, and



A rainy-day costume.

the many produces. But the all colors of the handkerchiefs that be done by the one method will be free hurtless for washing."

In a photographer's near by I bought several dozen photographs, as they make the most satisfactory of souvenirs, being easily carried, reasonable, and undutiable. These points in their favor from the commercial point of view. From the artistic, they are well taken, correctly colored and more descriptive than anything that can be written. The coloring adds little to their cost, as it is done by children between eight and ten



Pretty maidens of Yeddo.

years of age, who are seldom paid more than ten cents a day. While in the shop I happened to meet one of the passengers of the Mystic, to whom I had said au revoir before leaving the ship, and had not seen since then. It seemed like meeting someone from another world, he represented so different a life and people. It was now dusk, and we walked back to the hotel for conversation is impossible while riding in 'rickshas, which are not allowed to go abreast. Before we reached the hotel, it became dark, and how fascinating is night in Japan! Darkness seems almost palpable, and against it from street to street, swing the festoons of lanterns, yellow-toned, with black and scarlet lettering; through the paper windows burns a soft, mellow light. Gayly dressed little figures click by on their wooden clogs; others fly by the 'rickshas drawn by bronze-faced runners, whose forms are faintly illumined by the swinging paper lanterns held in the hand. Now and then is heard the weird, mournful whistle of the double-bamboo, heralding the blind masseur, and from the garden comes the musical drone of the cicala. Night in Japan is night in an enchanted land.

A fortnight in May was spent in and about Tokio, truly a city of magnificent distances. We made the Imperial Hotel our neadquarters, and from our balcony could look across the hotel garden to the moat beyond bordered on both sides with cherry trees. Still further in the distance rise the great granite walls that are found here and there throughout the city, relics of feudal times. Every morning for a week we engaged 'rickshas for the day, and told our men to "maru maru" (go sight-seeing.) Tokio is so central and there are so many places to visit nearby, and in itself is so vast a collection of parks, shrines, museums, temples, shops and gardens that no matter how long one stays something worth seeing will probably be overlooked. One day was spent at Asakusa Temple, the one temple where the pilgrim need not remove his shoes, and where religion and amusement go hand in hand. The temple lacks the dignity and care found in most Japanese temples; pigeons make themselves at home on carved beams and latticed windows, and the very idols have a neglected, mussy appearance. Having ended his prayers the pilgrim steps out into the garden, and in a thousand ways can amuse and enjoy himself at the booths, shops, and side shows that line each path. One little booth crowds upon another, each filled with the cheap, pretty trifles which make shopping in



Yaami Hotel, at Marnyamas Kioto.

Japan so irresistible. From an imitation Fujiyama erected in the park can be had a superb view of the great city, pulsating below. Almost every night is a fete night somewhere, and the streets are always thronged with happy, light-hearted people, laughingly sauntering through double rows of lanterned shops, and torch-lighted booths, where every article one can imagine is temptingly displayed. A walk down one of these streets on such a night is a liberal education in every-day art, for "whatever the Japanese fashion, from the toy of an hour to the triumph of all time, is touched by a taste unknown elsewhere." At the end of an evening's walk through these fascinating booths on one of the fete nights, one finds himself bankrupt, loaded down with what were purchased as rare curios and art treasures, which later experience proves to be in almost every instance but the most ordinary articles of every-day use.

The Japanese unconsciously invest everything with a perfect taste, although too often a taste in miniature lines. Perhaps the commonest and strongest impression Japan makes upon the foreigner is the smallness of everything. The first few weeks the adjectives "fairy-like," "dainty," fragile," and "bewitching" are absolutely abused with constant reiteration. And this is perhaps the one first impression that never "proves volatile and evanescent as a perfume." The people themselves are seldom more than five feet in height, the houses, bridges, shops, streets, all in proportion. The vicious wild beasts designated "horses" are undersized, unkempt and unbearable —never capable of more than three movements—a drag, a roll and a scramble. Dogs are not numerous, and what there are are of a rather miserable yellow variety. The cats that one more often sees are of a better class, but with only the most rudimentary tails. Oddly enough, roosters often have tails seven feet long, which are neatly rolled up and tied, to keep them from becoming draggled in mud. Cows are scarce, as pasture land is converted into rice fields, which are more profitable. Singing birds are rare but everywhere one sees and hears the tiny humming, or rather, shrilling insect in its little bamboo cage, sold on the streets, insect, cage and all, for three

cents. As is generally known, the Japanese have the secret of dwarfing trees and pines, oaks and cypresses several hundred years old will stand not more than eighteen inches high. The natural scenery of the land is often magnificent and nearly always pretty. These islands, of which there are 3,800, are among the most mountainous in the world; there are several active volcanoes, and innumerable extinct ones, of



The umbrella-maker.

which Fuji, about 13,000 feet high, is the loftiest.

With all its natural beauty, its interesting people, its fascinating life, its atmosphere of insouciance and gaiety, its art treasures and its luxury, Japan has its drawbacks.

They are frequent and uncomfortably prolonged throbbings and jerkings of earthquakes. Through late summer and early autumn the liability of wrecking typhoons; the uncertainty as to the intentions of dormant volcanoes; the prevalence for six months of the year of mosquitoes and other insects which stab and sting, and a general mild malaria. But these few inconveniences bear less weight with the tourists than with those Americans and Europeans who have been elected to make Japan their home. In all the treaty ports there is a large foreign colony. In Yokohama alone there are several thousand who live on an elevated plateau called the Bluff, from which elevation one can look down on the native and business quarters of the great city, and off to the east lie Yeddo Bay and the ocean.

The social season is in the winter, when the foreigners rely upon each other for entertainment with dinners, dances and dinner dances. Theatrical or concert tours seldom extend so far, for talent and diversion they must trust almost entirely to themselves. The diplomatic corps adds a certain interest to the social life of foreigners in Yokohama and Tokio, which has a subtle, indefinable, yet decided charm. One evening we had the pleasure of dining en famille with a Japanese of wealth whose home is in Tokio. By arrangement we left Yokohama on an early afternoon train, and were met in Tokio an hour later by our hosts' interpreter, as Mr. O—— did not speak English. During our ride on the steamcars we were told of the experiences of a crowd of curious Japanese who went up to Tokio on the first train over the new road. According to their custom, when entering any compartment, they slipped off their shoes upon the platform and piled into the car. Eighteen miles away they piled out, and in bewildered dismay looked about for the platform and the shoes left behind at Yokohama.

We were driven to the Imperial Hotel in a rather antiquated coach, one of the very few in Japan, where we left our wraps and bags, and then were driven to a theatre, where Danjuro, the Booth of Japan, was playing his favorite role in the "Loyal League." He was supported by Kikugoro, another famous actor. Mr. O— met us at the theatre, where he had reserved a box for us, and engaged an interpreter for each guest. A play in Japan commences daily at 11.15 a. m. and closes about 8.15 p. m., so we saw but one act in the two hours we remained, and found it all most interesting. Scenes are re-arranged without dropping the curtain and accessories are brought in or taken out during a

dialogue by masked men in long black cloaks, who are supposed to be invisible. But with four or five of these figures on the stage, busily engaged in shifting scenes, running in and out with properties, try as I might to be obligingly oblivious of their presence, they seemed to me rather evident.

We returned to the hotel to dress for the dinner, where we arrived at seven o'clock. Our host and his two sons-in-law met us in full ceremonial dress, dark, heavy silk kimonos, with full-plaited skirt effect. As a concession to Western custom Madame O—— and her two unmarried daughters were presented, beautifully gowned in silk crepe kimonos. According to an old custom Madame O—— had had her teeth enameled black and her eyebrows shaved off on her wedding day. This signified she no longer cared to attract admiration, certainly a conclusive proof. In the last ten years the custom has been abolished by decree of the Empress. We had been received in the one room of the house furnished in European style, and when dinner was announced the way was led to a veranda overlooking a miniature lake spanned by tiny convex bridges. On little islands were dwarfed trees, and the pretty scene was lit by fairy lanterns. At the foot of the flight of stairs leading to the dining room we stopped to remove our shoes. Colonel B. had forgotten he would have to do this, and heartily wished that his full evening dress did not terminate with white socks! The room in which the dinner was served was about forty feet square, absolutely bare except for a kakemono hanging on one wall, beneath which, on a low lacquer table, rested a gold-lacquer box, a beautiful bronze vase in which was a branch of blossoming plum, and on the floor small square mats of black velvet, on which we sat throughout the dinner. We four guests sat at one end of the room. On our right, near the wall, Madame O—— and her daughters, and on our left our host and sons-



A 'ricksha team.

ENGRAVED BY UNION PHOTO ENG. CO.



Kasuga Temple, Nara.

in-law. For half an hour before the dinner was served a magician performed wonderful tricks; then the paper shoji was pushed aside, and four pretty little geishas entered, bowing low, each carrying a small, low lacquer table on which were tiny lacquered cups filled with the strong green tea that greeted us everywhere.

Before each guest a little maid knelt, and with a deep indrawing of the breath and a low bow placed the small table on the floor. Again and again they fluttered in and out, the first time bringing in a fancifully carved wooden box, in which was the dessert; the lid was removed, and we saw apples, pears and flowers fashioned from colored candies and flavored pastes.

My most vivid recollection of the dinner is fish, for in one disguise or another it appeared in almost every course. The soup was a sort of custard, made of chicken, mushrooms, boiled fish and radish leaves; a sort of salad was of raw fish, vinegar and horse radish. A dish of chicken glacé and green pease would have been delicious without its thin sauce of boiled fish. During the dinner a little geisha girl, gowned in pale blue crepe embroidered in cherry blossoms, the long hanging sleeves lined with pale green, and the obi, the national sash, and the pride of every Japanese woman, of green and gold brocade, gave us the "Spring Shower Dance," using very gracefully as she danced a paper umbrella. The Japanese dance with everything but their feet, their dances being little more than a series of poses, but the rhythm and the costumes lend a grace to what at times approach contortions. Meanwhile a course of duck and cheese mashed to a paste, served with preserved plums and sweet potatoes cooked in syrup, had been served. Later three little geishas, all in pretty silk crepes, and gorgeous obis, and elaborately dressed and decorated hair, danced together, a pretty picture in color and motion, and looking at them, we forgot we had thought the room unfurnished. Before the dinner ended, four blind musicians played with decided skill upon native instruments. Hours went by and the dinner went on. We were cramped and stiff from sitting on the floor so long with no support for our backs—and we were all glad when a dish of raw fish flavored with a sauce of sherry and sea-

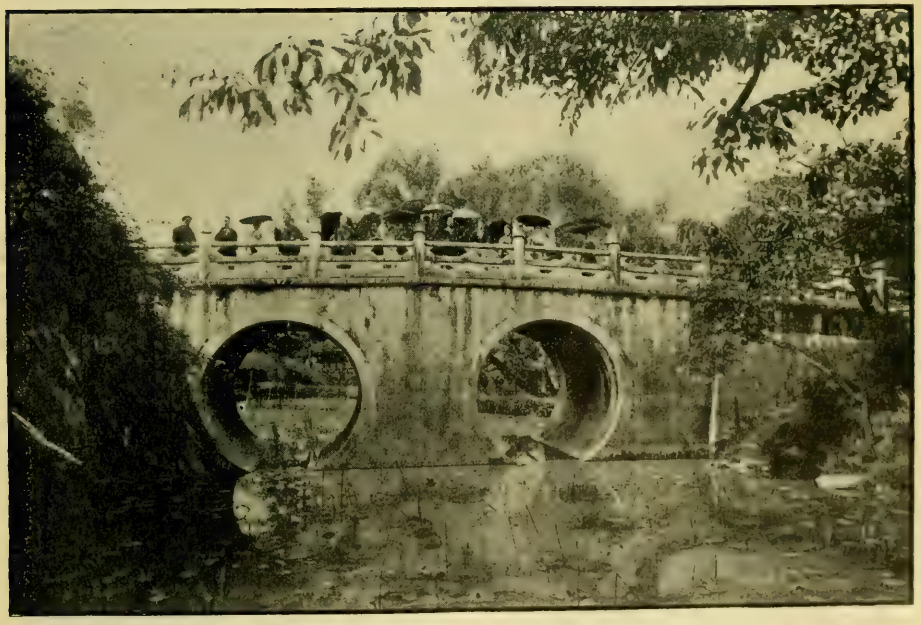


Booths near Asakusa Temple, Tokio.

weed, was followed by an ice-cream flavored with tea and the bowls of plain boiled rice which always terminates a dinner. Throughout the evening, the native drink of hot saki had been served in small red lacquer cups. As we said good-night to each of us was handed our box of dessert, tied in a square of brocade, decorated with the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum, the emblem of the Emperor. It had been a delightful insight into Japanese hospitality and entertainment, and we had enjoyed the evening in every detail. The dinner was, I am sure, most elaborate, the service and appointments perfect; mais, chacun a sur gout!

Early on the morning of the 19th of May, the steamer which had left Yokohama thirty-six hours before, dropped anchor in the harbor of Kobe. There was something Spanish in the general impression of the town—its low white plastered houses, many with narrow balconies across the entire front, its wide, quiet streets, and over all a brilliant glare of sun. Near the harbor the streets are given up to the foreign shops and warehouses of great commercial importance, as Kobe is an important shipping port for matting and tea. Here they have occasional typhoons, which tear up long stretches of stone wall in a few moments, and strong winds are unpleasantly frequent. Our first call was upon the American consul, from whom we procured passports for the interior. As we were going to leave the treaty ports this was necessary.

We took the usual tourist trip to the Nunobiki waterfall, a long ride back of the town far up among the hills, a most beautiful spot. But the wind blew so hard and the dust was so thick we rode directly back to the hotel, where we were glad to stay until we left early the next morning for Osaka. At Kobe we had engaged a Japanese guide, who thereafter saved us from misunderstandings with 'ricksha men, baggage men, hotel men and curio dealers. From Kobe to Osaka, an hour's ride, we had our first experience of a Japanese railroad train. Our guide had bought us first-class tickets, but we rode second class, all the first being filled. The little train seemed to go by fits and starts, and from station to station we were locked in a compartment holding eight people. At Osaka, sometimes described as the Chicago of Japan, we visited the barracks, and an



The Water Lily Pool.

old castle, whose great granite blocks, some forty feet long, ten feet high, and three thick, had all been put in place by hand. At the studio of a famous decorator of satsuma ware we watched a while his pupils patiently painting under microscopes tiny faces, flowers and insects. At noon we made a wild dash for the train through the busy, thronging streets, and two hours later reached Nara, which was Japan's capital about 700 A. D. The day was warm, and we were tired and hungry, so rode at once to the Mushashino tea-house, where we tiffined. We seemed to be objects of curiosity to the inmates; and the young girls who served the tiffin examined with laughing curiosity our hats, gloves, parasols and shoes. They could not speak English, but in the universal feminine language they asked questions which we answered. An hour later, rested and refreshed, we slipped on our shoes and 'rickshawed away to the beautiful Kasuga Park. We entered by passing under a granite toru—a temple gateway—flanked with huge stone lanterns, and the road winds up to the temple through an avenue of cryptomerias, bordered on both sides by these great lanterns, gifts of pilgrim nobles during the past centuries. Here and there are booths, where pilgrims can rest and get a cup of tea, or tourists can buy little cakes for the tame deer, which congregate near by waiting to be fed. A payment of one dollar at the temple procured for us the performance of a sacred dance by the young Shinto priestesses, and a little further on we paid a small sum for the privilege of feeding the sacred white horse. We rode about the beautiful grounds to see the old wistaria vines, the glory of Kasuga Park, which are allowed to grow as they choose, their long, snaky vines twisting over the ground or climbing to the tops of trees. Later, we jolted down a hill to see the great bronze idol fifty-three feet high—crowded in under a windowless, ugly building for protection against the weather. We heard the great bell of Nara rung, we visited the lake and fed the tame carp and turtles, and then rode back to the town to our first experience in a Japanese inn over night.

We were the only foreign guests, although the inn seemed to be well patronized by Japanese travelers. About five o'clock they wandered in, and after the inevitable cup of tea, changed their dusty, travel-stained kimonos for fresh ones provided by the host of the inn. We retired early, but they sat up till midnight talking and smoking, every sound distinctly audible through the thin, sliding paper partitions. Generally there is a foot or more of open woodwork between the partition and ceiling, which allows free ventilation and conversation from room to room. Privacy as known in America is unknown in Japanese homes—doors have neither bolts nor locks, and a dampened finger is often placed against the paper walls to be replaced by a curious eye.

From a large closet behind sliding paper doors were taken the large cushions, one piled on another on the floor, which formed our beds. Coarse white linen was placed over these, and for coving the same kind of cushions, lighter in weight. After all had retired, outside wooden shutters were fastened, with which every house is enclosed like a box to keep out burglars, but which also excludes every breath of fresh air. All night long at short intervals we were half awakened by the night watchman, who goes about beating together two wooden blocks, just to let burglars know he is near.

Before five began the clatter of taking down the wooden shutters, and the sharp tap, tap, tap of the paper whips with which the rice paper shoji—or outside partitions—are dusted. If an early riser occupied a room near by, his morning toilette adds to the general disturbance, and in despair of sleep the foreigner, too, decides to rise with the lark.

While waiting for the simple breakfast of rice, fish, sweet beans and a pickle, I watched from the dainty veranda a bare-legged boy, his feet in sandals, carefully dusting the palings of the wooden fence, while an old man was wiping with hot water the stepping stones of the garden. Little maids, their heads tied up in towels, kimonos tucked into their obi, and sleeves fastened back, unconsciously exposing a good deal of their



BUDDHIST PILGRIMS

round brown legs and arms, flew about putting rooms into perfect order for new guests who might arrive during the day.

Between Nara and Kioto the railroad traverses the famous tea fields of Yamashiro, great seas of small evergreen bushes protected from the heat and rains by awnings of mattings supported by long wooden poles above shrubs. At Uji, the chief town of the province, where our train stopped for a time, we were conscious of the heaviness of the air, from the pungent odor of the toasting leaf. At each railroad station a tea-vendor approaches the train, and for three cents pours boiling water on some tea leaves in a tiny tea-pot which he furnishes, and which is yours to keep. If not so exclusive you can refresh yourself from the public teapot standing in the center of each railroad carriage which is supplied by the company. The protected tea shrubs produce a fine quality, and sell from six to eight dollars a pound.

The origin of tea, according to tradition, was as natural as it is credible. Prince Darumo, a holy Asiatic of remote ages, spent day and night in meditation upon the Infinite. One night his ecstacy was interrupted by sleep. On awakening he was so dismayed at his infirmity that he tore off his eyelids and flung them on the ground. They immediately took root and sprouted into the shrub that has ever since had power to keep the world awake.

We reached Kioto at 8, and through the chilly twilight rode to the Ya-ami Hotel, picturesquely built upon the hills overlooking this great city, the heart and soul of old Japan. Our hotel was composed of seven separate buildings, connected by eighteen convex bridges, nine of which we crossed in going from our rooms to the dining hall. Our first night's rest was disturbed by the ceaseless beating of a bronze drum in the great Chionin temple, but a few rods further up the hill, and once we were startled by the great bo-o-om of the temple bell eighteen feet in length, which shakes the whole hotel when it is struck. Later, though, these sounds became loud tones; the distant throb of the temple drum through the night, seemed a protecting warfare against spirits of evil.

In Higashi Honguanji, the largest temple in Japan, covering 52,380 square feet, and rising to a height of 126 feet, were pointed out great coiled ropes, some 250 feet in length, entirely made of hair, the sacrifice of those women of Japan too poor to send money to help in the erection of this great temple. And this in a country where a woman's hair is indeed her crowning glory.

After a week's revel among the shops of Kioto, surely the most irresistible in the world, we started very early one morning for Takao, on the Oigawa, a 'ricksha ride of eighteen miles, which was made in three hours. Here we hired two flat-boats, one for ourselves and one for our 'rickshas, and giving our lives into the hands of two wiry little boatmen, shot the thirteen rapids in the seven miles of river. There was just enough danger about it to make it exciting, dodging sharp big rocks with skillful proddings with a long pole, and taking sudden "drops" into currents below with a great splash that dampened everything but our spirits.

The river flows through an enchanted region of soft, deeply wooded hills and narrow gorges, and at one of the most beautiful spots, a tea house, nestled among a wild tangle of ferns, bamboo and flowering azaleas overhanging the river, where we tiffined on the wide veranda, and wondered if we were not indeed in fairyland. Is nature anywhere more beautiful?

The Japanese makes love to nature, and it almost seems as if nature heard his silent prayer and smiled upon him in acceptance. For nowhere in this world probably is she lovelier than in Japan; a climate of long, happy means and short extremes, months of spring and months of autumn, with but a few weeks of winter in between; a land of flowers, where the lotus and the cherry, the plum and the wistaria, grow wantonly side by side; a land where the bamboo embosoms the maple; where the pine at last has found its palm tree; and the tropic and the temperate zones forget their separating identity in one long, self-obliterating kiss.



MIRACLE-MAKING IN JAPAN

BY ADAMS FISHER

"WHY live in a land of miracles if one does not see the miracle?" thought Gritty Goodspeed, as she was whirled away to the hill of Kudan, where the wonder should occur. A large quota of Japanese had arrived before her, and the barrier about the hollow square was populated with old men and women, with children and babies, of all ages and sizes. Only one foreign guest had arrived, and he had already waited an hour, till he was losing his faith in modern miracles. At the temple steps an infant son rushed forth with sandals. Gritty positively refused to tug away at her lacings. A compromise was made by inserting her number sevens into the largest pair of slippers among the temple's properties, and she scuffled gracelessly along to the seat of honor reserved for foreigners.

Across the street was a bowery show, a vaudeville, where Beauty and the Beast performed their feats of wonder, for the delectation of the crowd. The stage was open to the street, and striding bloomers masked as lion, lamb, bird or bear, advanced and retreated, made wild passes and cavorted about with brandished swords that suggested every tragic end of war. They swept to the front and leered upon the crowd, while terrified infants raised doleful remonstrance. Then the tragedians fell back and struck for each other. It was a burlesque known only to the native heart, but fascinating to any stranger who might incline to the grotesque.

At the temple shrine, in thrilling contrast, holy men, in gorgeous raiment, knelt for solemn service, bowing to the floor and wailing dirge-like prayers. Their peaked black bonnets vied with brocaded robes of green, red, yellow, violet. Their batons beat in unison, their baby rattles shook, and dismal tones escaped from the sacred instruments. They were deep in devotions, with no thought of the impatient tourists assembled for the act of boiling water, who trampled the polished passage, and stared unblushingly on the sacred scene. An hour fled by. Foreigners in squads had mounted the little platform. Still the dismal wail of the long-drawn chant continued. At last the priestly procession filed from the inner shrine, and with more intoning and clapping fell before the holy image of an adjoining room. Prostrations and groans continued.

In the hollow square spectators watched the hiss and the bubble within two iron caldrons which contained ten gallons each of steaming liquid. Beneath them fires were raging, and the coolies added more fuel. They stacked it, leaving a draught that might satisfy a New England housekeeper, and the water danced till the covers had to be removed. The witches were at work. "Boil and bubble, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble." Surely the water was boiling madly, if water ever boiled in this world. Why the delay? The temple ceremony had finished, the flaming robes had disappeared, the crowds were most impatient. A dark, gliding figure tapped the group next to Gritty and asked them to walk his way. It was General M. of the Kentucky man-of-war, and his pretty little wife. "Arrested, probably, for turning on a kodak in a sacred temple; the lady should have known better," thought Gritty. The party retired with horror written on their faces, and Gritty hugged herself complacently for her knowledge of proprieties, when the stealthy servitor tapped her likewise, and bade her follow in the wake of the distinguished party. One sandal was missing! What should she do? He was waiting, and it was a case of best foot foremost. She could only scuffle along with the crowd, on those holy mattings, and trust in the train of her gown for protection. It did not prove a question of sacrilegious camera. In the dim ante-chamber the visitors were gently told "that whatever offering they were intending to make to the sacred temple would be received then, and the ceremony could continue." Thus admon

ished of their philanthropic duty, the guests deposited their spoils in the god's receiving-box, and by way of reciprocity were offered mandarins impossible to eat in best attire, and powdery green tea, solid with little leaves that stick in the throat. The great man of the temple then pleaded for their visiting cards, and desired to exchange with everybody present his own bit of pasteboard, stating his various honorable offices at the shrine. The guests returned to their places, and Gritty renewed the search for the lost slipper. When red and cross and tired with the hunt, she found both sandals calmly reposing on one foot!

There were signs of the approaching ceremony. Four priests girt in white



A Tokio priest with prayers.

cotton gowns approached the caldrons. By what might or magic would they survive or circumvent this test of the raging water? The huge kettles sent up angry jets. The waters were seething with wrath. Would the faithful monks defiantly enter the spouting geyser and be skinned, or were they smeared in chemicals that would outwit the boiling point? The crowd waited breathlessly for results.

An old priest removed the two bundles of prayers which hung in white papers from the wands, and waved the petitions vigorously in air. He swung them towards the crowds and he whirled them towards the guests. The acting quartette then walked about the enclosure, striking flint on all sides to purify the crowds. They struck it at the boiling waters and bits of forked lightning hurtled through the air. With solemn pomp they stepped to the center and scattered clouds of salt to terrify the demons. Over each shoulder they threw it, and again into the throng, that the evil spirits might depart. This prelude completed, skeptics looked eagerly for the real thing. Each priest seized two large bundles of bamboo leaves and advanced



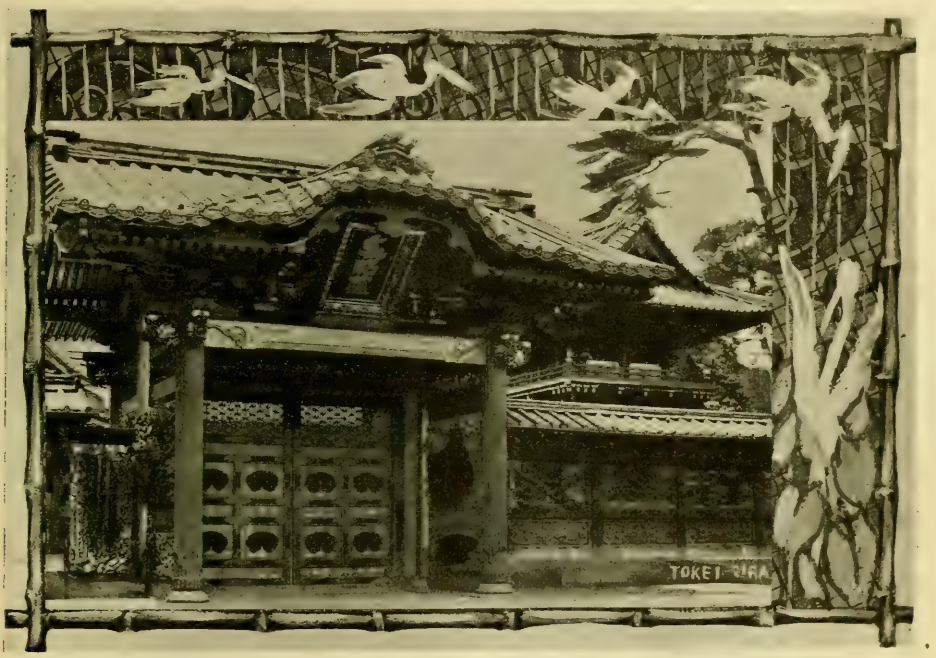
Comico-tragico near the sacred ceremony.



Competitive attractions outside the temple.

to the kettles. With a swish and a swash of the branches, they stirred the troubled waters, and whirled the wet foliage over their heads. The drops fell off in torrents. Again and again they repeated the simple rite until their raiment was drenched, but each twirl of the bush had given a current of air to the kettles, and the contents were cooled. Little was to be feared from the boiling water! Then followed the purifying of the people, and with many a swirl of the saturated leaves were the natives washed of their sins as they fell back with merry shouts. The young priest with a wicked glint in his eye especially enjoyed the fun, and when the well-dressed foreigners least expected it, he dashed to the front and ducked them with his spray. They fell back dismayed, but he was again at his kettle, and repeated his trick. No one felt this sacerdotal pleasantry so seriously as Gritty. She had come to the wonder direct from the Legation, where she had been dining in war paint and feathers she foresaw the sacrifice of choicest gown and flowery hat as the wild priest leaped forward to shake his emblems, drenched in dirty water. The instinct of self-preservation overwhelmed her, and she threw her dress above her head to avoid the coming shower. The gay silk skirt from the Bon Marche caught all the flood, and the outer trousseau was saved. Overjoyed by her dismay, the saintly creature made her the storm center of his repeated assaults, dashing again and again at her precious garments. Still she hid in the exterior folds and retired in the crowds with ruffles clinging like cerements and dripping rainbows of streaky water. "Buncoed again," said the General's wife, as the crowd melted away. So indeed thought everyone who had anticipated peril and heroism. A sprinkling of tepid drops had replaced the boiling geysers which the crowds had expected. But, as an exponent of the farcical, as an index of childish nonsense and of the naive simplicity of the Oriental mind, the stranger could not have found a better character study.

The next day saw a denser crowd at Kudan to witness the walking upon live coals. In accordance with Oriental delay, the impatient people were forced to wait an hour over time for the performance of the wonder. The bed of red coals, fifteen feet by ten feet, glowed hot and ugly. Energetic coolies fanned it into fresh life until it must have been hot enough to test the supreme faith of the holiest man of Shinto. So thought the priests as out they trotted to the trial. They



Tokio temple.

hovered on the edge of the burning bed, and crept around its border. Grizzly old men, strong in the faith, young neophytes in all the joy of first enthusiasm, apostrophized the hissing tongues of flame. Again the priests recurred to showers of saving salt, tossing the purifying atoms about the lapping fire. They advanced with folded hands and muttered prayers. They shot wild glances at the hissing demons. With frenzied stroke they fanned the air. With crazy gestures they defied the flames to harm them. The young priest, only the day before on malice bent, surrendered himself to an ecstacy of prayer, and Gritty, thinking of her drenched silk skirt, had a little wish of her own that he might be thoroughly singed. Mats were spread at extreme ends of the coal bed, and quantities of salt were thrown upon them. The saints had risen to a point of venture. With more hurried incantations and a look of holy rapture the venerable patriarch scuffled in the salt, girded more tightly his white cotton robe and planted his bare feet in the fiery path. Slowly he marched on the sharp hot coals, never relaxing a muscle of his stern old face, set stiff and rigid. With the stoical indifference of a worthy Samurai; with the immortal bravery of the forty-seven Ronins bent upon their own disemboweling he paraded through the "primrose path," and marched straight to the salt bed beyond, scuffled anew on the sprinkled mat and awaited his comrades. The young priest of malicious mind took up the challenge. For him the Inquisition would have had no terrors. His prayers and gyrations had perfected his faith, and he passed through unscathed. Others

followed with temerity. Only rarely did a quickened step, a sudden jerk, suggest that there was sensation in matter. Whether the achievement was due to the fact that the heroic spirit does conquer the weak body, or to the physical effect of the salt—true it is that the hardy priesthood experienced no disastrous burning. Scores of believers stood ready to walk the way of the holy fathers. The embers had been well trodden down, and the life spark had grown a little dim. But the salt was still an essential, and thoroughly they rubbed it into their feet. Occasionally a misstep fell on a hissing spark or on the flaming edge, and the victim gave the quick leap of a cricket on the hearth. Confidence increased with the experience of others, and the crowds filled the way of the faithful. Mothers shoved their little ones into the hot ashes and followed themselves, with babies strapped on the back. Fearful youngsters whose courage failed before the fiery trial, were grabbed up by brave fathers and rushed through the hot way, regardless of their pitiful shrieks.

Believer and skeptic turned their backs on the purifying ashes and for another year Kudan vicinity was cured of its ills. Rumor always enlarges, and newspapers reported that the American Minister and his wife tried the fiery test. From three different countries they received marked copies containing the account, with requests to know the truth their physical sensations, and their mental conclusions regarding the whole great wonder. The amiable minister and his wife have never even witnessed the ceremony. Physical sensations were reported by a quartette of daring Harvard students who pattered through unscathed, and gave as their mental conclusion that the saving salt was a worthy protector.





Wisteria at the Kameida Temple.

THE FLOWER FESTIVALS OF JAPAN

BY C. E. LORRIMER

THE Japanese are a nation of holiday-makers, a people who have brought the art of enjoying themselves to the highest point of perfection. Their whole year is one long festival, and when the old Chinese calendar was in use, the twelvemonth was actually divided into 365 fete days. The death of former sovereigns, the birthdays of saints and princes, and the days when the favorite flowers budded, were so many excuses for fairs and spectacles, festivities and amusements. Lately, the year has been subdivided officially in the Western way, but as flower worship (in spite of foreign sophistications) still sways the hearts of the people, the seasons of bloom and blossom still divide its popularity into the time of Camelia, the Plum, the Cherry, the Wisteria, the Lotus, the Chrysanthemum, and the Maple. Japanese speak as naturally of the season of the cherry or the maple leaves as we of spring or autumn, and they inherit from many generations of flower-loving ancestors, who have made es-

thetic pilgrimages to see the choicest specimens of the gardens all over their country, a gaiety, a spontaneous jollity, and an enthusiastic spirit that they only could throw into these nature-festivals.

Spring, according to the old form of reckoning, commenced with the unfolding of the plum trees; but now with the modernized style the New Year is ushered in at an inhospitable season. A few camelias, a few late chrysanthemums are all that bloom, except dwarf fruit trees, tended and coaxed indoors. Joy is over the house where one of the tiny gnarled branches unwraps its pink folds on New Year's day. This is an omen of long life for the household, and mutual rejoicing and congratulation are heard. The whole neighborhood wends its way to see and admire. The door-posts are trimmed with flowers and evergreens. The emblematic New Year rice cake, prawn, fern leaf and orange are fastened above the lintel. The very best screen is unpacked from its wrappings and set out in the guest room. Everybody says "Good luck for ten thousand years," and brings his friend a dainty present enticingly laid upon a lacquer tray and covered with ceremonial paper, a trifling matter of dumplings made of red beans, or little cakes of rice flour, but offered with unspeakable grace. The streets of Tokio at the New Year season swarm with merrymakers so like the familiar figures on fans and vases that they seem touched by some fairy's wand and changed into living beings only to become at night dancing fire-elves again, their tiny lanterns, pin-points of light, crossing and re-crossing, weaving and inter-weaving in a bright skein.

As soon as the bitterest winter cold is over the brown, twisted branches of the plum trees out of doors are starred with white and pink flowers. Then the hamlet of Sugita, where Commodore Perry's fleet first anchored, gives itself important airs, rises for a brief season to a place of prominence. It puts on a holiday dress, while files of jinrickshas, coveys of little dancing sampans, and lines of kagos pour their quota of visitors into its picturesque tea houses with pretty little nesans, or serving maids, bowing and scraping on the thresholds. Japanese of high degree, court ladies and nobles go every year side by side with the thrifty middle-class families on this pilgrimage to Sugita, in order to enjoy the billows of pink bloom which lie under the Bluff; and one and all sit in rapturous contemplation before an especially beautiful branch drinking in with the most refined pleasure its loveliness, each one sensitive as an artist to the uplifting influence. It is the fashion among these gentle visitors to indite poems in praise of the trees. A little verse is written and the bit of paper fastened to a favorite bough where it hangs conspicuous, appreciated, never cavilled at, by the passers-by—a momentary fancy, blown by the soft winds and finally, when the first shower comes, effaced and forgotten.

Some trees receive more sonnets than others. One which stands just outside the temple door with its thousand fluttering poems, once seen can never be forgotten. Its great limbs bent and twisted as if rheumatism were torturing them, spread far over the ground supported here and there by props, drooping like the weeping willow branches, bending over heavy with the pink blossoms which seem almost ready to drip off like drops of rosy rain. Poets, statesmen, coolies and fishermen walk underneath, then unwind a roll of paper, dash off a little ode, and solemnly go and tie their contribution to this fount of poesy. The whole temple hill is famous; every inch of the ground is redolent with legends, crowded with grave-stones, tablets, granite lanterns, mossy altars, dilapidated, broken-nosed Buddhas enshrined in long grass, shaded with plum trees covered with blossom, snow white, pale yellow, and every possible variation of pink, the whole connected and separated by woodland paths.

But this season of gaiety is merely a preparation, an anticipation, a prelude to spring, and the bursting of the cherry buds which festoon the empire from end to end in wreaths of blossom. The air is hushed, a soft poetic veil of expectation seems to spread over the green fields. The buds swell and grow, the ex-

citement of the people is intense, and all the vernacular newspapers print paragraphs on the advance of the trees.

And then one morning the cities wake up in a glare of pinkish light, in a floating maze of delicate, insidious perfume. The shops from one end of Japan to the other are shut forthwith, while the people sally out in groups, happy, chattering, responding keenly and at once to the holiday spirit. Universal as is the cherry worship, the central shrine, so to speak, lies in Tokio itself, or to be precise, in Uyeno Park. Neither the Thiergarten nor the Bois can vie with Uyeno on blossom Sunday. Sheets of bloom stretch in all directions, double rows of trees line the avenues. The variety almost dazzles the beholder; side by side grow the original single cherry blossoms and the giant double ones developed by the wonderful Japanese gardeners with infinite skill and loving care from the dwarf seedling of the mountains, the country cousin, into a perfect rosette of petals, a fluff ball of pink. Benches are set under the grove of cherry trees, very close to accommodate the crowds, to give room to the whole city; for nothing less goes a-pleasuring on this momentous occasion. The people lunch and dine and sup under the trees; and the wide Lotus lake below Uyeno reflects the scene and mirrors the little islands with their miniature temples shaded by miniature pink trees. They seem, these merry-makers, to have found the real spring of content, to be drinking always of its refreshing waters. Day laborers and cabinet ministers among this bewitching people are alike able to throw aside their work and find solace and satisfaction in simple pleasures.

The Japanese women lend an ever changing note of picturesqueness to the crowds, with their beautifully dressed heads gay with pins. The young girls give a note of color with their scarlet petticoats peeping below the kimono, and the geisha are marvels of exquisite taste, with cherry blossoms embroidered upon their kimonos and set in their hair as wreaths.



Specimen of the tree peony from Ikegami Temple.



Chrysanthemums from Dangozaka.

The court usually gathers in spring at an out-door reception given in honor of the cherry trees. Diplomats and private gentlemen who have gardens invariably follow the imperial lead, with dainty invitations, flower bordered; and at these select functions just as at the more plebeian celebrations, the guests hang their appreciative poems upon the branches.

June is the month for the iris fetes at Horikiri, where grow finer fleur de lis than the Bourbons boasted. Away and away they stretch these beautiful, sedate lilies, in long lines; armies of royal flowers, purple, orange, red, blue and white.

Then follow a host of flower festivals when once the season is opened, each a delightful holiday and a new proof of the wonderful skill of the Japanese gardeners. Azaleas, snow-white, flame-red, fill the gardens, blazon the hillsides, and close on their heels come the peonies, most famous of which is the botan or tree peony, with fringed flowers six inches in diameter. One botan tree is the pride of the Nicheren priests at Ikegami, and the most celebrated specimen in Japan.

Most wonderful of July flowers is the wisteria, the finest feature of every pretentious garden. Scarcely a householder but boasts his trellis of purple glory. At Kameido temple, the long pendant flowers are seen in their marvelous perfection stretched out like a canopy, a quivering, living roof over the open-air tea houses that edge a beautiful, clear little lake. The delicate green leaves, the riotous profusion of purple and white blossoms, cast long shadows on the water, cool patches of enticing shade to draw holiday makers, to pour peace into vexed spirits on the hottest days. They hang, the blossoms, like purple tassels two or three feet long, sometimes even four feet long, and these giants never fail to draw attention. It is not an unusual thing to read that the prime minister or some member of the Government has gone to Kameido to enjoy the wonderful Fuji, has made a two or three days' trip for the sake of the flowers. Entire families go to spend the day on the edge of the lake, sitting under the fragrant blossom roof fluttering with



Beds of lotus at the Temple of Hachim au at Kamakura.

poems and lanterns, drinking thimble cups of tea, nibbling dainty sweetmeats, and tossing biscuits to the lazy goldfish that swim below. Now and then the monstrous gold or blue carp, as old as their venerable temple, poke an orange or speckled nose above the surface inviting rice cakes. They never fail to respond to the national habit of calling them by a sharp clapping of the hands, but go the rounds from one feeder to another greedily.

In August is the great lotus show, when all the pink buds sacred to Buddha over the whole of Japan open at sunrise. The lotus festival is most beautiful at Kamakura, where in the grounds dedicated to Hachiman, god of war, acres of nelds half under water form beds for the great flowers and their bluish-green plates of leaves. In cities like Nagoya, which boast old feudal castles, the triple moats become solid floors of leaves from which the pink and white blossoms rise. The enchanted beholders look down from the little over-hanging tea houses into the very heart of them. But modern scientific research has denuded the moats of the Tokio palace of their glory, because of the malarial vapors said to be given off by the plants.

With the beautiful crisp autumn days comes the blooming of the chrysanthemums, the festival of the kiku, which blazons the gardens with vivid reds, yellows, and pinks. The Emperor's birthday falls upon the third of November, and by a curious co-incidence the sixteen petaled chrysanthemum is the Imperial crest, which combination of circumstances invests the flowers with an especial dignity and importance. The second Imperial garden party is given when the chrysanthemums are in bloom. Following the Empress's lead, the guests walk through the beautiful palace grounds admiring the splendid plants shielded from sun and wind by matted awnings, screens, and silk hangings, all at one even state of perfection. A few wonderful single plants stand under silk tents by themselves, a perfect glory of full symmetrical blossom. When the Empress and her ladies wore the old



A monster double cherry tree.



The iris gardens at Horikiri.

dress, before Paris fashions were adopted, the garden parties at the palace were wonderfully brilliant and distinctively Japanese, the peeresses rivaling the flowers in their rich robes, their rainbow tinted kimonos, with ripples and rolls of fine scarlet silk showing in layers at the edge of their gowns and in their full butterfly sleeves. As the brilliant train grouped itself in the sunny garden it formed a series of kaleidoscopic pictures with vivid rays of color, flashes of gold and white and purple reflected in the little lake, which is the chief pride of every Japanese garden.

The wonderful chrysanthemums are not reserved for royalty. Indeed, Westerners never cease to marvel how the most gorgeous flowers, which at American florists would be sold for several dollars apiece, are bought by the poorest Japanese for a few copper cents each. A certain community of florists hidden away in Dangozaka, an obscure suburb of Tokio, cultivate, prune, dwarf and care for their chrysanthemums for a whole year, until blossoming time turns their quiet village into a gay Matsuri or fair, an enchanted scene of bannered and lanterned lanes—a bright Babel filled with an ever shuffling population, beguiled by side shows, acrobats, jugglers and peddlers. The crowd is astonishing, springing up as if by magic, flocking down the roadway lined by gardens, where, under matted sheds, are built stagings. Upon them groups or single figures are arranged with waxen hands and faces and clothes made of gorgeous living flowers. Months of patient labor and care have trained them over a framework so cleverly that the secret is not even suspected; the roots wrapped up in cloths or straw or mats and carefully watered every day, are hidden behind the flowers which, drawn to the surface and woven into a solid mass of color, are shaded to a lifelike imitation of



scenery for history and legend, with chrysanthemum men leading chrysanmum horses or chrysantnemum warriors viciously killing chrysanthemum enemies. Other mat sheds enclose bits of landscape with spray-veiled waterfalls of curling white flowers crossed by bridges of red blossom, or giant figures of gods or priests, to all of which marvels the visiting public is admitted for two sen. And a very good bargain the travelers drive, since even the jinricksha coolies catch the contageous enthusiasm and extract as much pleasure from the marvelous plants as a society woman would from the most expensive opera.

The end of the floral calendar comes in November with the bright autumn tints, the last flicker of the dying year, when nature with a broad brush lays the color in thick daubs on the hills. Many a gorge is celebrated for the changing leaves, but the Takao Valley near Kioto enjoys the widest reputation. A little stream, all spray and foam, tumbles down the bottom of the valley, out of breath from its wild rush through a narrow sword-cut in the hills. Near it are built the inevitable summer tea houses, the tatebas, consisting of a simple roof over a little platform. A few crepe cushions on the floor are all the furniture the picnickers need when they entertain their friends under the trees. Rich men provide maiko and geisha in lovely kimonos embroidered with maple leaves, with broad obis of brocade, and the loops of the blue-black hair full of golden flowers, to entertain their guests. These famous beauties, with graceful movements, dance the "Epic of the Maple Leaf" in a series of slow, gliding, changing poses to the accompaniment of the melancholy samisen and the hand-clapping of the party. Then, the posturing over, they amuse the company with their wit and sparkling conversation. Thus the entire day is passed in laughter, in saké drinking in strolling about among the trees until when evening shadows fall the merry companies shuffle their respective ways toward home, carrying sprays of flaming leaves. The housekeeper breaks a twig for her tokonoma, or flower-niche, the children tear off big branches to sell in the streets of Kioto, and the coquette picks a leaf to send to her lover, signifying thus that her love, like the leaves, has changed with the season.

The Coal Girls of Nagasaki

BY MAX STOREY

WHAT would our American girl say—the little girl who doesn't like to practice even one small hour at a time on the piano or the school girl who thinks studying her lessons is very hard work, or the older girl who complains about work in the office or in the store, or the wife who is always faultfinding about so much housework to do, and—yes—even the grandmother (for there is no delicate distinction of age here, they are all girls)—what would she say if she had to exchange places with the little brown Japanese coal girls—seketan musme—of Nagasaki? This is how she would spend her days, her years—her life.

If she lived in Kogakura, or Fukuda, or Shikimi, or any of the other little villages that skirt Nagasaki—and most of the girls come from these places—she would take her place at daybreak in the "san pan" and row down to Nagasaki, there to become a very important factor one of Japan's most interesting enterprizes, the coaling of the ocean liners. "But what have girls to do with the coaling of steamboats?" you may well ask. In China and Japan, you know, the great question of women encroaching upon man's laboring field has no consideration. There the women have the privilege of doing the same and as much work as the men, and in most cases



Coal girls at work.

they have still greater freedom—they may do all the work. Therefore, the many disruptions consequent to the higher education of women elsewhere are totally unknown, but, even in those countries, where what we call advanced ideas of civilization, hobble along so feebly, coal heaving seems a strange occupation for women. Stranger still is their novel method of doing the work.

The girl who goes to bed with her face and hands bathed in cold cream and lotions would never dream of anything so frightful. This is the way the work is done. Instead of the big iron buckets and donkey engines we see along the docks, little mat baskets, the size of an ordinary sauce-pan, and holding about seventeen pounds, are used; the women (and the men, for there is no stronger or gentler sex) and the children are themselves the parts of the living engine that does the work. From Takishima, Shimnoseki, Takasaka and other districts, the coal comes. Lighters carry it alongside the steamer; platforms are swung around the coal chutes and the working line, or "human stepladder," as the sailors call it, is soon formed. Up from the lighter to the platform the line ascends—men and women standing shoulder to shoulder upon baskets, coal heaps, barrels, boxes, planks or any footing that will give a foot or so elevation toward the chute. Two shovelsful of coal go into the baskets, a pair of brown hands pick them up, and they move upward along the line to the chute with the swiftness and regularity of machinery. Sometimes five or six lines on either side of the steamer, extend out over two or three lighters, and there are hundreds of baskets moving along the line at the same time. It makes a striking and animated picture. Like so many bees or ants, the Japs look, their little brown heads bobbing up and down, and their bodies swaying from side to side—a wonderful example of skill and endurance.

The positions at either end of the line are the more difficult. The girl at the lower end stands facing the line. She swings her body to and fro and takes at each turn the filled baskets as they are handed to her. She must keep the swing of the line by sending the baskets along at regular intervals

in rapid succession. The girl at the upper end empties the coal into the chute, and with the same movement of her hands and body that throws away the empty basket she catches the new one. The little Jap kids who in San Francisco would be our very young paper and messenger boys, catch the empty baskets as they fall to the platform and toss them back into the lighter to be refilled. There is no break, no stop. As every seventh basketful goes into the chute, the girl at the top of each line cries out in her shy, dainty voice, like the squeak of a little toy doll "Oi!" Then comes the monotonous tenor "Oi!" if a man be at the head of a line. Above on the deck, like Justices of the Supreme Court sit the talliers, one for each line. At each "Oi!" from their line, with great care and precision, they make a mark on a spaced sheet; twenty marks count one ton. When the lighters are all empty, the sheets are collected, and by a comparison with the dimensions of the bunkers, the amount of coal on board is easily determined.

"How primitive!" you will say. "And what a waste of labor,"—but when you come to think that in one single day a big ocean liner can be loaded with enough coal to carry her from Nagasaki to San Francisco, it doesn't seem so bad, and especially when girls do most of the work. Sixteen hundred tons is an ordinary day's work for a fair sized gang, so you can imagine how fast and hard these girls work. Try lifting a fifteen pound weight over your head for an hour or so and then think of these poor girls through the shivering cold of winter and the sweltering heat of summer working all day at it—and for what? Twenty cents, Japanese money, which is the same as ten cents in our money, is all the most of them get. When noontime comes the ones that have not brought their little ball of rice with them must sit and watch others more fortunate eat theirs. It is a strange life they have learned.

Poor, innocent creatures, how ignorant they must be, you imagine, but yet their faces have much philosophy in them. "It isn't so terrible even for girls," they seem to say; "we have been brought up to this work all our lives, and besides, there are few offices for us to work in even if we could write shorthand and use a typewriter; the men have all the clerkships; there are no factories, and of course, you know, we must do something."

Some of these Japanese girls have really intelligent and comely features, but the married ones still adhere to an old Indian-like custom of staining the teeth black. Dressed in the silks and finery of the matinee girl, our little musme would cut a stunning figure on the Market-street promenade. And courage—these girls have plenty of it. Here is an incident that will show how faintly the line between the gentler and the braver sex is drawn. Crowded together in the hold of one of the lighters were thirty or forty Japs, mostly girls, some filling and some passing the baskets. Suddenly one of the girls dropped her basket and uttered a little cry. Everybody stopped and looked. A huge writhing snake darted from the basket into the crowd. There was no chance to retreat. One of the girls quicker than the rest jumped forward, grabbed the snake by the tail and tossed it high in the air over the side of the lighter. No one had fainted —no smelling salts were needed, and in less than a minute all were back at work as if nothing had happened. Think what a terrifying effect a harmless little mouse would have amongst these girls. What changes a higher standard of civilization has in store for them remains to be seen.

When night comes and the lighters are all empty, the girls jump into their "sanpans" and row away, singing, joking, laughing. They seem to be very, very happy—and yet——?

WITH THE EMPEROR'S CONSENT

BY LIEUTENANT H. S. HOWLAND. U. S. A.*
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I.

WITH the fight at its height, his men charging across the field at Santa Ana toward a lime-kiln redoubt, from which an antequated piece of insurgent artillery belched forth a shell now and then, James Graham was knocked down at the head of his company by a Filipino bullet. He cursed his luck like a true soldier and protested against being carried away from the field when there was still more fighting to be done. It required the most persuasive eloquence which the surgeon could bring to his command to make Graham realize that he must keep his bed or be a cripple for the rest of his life, and when he had recovered sufficiently to travel, it required the combined efforts of a corporal's squad of his friends to keep him on the transport until the vessel weighed anchor for Nagasaki. But several weeks later, sitting in an easy chair on the spacious veranda of the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, Graham mentally blessed the little brown manakin whose aim had been so true, and thanked his friends for sending him off to Japan to recuperate. For, if fate had not picked him out as a target for a Filipino bullet, Graham reflected that he perhaps would have gone marching through his career of a soldier and a gentleman in Uncle Sam's army to the end of his active years in absolute forgetfulness of a dainty little girl playmate with whom he used to make mud-pies in the legation grounds when they were both children. Therefore, Graham thanked Providence; and, as he sat there breathing the perfume-laden air of a perfect Japanese day, watching the natives in their quaint dress, hurrying by in jinrickshas and shuffling along upon their stilted wooden sandals, his memory fled back to those dreamy days of his boyhood when he played king to a tiny Japanese maid's queen. He laughed aloud at the recollection of how she used to provoke his boyish anger and pleasure by her imperious little exactions. In the years that had passed since those days he had always thought of her as a princess in a fairy-tale story book; in his dreams he had often strolled with her in a garden in which the crysanthemums, poppies, and narcissus bloomed in fragrant profusion, but upon reaching forth to touch her she had dwindled into nothingness—and it was only a dream!

When Japan was just awakening from her sleep of conservatism and exclusiveness and beginning to take some active interest in the affairs of the outside world, Graham's father went to Tokio (then known as Yeddo) as United States Minister. Of all the foreign representatives at the Mikado's Court with whom the Grahams held social intercourse, the French Minister, Count de Nevilde, and his wife were their most intimate friends. Count de Neville was the last surviving member of an ancient noble family of France. He was a man of exquisite refinement and culture, a connoisseur of literature and arts—a gentleman, than which one can scarce say more of any man. When he took a Japanese woman of noble birth to wife, his friends were not surprised, for what de Neville did was perfectly right and proper in the opinion of most of them. Count de Neville's marriage was a beautifully happy union; they were ideal lovers in their honeymoon, and a perfect man and wife in their later married life, which was blessed by the birth of a girl, whom they named Bernice in memory of Count de Neville's mother.

When Bernice came to that age when an infantile understanding of life first dawns upon a child's mind, she chose Jim Graham as her boy sweetheart. The dainty little Franco-Japanese maid and the sturdy Yankee boy whiled away their childhood days in play in very much the same sweetly innocent way as do any little boy and girl of any clime and nation. They laughed, sang and made

*Richard Haldin is the pen name of Lieutenant Howland. This is the third of a series, of which "The Devils Merry Dance" was the first to appear in an Eastern Magazine.

merry; they quarreled and said cruel things to each other and didn't speak for days; but they always made up again, and in the innocence of childhood plighted their troth and promised each other to wait until they should come to manhood and womanhood, and then—— ah, then! Who knows? Presently there came a day that brought sorrow in its train for my little lady Bernice and O Jamie san, for Jim's father had received his recall. And so they parted with tears filling their childish eyes and a void in their little hearts which neither could understand.

Twenty years had passed since that day, and, sitting there on the veranda, his thougnts having flown back to the past, James Graham recalled that parting as one of the saddest episodes of his youth. He wondered if Bernice remembered it as well. Probably not. She was a great personage now, a Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty the Empress—a being quite beyond and above his hopes, longings and aspirations. Oh, no, she was not now the maid whom he used to call "O Poppy san," because her dear little face with its Japanese-French cast reminded him of a pretty red poppy. He remembered her as she appeared to him then; pearly white teeth, which she showed so prettily when she smiled; red, rosy cheeks which flamed up when she blushed; great, innocent black eyes which stared at him when she was surprised, and beautiful, black, wavy hair which looked so pretty done up in a quaint coiffure whose mysteries only Japanese women understood. In all these twenty years he had heard of her but once, and that was when the Count de Neville and his wife had met death together by drowning in Lake Hakone, whither they had gone for an outing. Lady Bernice was at a finishing school in France, and didn't learn of the terrible tragedy which made her an orphan until many days after its occurrence, and then its full force had come upon her like a blow in the face from the fist of destiny. In France she felt like an alien in a strange land, and she had hastened back to Tokio, where she was received by her mother's best friend, Her Majesty the Empress, who took the orphaned girl to her heart as a daughter of her own.

Graham had seen Lady Bernice once since his arrival in Tokio. He was strolling about the city, revisiting scenes of his youth, when he found himself outside the park in which the Imperial Palace lay. In a rustic arbor under some blossoming cherry trees, he observed a party of Japanese ladies, and in their midst, reading aloud from a book which she held daintily before her, was a beautiful girl whose face was of a loveliness which only a soft blending of French beauty and Japanese delicacy could have produced. Graham stopped suddenly and stood gazing at her like a man whose eyes beheld a phantom of the past. Frequently the ladies laughed and certain musical notes were carried to him on the soft, incense-laden breeze, which struck familiarly upon his ears. And as he watched the party, the dream of his youth came upon him, and he felt a keen, wild desire to spring forward to Lady Bernice, to fall upon his knees at her feet, to touch her hand gently and cry, "O Poppy san!"

While standing there he was startled from his reverie by a command which, while he did not understand it, had an authoritative ring in it. He looked whence it came, and saw a lackey approaching him, talking and gesticulating. He knew that he was trespassing upon hallowed ground, and that the intent of the menial's words and actions was to make him depart at once and no longer desecrate the sacred persons of the Empress and her ladies by resting his plebeian eyes upon them. Graham had been suddenly and rudely interrupted. For the moment he forgot the pretty scene in the arbor in his contemplation of the lackey's strange costume. His square head was hidden beneath a cocked hat; his dwarfed body was attired in a blue silk blouse, his bow legs were incased in black silk breeches and white silken hose, and upon his feet were low-cut shoes with immense gold buckles. In spite of himself, Graham smiled at the incongruity of a Japanese menial parading about in dress of the Elizabethan period amidst surroundings so beautifully Oriental. And on the way back to the hotel the ricksha coolie wondered

why his passenger laughed as they sped along.

II.

It was the third of November, the day of the Mikado's anniversary ball, the greatest social event of the year in Japan, to which an invitation is a coveted honor. Graham didn't concern himself much about it until he chanced to hear that, while the Emperor and Empress would not be present, they would be represented by gentlemen and ladies of the court, among the latter of whom would be the most beautiful woman of the Empire—the Lady Bernice. When Graham received a card printed in French bearing the Imperial Seal and the names of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Viscountess Oaki, he pressed it to his lips as if it were a sweet scented note from Lady Bernice herself. He inspected his full-dress uniform so often that his Japanese valet began to fear for his master's sanity, and in the evening, when he assisted Graham to get into it, the servant was sure the "Americaine" had gone daft. For never before did his master order him about with so much irritability, nor peer into the mirror so intently, nor ask him so often if he looked well, nor inquire so anxiously if by his bearing and stride any one might suspect that his body and legs had been penetrated by Mauser bullets.

"Thy honorable face looks as magnificently fresh as the lotus flower in bloom, my master," the valet assured him. "Thy august form is as beautifully erect as the pines at the temples of Nikko, and thy——"

"That will do, Dori san!" interrupted Graham, curtly. "You're very complimentary this evening. So I guess I'll pass muster." And Graham put a yen into Dori-san's hand as he passed out of his apartments to go below where the guests were gathering for the ball.

In all his travels Graham had never before found himself in the midst of such a cosmopolitan assemblage, nor beheld such a brilliant sight. His Majesty's florists had transformed the rooms, alcoves and corridors of the hotel into a fairyland of wonderful flowers and foliage. Graham observed an arbor that was an exact counterpart of the one under the cherry trees in the Imperial grounds. Thither he went and sank down upon a rustic bench to watch the throngs as they passed before him in kaleidoscopic review. Marching and counter-marching were naval and army officers of every civilized power, in their brilliant uniforms with their regalia of rank and honor; ambassadors and ministers of every country in the world, wearing their court dress with a conscious dignity that became diplomats; distinguished visitors, republicans and democrats, royalists and commoners; here and there Japanese Generals and civil officials in inappropriate European uniform, lent an incongruity to the scene.

Graham was deep in contemplation of this sight when he was interrupted by a cheerful query:

"Ah, Jim, are you interested?"

It was Captain Foxwell, the American military attache, Graham's old friend and classmate. They shook hands cordially.

"I'm not merely interested, I'm amazed. In London or Paris or Berlin I wouldn't be surprised at such a thing as this, but here in this little country where a few years ago the married women blackened their teeth as a sign of their bondage and the men wore their hair in queues hanging down to their necks—— Well, I am speechless, Jack."

Foxwell laughed softly. He had seen the same thing before and was therefore not surprised.

"Tell me who some of these people are," pursued Graham.

"Well, I don't know whether my calling list includes them all, Jim," said Foxwell, "but I'll try. Do you see that old chap in Mandarin's dress—pea green goggles, peacock plumed skull cap, with the air of Marcus Aurelius? He's the Chinese Ambassador, Li Cheng Sung. In wisdom and learning he's next only to Li Hung Chang, whom he will without doubt succeed when that wily old dog joins Confucius beyond the river Styx. That's the French Minister's wife leaning on his arm. Those Mongolians following in his wake are his secretaries and interpreters; though goodness knows he doesn't need any of them. There's



Bernice Drawn by Gordon Ross.

Admiral Burke of the British Navy with a throng of Japanese, German and Russian naval officers about him. In the corner over there is the English Ambassador swapping stories with my chief, Minister Bruck of Georgia, who's about the only diplomat here without brass buttons, gold braid and a sword at his side. He's representative of our independence. See that little fellow with the squint eyes, yellow face, black shroud and padoga looking hat? That's the Korean Minister. He's talking with the Russian Ambassador, he of the brilliant uniform and bushy beard. That fine-looking youngster in the German cavalry uniform? Oh, he's Hauptmann Von Bergen, the Kaiser's attache, dancing with the Princess Loti—one of the sweetest bits of Japanese femininity in the Empress' suite. And all these Japanese? Why, they are all the distinguished men of this wonderful little country: nobles, generals, admirals, ministers, officials, painters, authors, lawyers, doctors, and so on through the list. Who are some of the women? Well, now, Jim, you've got me. God bless them, I don't know them all. Wives, daughters, sisters, aunts and other female relatives of the men; and not a few of them, the prettiest, of course, are of our own country, visiting here, you know, from San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and——. But, Jim, what I can't understand is why these sweet, dainty little Jap women on occasions like this, discard their kimonas, in which they always look sweet enough to kiss, for stiff, straitlaced gowns from Paris. Only one of the Empress' women that looks the part when she comes forth in a Worth creation."

"And who's that?" asked Graham, absently.

"The Lady Bernice."

"The Lady Bernice!" cried Graham.

"What's the matter, Jim?" said Foxwell, surprised. "You jumped as though you'd been shot. Do you know her?"

"I did—many years ago," replied Graham, guardedly.

"Well, here she comes now," announced the irrepressible Foxwell, "looking as beautiful as the flush of dawn—leaning on the arm of the French Minister, talking literature and arts, probably."

"Introduce me, Jack," interposed Graham anxiously. "I wish to see if she remembers me."

Foxwell left Graham abruptly and approached the French Minister and Lady Bernice. He spoke to them for a moment, and presently the Frenchman bowed gravely over the lady's hand, and then walked away; while Foxwell and Lady Bernice approached the arbor wherein Graham, with a strange expectant feeling in his heart, stood awaiting them. In Lady Bernice's demeanor there was that indifferent intolerance with which the woman of the world anticipates every new introduction, and when they reached the arbor she held back with a self-contained confidence that proclaimed her rank and station, while her escort went to bring forth his friend.

"Lady Bernice, this is Captain Graham," Foxwell began.

"O Jamie san!" she cried, when she recognized him.

"O Poppy san!" echoed he, adding quickly, "I am so glad."

"Old friends," suggested Foxwell sagely, relieving the embarrassment of the moment.

"Yes, very," said Lady Bernice, simply.

Graham looked into her eyes intently and he held her hand longer than the conventional period.

"You had not forgotten?" he said, slowly.

"No, I have never quite done that," she replied earnestly.

Foxwell looked at them both for an instant.

"I guess I'll leave you two to yourselves," he said, generously, and bowing to Lady Bernice and grasping Graham's hand with a grip that had often sealed a compact in their cadet days at West Point, he left them to pick up the thread which had been severed long ago in their childhood days.

Left alone together, they sat in silence for a while, studying each other as a parent might study a child returned from years of wandering. In the heart of each there was an uncertainty that springs into being with the reincarnation in a stronger, maturer age or a feeling which

had its birth in childhood. In the first few moments of their reunion both, like blind beings groped about in the darkness of the past striving to tear aside the veil which had obscured their lives from each other during their separation. When at length they found satisfactory solutions of their upspoken analysis of each other, they began to feel that intuitive confidence in each other which comes of a perfect understanding between a man and a woman. Yet, Graham scarce knew what to say to the girl who had grown to womanhood in the midst of influences and environments so different from his own. And the Lady Bernice, she was quite content to sit beside him—and muse over the sudden sweet happiness which had come into her life. It was, however, only a happines of the moment, for when her heart dwelt upon fanciful hopes of the future, the stern, commanding figure of the Emperor loomed up before her mind's eye, and bade her remember that she was of noble birth. She shuddered at the vision and a pained expression crossed her face. Graham noticed it. He took her hand quickly.

"What is it, Bernice?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing, Jamie san," she replied evasively, withdrawing her hand gently. "Really nothing. I was just thinking—shall I tell you? It's very trivial," and she simulated a smile.

"Yes, I want to know what brought that look of sadness into your face."

"You'll think I'm absurdly childish," she laughed, but instantly her expression became serious. "I was sitting in the palace conservatory reading to-day—and listening to the plaintive song of a goldfinch confined in a small cage hanging from the branches of a dwarf pine tree. Presently its song was answered by another bird perched upon the window-sill outside. And then it fluttered and dashed itself against the bars of the cage in its efforts to escape from its prison. The poor little thing wanted to join its mate, I presume. It was a tragedy in bird life; and while I watched, the gate of the cage became unfastened. The little goldfinch flashed out and hurled itself against the window and fell prone upon the sill. While it lay there stunned a lackey recaptured it and put it back into the cage. And I happened to be thinking how sad and lonely its life must be—when you surprised me with your question." And she laughed lightly as she finished the story. Graham regarded her thoughtfully for a moment.

"Were you thinking of parallels in life," he asked slowly, "or was it the little bird?"

"Really, dear Jamie san," she protested, with feigned irritability, "you're too analytical. I was thinking of the tragedy of that poor little bird's life. Don't you see?" and she looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes, I see. But tell me, Bernice," he persisted, and again he took her hand. "Didn't you think of the lackey—the Emperor?"

"Les majeste!" she exclaimed, but she added slowly, "yes, I did, but I didn't mean that you——" There was a sadness in her voice.

"But I did," he interrupted, quickly—and he raised her hand tenderly to his lips and kissed it.

When Captain Graham and the Lady Bernice joined the guests promenading in the corridors, there was a suspicious moistness in their eyes. In the ballroom they were surrounded by a throng of cavaliers, representing every court of Europe, all vying with each other for the honor of the next waltz with the Empress' lady-in-waiting. When Captain Graham surrendered her to the fortunate courtier whom she favored he whispered one word in her ear, "Forever." And she made eloquent reply with her eyes as she inclined her head gracefully in acknowledgment of his bow.

III.

For a moment Graham stood watching the Lady Bernice. In that brief space his memory went back over the lapse of twenty years which his meeting with her had bridged with an impregnable structure to which he would cling with all the strength of his heart and soul to the end of his days. It did not occur to him to question if she would also cling to it—aye, and should it become possible, stand with him upon the structure of love which his heart had reared up. He knew

that she would if not in her physical self, in her spiritual self. In his heart Graham felt that sacred, infinite longing which takes hold of every man's heart once in his life-time and floods his soul with spiritual light. It was the recognition of his soul's affinity. And if a worldly marriage were denied them, they needs must be content with a spiritual union of their souls; and they would both go through life with the mockery of a smile upon their lips and a terrible ache in their hearts. In his moment of self-analysis, Graham, in spite of his abstraction, had followed the Lady Bernice with his eyes, and suddenly he seemed to see again the vision of the Emperor, like a black silent night, come up before him. The Emperor! He was the barrier!

When the Lady Bernice and her escort had disappeared among the dancers, Graham turned away, and unmindful of the throngs about him, walked slowly down the vestibule toward the arbor wherein their last words were spoken. He had not proceeded far when Foxwell pounced upon him.

"Ah, here you are, Jim!" he cried, taking Graham's arm. "Been looking for you all over the place. Come along into the smoking room. I'll introduce you to all the world's celebrities, at least all that are here."

Graham went with his loquacious friend. When they entered the smoking room they found gathered therein distinguished men of every nation, divided into groups, all deep in the discussion of things that interest men of the world. Foxwell was welcomed with friendly nods of the head and cheery greetings.

"Gentlemen," he said, impressively. "this is Captain Graham, whose father was American Minister here years ago. He's just come from the Philippines with a bullet in every arm and leg, and——"

"Jack! Jack!" interrupted Graham, "don't relate the whole sad story of my life. I'm sure it will bore these gentlemen."

He looked at Foxwell with a frown. Foxwell eagerly enthusiastic in admiration of his friend, Graham anxiously fearful lest his admirer make him appear ridiculous—the two made a funny picture, standing in the middle of the room regarding each other. The gentlemen all laughed lightly.

"You're far too modest," concluded Foxwell. "However, let's have a drink."

Having filled their glasses, and having been joined by some British and Japanese officers, Foxwell proposed a toast to the Emperor. And while it was being drunk, Foxwell whispered in Graham's ear, "and to the Lady Bernice."

What with cigars, and Scotches and sodas, dispensed by light-footed Japanese servants in the Imperial livery, discussion was resumed. His thoughts being elsewhere, Graham didn't join in the general conversation. He sat silent for the most part. He preferred to listen—to be alone within himself with his thoughts and Bernice. However, he interposed a query or voiced an opinion occasionally by way of pretended interest. Finally Graham was aroused from his apparent apathy. General Yomogicho had plucked him by the arm.

"Why so pens-eve, Gray-am?" inquired the little Japanese soldier.

"I assure you, General, I was deeply interested," prevaricated Graham.

General Yomogicho smiled. He was a sturdy little man who, in spite of his short stature, looked quite soldierly in his black, yellow-faced uniform. His breast was covered with medals, and a heavy Toledo blade sabre dangled at his side. His face was the remarkable feature about him; its expression was of that stern determination so appropriate to the born soldier.

"Continue, General," urged Graham, "you were saying——"

"Ah, yaes," assented the General, "I was zaying about ze Empress' pearls."

General Yomogicho's conversation was a delightful mixture of French and English; his accent was of that quaintness peculiar to the educated Japanese gentlemen. With a good subject he always charmed his listeners. And the Empress' pearls were a good subject. Many years ago, early in the reign of the present Mikado, the Empress possessed a necklace of beautiful pearls which had been an heirloom in the royal family for generations. The literature of the country contains many romantic stories about them. Most mystical and romantic of these

is the pretty legend that the pearls were the crystalized tears of a beautiful Princess who lived, loved and died many years ago. The Princess was betrothed to a brave, handsome, stalwart Prince. In the midst of preparations for the royal wedding, while the Princess was counting the days, hours and moments whose end should bring her warrior-sweetheart back to her from the wars, one day a samurai came galloping up to the palace with the startling announcement that the Prince had been killed in battle. Where joy and happiness had reigned but a moment before, sorrow stepped in, descending upon the palace and its royal inmates like a black pall. The Princess was prostrated with grief. She wept her heart out and died. But her tears were transformed into beautiful pearls by a wonderful alchemist attached to the court.

General Yomogicho had often seen those wonderful pearls. In the center of the necklace and at each end was a pear-shaped pearl of remarkable lustre, and once, he said, his royal mistress had allowed him to hold them all in his hand!

"What's become of them?" asked Graham in breathless interest.

"Ah. I z'do not know," said the little soldier; "I only he-ar." And General Yomogicho related how a black-hearted sacrilegious scoundrel of a court lackey had stolen the sacred pearls, and escaping from the country in disguise, had fled to China, where, rumor had it, he obtained position and influence as an attache of the Chinese court by presenting his precious booty to that crafty old lady, Tsi An.

"Of course, zat is only ze rumor," said the General, "vich I z'do not know is truth or not. But ze Emperor would grant ze finder of zose pearls any wish—"

"Any wish?" interrupted Graham, "any request he might make, even if it involved life or death, or—well, a life's happiness, for example?" Graham regarded the General with anxiety.

"Any-zing he might ask, no mazzer how great ze zacrifice ze Emperor haf to make," declared General Yomogicho with great earnestness. And Graham leaned back in his chair with a deep sigh of relief. The strains of music that came stealing in from the ball-room sounded very sweet and beautiful in his ears.

IV.

From the frowning walls of Tien Tsin, against which he had charged his men like a Spartan warrior; from the bloody battle-ground of Yangtsun, where his soldiers had been cut down around him by Prince Tuan's fanatics as the sickle mowes down the grain of the fields; from the gates of Pekin, which he had stormed with his intrepid followers as the torrents of Niagara rush against the rocks in their path, Graham, with the glitter of the tiger in his eye, the bravery of the lion in his heart, with the strength of the ox in his limbs, had fought his way to the very portals of the Legations. With but a day's respite from exertions that must try the strength of the strongest men, Graham and his company were sent against the gates of the Forbidden City. Within its sacred precincts lay the forces of the Mohammedan warrior, General Tung Fu Hsiang, the murderer of the Fan Kwei (Foreign Devils) of the Legations. Two days before their chieftain had deserted them.

Like a thief in the night, with the fear of a coward in his craven heart, he had fled from them before the approach of the avenging allies, leaving them alone to their fate. Yet they fought with the zeal of religious fanatics. It was the faith of their souls, the sanctity of their heathen gods, the safety of their sovereign, the life of their existence as a people, which they were defending against an invading force of the civilized world. Graham and his men encountered fierce resistance as they charged through the first gate of the Imperial City. Leaden pellets fell like hail around them, dropping a comrade here and there. It was fierce, heart-rending work, into which, nevertheless, the spirit of the soldier enters with grim, stern, savage determination to conquer. From the padoga-topped portal of the Tartar city Reilly's battery belched forth thorite shells that went screaming through the air above them like the moaning cries of damned souls, clearing the way before them as they advanced through the court to the next gate. Reaching this, they stormed

it, and when the artillery had knocked down the portals, they rushed through the aperture into yet another court, which, at the sight of their enemy, the celestial soldiery swept with a withering fire that mowed down more than one brave man who chanced to come within its scope. In the improvised fort atop the gate of the Tartar city, death in the shape of a Chinese bullet had felled that brave old soldier, Reilly, where he stood beside his guns. Bereft of their beloved commander, inspired by the sight of his body lying there stark and stiff in death, Reilly's men served their guns with the unerring accuracy that comes from a desire for revenge. With shrapnel and thorite they spread misery and death in the ranks of yellow fanatics that swarmed the ramparts of the farthermost wall, behind which the palace of the Manchus lay. In the court below Graham's men, with the flush of victory in their otherwise wan cheeks, sped on and on, advancing against the last padoga-topped portal of the Sacred City, In the wild enthusiasm of battle, in the stress of which the true soldier forgets himself, Graham shouted commands and curses, commands to his men, curses at the foe. More than once he knelt momentarily beside some stricken one to bind a hurt and force liquor between parched lips, silent tears coursing down his cheeks, smothering blasphemous oaths between his clenched teeth. His mission of mercy accomplished, it was up again and onward to rejoin his men in the forward rush upon the enemy. In the assault upon the last gate, Graham abandoned himself to the spirit of the attack. He was oblivious to aught save his duty, and scarce realized the danger of a sword-thrust that flashed by his head until his assailant was full upon him. He turned quickly and grappled with his adversary. He wrenched the sword from the hand of the Mongol, grasped him by the throat and forced him to his knees. In the midst of it, a soldier, fearful lest the outcome of the hand-to-hand conflict be against his Captain, dealt Graham's assailant a blow upon the head with the butt of his rifle, which crushed the poor fanatics' skull. In the meantime the gate had been carried and with it the Sacred City of the oldest nation in the world, with its romance and mysticism of centuries, had fallen into the hands of the allied powers through the courage, dash and gallantry of the youngest nation in the world. From the General's position recall was sounded, and the bugle blast borne on the incense-laden breeze came as a relief to the soldiers. Graham's men had swarmed up the wall and into the padoga above, overlooking the inner precincts of the Sacred City, within which the Imperial Palace lay, safe from attack by mutual agreement of the allies.

In the court below, Graham stood watching his stricken antagonist where he lay upon the ground writhing in the death-struggle. In the suddenness and fierceness of the conflict, he had not observed the man's features, but now as he regarded him, it flashed into Graham's mind that his face was more Japanese than Chinese in cast. He bent over the prostrate form, and found proof of his surmise in an artificial queue which was fastened inside the stiff round hat that rested upon the dead man's crushed skull. Graham examined the Jap's attire, and, while doing so, came upon a small gold lacquered box which bore the Imperial Seal of Her Majesty the Empress Dowager. Opening it, Graham was momentarily blinded by the brilliancy of its contents. Inside were precious stones, diamonds, rubies, emeralds—and a beautiful pearl necklace with a wonderful pear-shaped gem in the center and a smaller one of the same shape at each end! For a moment Graham merely stared with speechless amazement—and then in the tumult of emotions that surged into his heart he cried: "Thank God! for these—and Bernice!"

In the quarters occupied by the Mikado's soldiers, late in the evening of that eventful day, Graham held a pearl necklace up before the astonished, protruding eyes of General Yomogicho.

"Zose are ze Empress' pearls!" exclaimed the little soldier when he found his voice.



FROZEN IN WITH THE PORTLAND.

BY A MEMBER OF HER CREW.

LATE in April, 1902, the steamer Portland left Seattle for the North. She bore passengers bound for the ice fields, a heavy cargo and a competent crew, of which I was a member. The northern waters at that time of the year were especially dangerous, due to the alternate thawing and freezing, a condition which resulted in our final lock-up in the Arctic Circle.

About the 8th of May we had worked pretty well into the ice. The vessel had made good headway, for the sun rose early and set late, and we could see our way pretty clearly.

One morning we were called upon deck about 2 a. m. It was frigid cold. We had drifted into a field of fog while endeavoring to follow the open channel. The captain had sighted the bow of a ship when the fog had broken for an instant. She lay in a little area of water dead ahead of us. The alarm was given and answered from the strange ship ahead. All hands were at their posts. The ice had closed in behind us, and we felt we were drifting to certain doom. A great crash was expected each moment. Great masses of ice rubbed pitilessly against the side of the ship. Crashes, groans and hissings we could hear all about us.

One can have absolutely no conception of the deadly atmosphere of gloom that settles about a ship that is locked in such a pit of ruin except he has experienced it.

After a few hours of this awful uncertainty we were wedged in the ice so tightly that our men were ordered out to anchor the ship to the ice. The moment a man passed over the side he was buried in the gloom. The signals passed between the two ships were weird and mournful in the darkness. The ship quivered, an air of the other world prevailed. Signals were constantly exchanged, and like spirit cannons sounded away off in the distance ahead; a moment later, right at our back.

We waited for daylight, and a glimpse of the dear old sun. Daylight, though long truant, broke through the mist at last. The air grew hazy, then clearer, until from behind a mountain of glittering ice a mast stood out all lonely with a limitless background. Though seemingly frozen in a stationary sea of

ice, the new-found friend shifted her position, and from a pyramid of the frozen sea a cheer rang out from the "Jeanie." We knew we were not alone in these waters, but had not expected to be so nearly ground up simultaneously in the same whirlpool at midnight. Gladly would some of our crew have risked a trip to the Jeanie, but a storm hung over our heads. We wandered about the hills of ice piled up about us, and once came upon an open sheet of water near the Portland, about which numerous walruses lay. A few strange-looking birds were visible, and these flew off screeching into the cloud banks which seemed to be settling about us again.

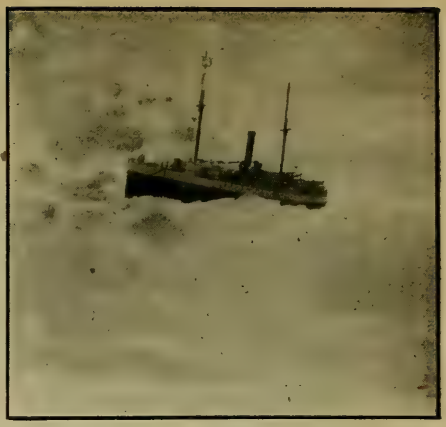
The sun broke in upon us late in the



The Portland moored to the ice.

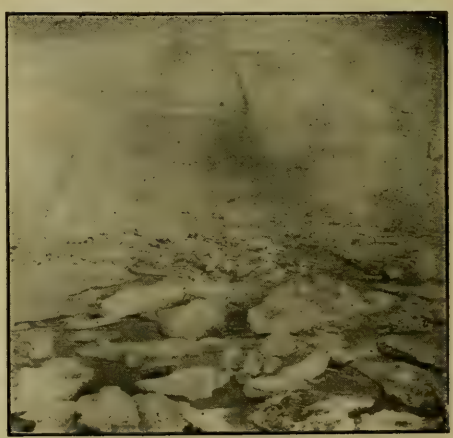
morning, and lighted up the countless miles of glittering snow and ice with gorgeous brilliancy. The variegated colors can not be painted by mortal hand nor the scenery touched by the kodak fiend. On our ship a few kodaks had been in evidence in the warmer circles, but now not one complete outfit could be found among the passengers.

I alone had a kodak and a dozen films. I determined to save for those who found our remains at least an idea of the situation, for I felt fully confident that no one of us would ever leave that pit alive. Evening came on. The sun was already darkening and the Jeanie had again shifted until now she looked like a speck in the distance. By the time I had my camera ready for use the



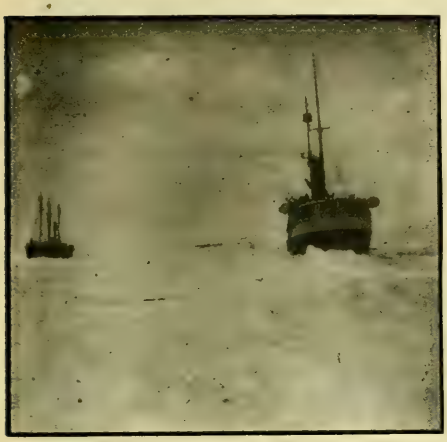
In the grip of the ice.

scenes had so materially changed that I was advised by all to save the films for better use. But snap that ship and ours I would and did. The sleet began to whip the deck a few moments later, the storm seeming to originate right on the spot. The decks were cleared of people, and the darkness settled without a moment's warning. Again the ice creaked and groaned. Our anchor chains were snapped like threads and the ice was breaking away from the ship. Almost immediately we were set adrift again amid great tumbling walls of ice. The air cleared a moment. Dead ahead a great precipice of green ice was bearing down upon us. A deafening blast to one side called our attention to a volcano of ice being hurled into the air. On the summit I could imagine I saw



The ice pack.

a great white bear taking its flight for the happy hunting grounds. A perfect fusillade of broken ice pelted the deck of our sturdy vessel until we groaned in suspense. It became perfectly black once more. The great mountain of ice was upon us. The delay of the expected death gave us grounds for hope. We missed that wall of ice, but it was by a miracle. Morning broke, but the Jeanie was



The meeting of the "Portland" and "Jeanie," midnight June 27th.

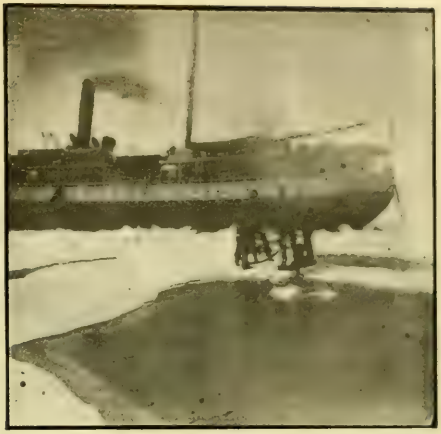
gone, and we never sighted her again. But I've got the only pictures that were ever taken in that frigid zone of those two ships, and lucky am I that I didn't wait till morning.

We drifted day after day as the currents drove us, powerless to stir at times, though certain death seemed to stare us in the face. We, too, could say with the "Ancient Mariner":

"At last the Storm King came and he
Was tyrannous and strong—
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us South along.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald."

At one time we were seventy-five miles from Nome but a day later over 160 miles away. At last we broke away from the ice, and made for Nome, which we reached on the 2d of July, after becom-



A fresh water pool 120 fathoms deep in the ice pack.

ing acquainted with death in all its grim realities, and courting it for over sixty days over four hundred miles of the Road to Perdition. When I reached Nome I swore I'd walk home when I should return, but was finally induced to return by steamer.

I have eventually arrived in San Francisco. I saw things I'll never see again, if they are only to be seen on a trip to Alaska. The old steamer, though battered and scarred, stood it, though, and while I have a kindly feeling for her, she will never take me outside the straits again.



The "Portland" in latitude 69 deg. 06 sec. on June 27th.



Uraga Bay.

URAGA BAY

JULY, 1853

THAT fifty years could create a change, such as has occurred in the foreign policy of Japan, without the ameliorating influences of war, is complimentary indeed to this people. It would seem even more remarkable were we not acquainted with the history and social conditions of the past two centuries. Living in utter seclusion, within the narrow limits of a group of islands, wholly dependent upon themselves for intellectual, moral and social advancement, all their energies concentrated upon the problems of life, happiness, position and wealth, their latent originality was awakened and developed to the fullest extent. It is no marvel that by 1850 this people contained a great pent up Spirit of Investigation; a strong and practical curiosity backed by a mind trained through generations to perceive, comprehend and utilize.

They were a complete organism, and one to their minds of the highest order, for they had not had the experience of comparison with others. A slight acquaintance with foreign powers through the Dutch at Nagasaki; a periodic experience with shipwrecked American sailors, from a country they could locate on the maps and globes of the Dutch, but had never learned to fear, gave them, quite naturally, a more exalted opinion of Japan and her people.

They had worked "internally" for more than two hundred years. Their minds turned upon themselves for such a great length of time; were saturated with Japanese ideals, overloaded with Japanese conceptions. Therefore, when the American fleet, instead of sailing into the bay of Yeddo with a good wind, glided through the straits with all sails furled, imagine the intense excitement—the wonder of the common people, the carefully hidden curiosity and fear of the official class. A country which could construct such marvelous ships was surely to be respected! We cannot estimate the importance of this mental impression produced by the use of steamers, for the Japanese would not of course acknowledge such an influence.

When, July 13, 1853, Commodore Perry anchored in the bay of Uraga, about twenty miles below the Imperial City, Yeddo, we can say, with the experience of fifty years as authority, that the old order of things ceased, and a great, and as yet unended, spread of possibilities opened. On the part of the Japanese, only the official correspondence and records commemorate this important event. At least, such has always been the supposition. Many tales remain of the great excitement caused by the entrance of the steamers—of the breaking loose of the pent-up spirit of investigation; how nobles disguised themselves sufficiently to enable them to make the trip from Yeddo to Uraga and personally view the strange ships, how even the young Emperor was supposed to have carefully hidden his identity and ventured on board the flagship; but of other than Government records we have few.

It is seldom that any great event in the world's history has not left its impression upon the sensitive field of art, and therefore we might expect some record, a painting, even a sketch, suggestive of the strange vessels. It is certain that upon the second visit of the fleet, many sketches were made—but until recently we have not been fortunate enough to find such a record of the first visit. We reproduce in connection with these brief explanatory remarks a wood-engraving by the inimitable landscape artist, Hiroshige. At the age of sixty he was attracted to Uraga by the American fleet, and while there employed himself in sketching the beautiful bay. Many of these sketches he afterwards worked up into designs for color prints, and in the foreground of one of these prints we find the special barge of the fleet accompanied by an American rowboat. From the bow of this barge, held straight and still by the fresh breeze, floats the American flag.

There is certainly a peculiar interest in realizing that, while the general tense feeling drew this man to Uraga, it was the beauty of nature that influenced his work while there, placing The Peaceful Invasion merely as an incident in, rather than the motive, of his picture.

THE BLIZZARD

Grace MacGowan Cooke

He haled from their cloudy pastures far
    His great gray steeds with the ragged mane;
He harnessed them all to his battle car;
    And the storm swept over the plain!

His scourge of hail with its iron tips
    He flung down, down through the icy blue!
His horses lurched like scudding ships,
    And he lashed the plain as he flew!

His clangorous thunders shook the air
    As he urged his steeds on their headlong way---
From the tenebrous gloom of his beard and his hair
    His eyes glowed fierce and gray!

And over the plain where the cattle strayed
    He blew, on the wings of his freezing breath,
His message to unhoused life, dismayed,
    And the word of the message was---Death!

California's Year in Art



The Bather.
By Xavier Martinez.



Barry's Court Castle, Ireland.
By Ethel Marion Wickes.



Town of Tonopah.

TONOPAH

BY JOHN FINLAY

TONOPAH, the latest addition to the bonanza mining camps of Nevada, has added another chapter to the already lengthy history of mineral discoveries in the Far West. In many respects the story of its sudden rise to prominence from a mere settlement of a few prospectors to a populous city bustling with the business activity of a community with the growth of years, in the phenomenally short period of a few months, is one of the most interesting ever related in this connection.

The town is now officially styled Butler by the United States postal authorities, after James L. Butler, who founded it, but it will always be Tonopah with mining men, a name significant of rich ore strikes and the sudden transitions of fortune which mark the adventurous life of pioneers in the modern El Dorado.

The word Tonopah signifies "Brush-



Hauling ore to the railroad.



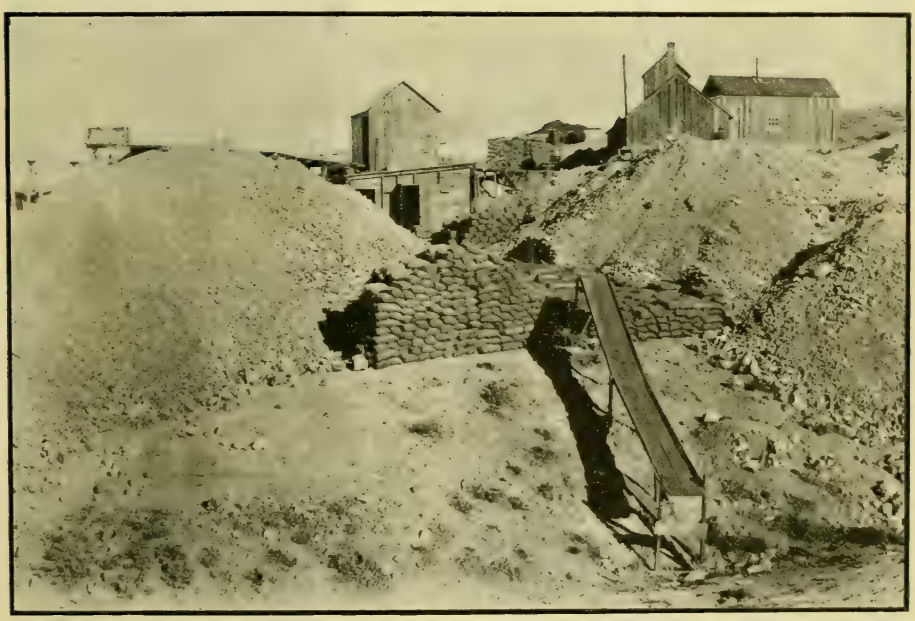
Ore piles awaiting shipment to railroad. South of town.



No. 1 ore sacked; loose ore behind.

water" in the Indian language. Within a few miles of the present town site is located the spring which gave name to the locality, a halting place for traveling bands of the Pah-ute tribe after a long, dry trip over the desert stretching westward to the furthest point of vision on the plains below. The next nearest water in this vicinity before the white race began to dominate affairs in this arid region was at Weepah or "tank water," some twenty miles away, which now marks the site of a flourishing mining camp, a subsequent discovery to that at Tonopah.

In years to come the tale will be taken up with the evening pipe around the prospector's camp-fire. The interested listeners will hear again of Jim Butler and his patient toil through desert wilds; of his fatiguing exertions by day and lonely vigils by night in the storm-swept



West end of Mizpah ledge.

The stories told of how James L. Butler discovered the great ledges which now form the nucleus of the hopes of the thousand and one locators who have pegged their claims for miles along their supposed extensions north and south, and as far again from the rising to the setting of the sun, would fill many large-sized volumes. One of the first subjects likely to be broached upon the introduction of a "tenderfoot" to the hospitality of the camp—a hospitality lavish in its generosity—is the heroic epoch of its history. This is natural enough, when one considers the early struggles of the pioneer locators under the most trying and arduous conditions before success finally crowned their efforts. In this case, the power of manhood, strong and fearless, and that alone, paved the road to fortune at Tonopah, unaided by the leverage of wealth.

mountain range, before that eventful day in May, 1900, when he struck the bold outcrop of the Mizpah ledge which was destined to bring him riches and fame and of his subsequent struggles, aided materially by a noble wife and a few trusted associates, to secure the hard-won prize. There is a vein of humor in the story, about this stage of the operations in the little mountain mining camp, where it deals with the treatment the first sack of ore received at the hands of the assayer to whom it was consigned at Klondike. Inspected in a cursory manner,



Tonopah Stock Exchange.

the deposit was passed as worthless, and then unceremoniously dumped in a corner with other waste material. And again in the wild ride of the sharp eyed Turner, vieing with Gilpin in strenuosity, and in fateful import with that of the gallant Sheridan, to the little telegraph office miles away at Sodaville, where reckless of cost the wire was used to let the wealthy Woodside of Philaadelphia know that a draft of fifty thousand dollars was on its way East which he must honor. Only thirty days' grace were allowed, but during that period the wire was kept hot by the persistent Turner, singing the praises of the new strike with the never ending charge to "meet that draft."

There was no chance for protest, for enquiry or argument, and the wild urgency of the Turner appeal, re-iterated with unceasing energy, won the day, and the draft was paid. The first deposit was made on the big Tonopah bonanza, Butler's fortune was assured, and J. W. Woodside of Philadelphia became its owner. A few weeks later his investment of $50,000 to meet the draft of O. F. Turner, his clear-headed, indefatigable correspondent, netted him $1,000,000 in cash and a handsome interest in the big Tonopah Mining Company of Eastern capitalists which now controls the Butler locations, covering the richest ground so far discovered in the new camp.

It is needless to say that Mr. Turner was rewarded with a handsome fortune for his brilliant coup, which ends the romance of the opening history of the camp, as it ushered in the new era of development work, which was followed by a rush of people from all parts eager to participate in the varied chances which offered for money making.

The town and mines of Tonopah are reached by stages connecting with the towns of Candelaria and Sodaville on the line of the Carson and Colorado Railroad. The distance between Sodaville and the camp is sixty miles, a little shorter than the Candelaria route, and for this reason a larger proportion of freight and travel is directed over that road. However, if the "tenderfoot" wishes to get a glimpse of an alkali desert in all its dreary loneliness and gain a correct impression of the dire possibilities fraught with danger and death to the bewildered wayfarers, Candelaria should be selected as the starting point for the mines. The road here

leads through over a plain, covered with great boulders of lava, hurled broadcast during some volcanic outburst, beyond the ken of this generation, and across a salt marsh of vast extent, now idle, but still an object of solicitude to many people, judging from the careful manner in which the stakes marking the separate claims are maintained in place by locators. The wonderful mirage of the desert, so misleading to the stranger for the first time penetrating these wilds, is here seen to full advantage. Larke lakes glisten in the sunlight in all directions, with islands scattered here and there upon their vast expanse. A prairie schooner, leaving a column of alkali dust to mark its course in the distant horizon, looms up as a steamboat, a fringe of woodland skirting the shoreline of the placid lake upon which it floats, while in closer range appears the homestead of some hardy settler, with boats drawn up on the adjecent beach. And all a vision, of the desert, and which time and again has renewed the failing vigor of some worn-out traveler to painful exertion in an effort to reach an Eden which looms up still further and further away, until the strength gives out, and he falls to rise no more, a victim of the desert.

So far as opened the mines of Tonopah have favored the poor man. They lie in what is known as the San Antonio range, a broken up mountain formation about 800 feet above the desert lowlands and 6,300 feet over the sea level. The main ledges of the original Butler locations, eight in number, run about northeast and southwest down the slope of the mountain which forms the northern boundary of the town. All of these ledges were opened up by tributers, who paid a royalty of 25 per cent upon their leases, which covered an allotment of territory 100 feet long by 50 feet wide, along the vein. The ore extracted paid from the grass roots down. The higher grade ores alone were utilized under the leases, being shipped to smelters over the C. & C. Railroad, involving the heavy haul across the desert. The second grade, averaging from $80 to $100 per ton, has been piled up awaiting the time when reduction works will be erected in the neighborhood to handle the output of the camp.

The piles shown lying now on the hillside, awaiting the order of their owner, give a fair idea of the profits which have accrued to the lessees, some of whom have accumulated fortunes ranging from $500,000 to $1,000,000 simply



First house in Tonopah.

from the shipments already made of the higher grade ores. In one case a lease which ran longer than the others was bought in by the Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada, which now owns the Butler group of mines, for the sum of $250,000, covering the unexpired period of six weeks. The lessees of this particular claim were then, it is said, taking out ore at the rate of $30,000 per day.

The wealth of the community is reflected in the town. The improvements of all kinds are of a most substantial character, and nothing is lacking which might be expected in an exterprising municipality more closely connected with the commercial center of modern civilization. In this respect Tonopah is a surprise and a wonder to the visitors. The hotels are modern in every respect, with everything the market of San Francisco affords at the command of the guests. The office buildings of the big company are elegant in design and arrangement. Two lines of telephone wires span the desert and bring the town in close connection with the outside world. An electric power and lighting plant of a capacity to supply the town and mines with both is now being installed, and a sufficiency of water for all requirements is guaranteed by a company now in operation, to be shortly re enforced by an additional supply through pipes now being laid to tap a heavy flow some sixty miles away. Banks, a stock exchange with a large and wealthy membership, two ably edited newspapers fully alive to the interests of a town and camp in which all take a natural pride, a good public school, free public library, churches and the lodge rooms of several prominent societies are an evidence of the rapid growth of this enterprising mountain town. In every respect Tonopah, within the short period of a year and a half, has attained a position of solid progressive growth, which many a town established for decades gone by might take for an example.

There are no "bad men" in Tonopah, using the term literally as applied to the average mining camp. The few that mixed with the first rush, in the hope of running things to suit themselves with a high hand, found it advisable to seek change of air before many days had elapsed. The methods of the men in control of the situation were not to their taste, and when one or two of the worst characters got notice to quit, the others took the hint and departed also. Anyone who wants to indulge in faro or any of the games of chance which enliven the leisure hours of the miner can do so. The "tiger" is not omitted from the list of luxuries of all kinds available at Tonopah, but no disorderly conduct is tolerated there, even in a rough and tumble with the great cat. The community is both orderly and law abiding, reflecting the greatest credit upon the men who regulate it local affairs.

The future of the camp now interests numbers of people located all over the United States. Shares in the many companies which now own locations covering the county for an area of many miles square, are held by capitalists in all the leading centers, from the shores of Maine to the Pacific Coast. So far but little prospecting work has been done outside of the great mines adjacent to the town of Tonopah itself. That they are rich and extensive no one can deny who has seen them, and that they alone will suffice to promote the development and prosperity of the town itself for years to come is an assured fact.

Upon the extension of these ledges of ore, the outside investor bases his hope of success. Recent discoveries upon the strike of these ledges by companies now at work seem to justify the belief that they will extend easterly and westerly for a considerable distance.

However, leaving the future to take care of itself, and dealing only with the present day, it must be admitted by all visitors to Tonopah that if energy, enterprise and good business sense constitute the elements of success, the next few years will witness some wonderful developments in this vicinity.

CURRENT BOOKS

The Last Days of Pekin.

Under the title "Les Derniers Jours de Pékin," Lieutenant Julian Viaud, better known to the reading public as Pierre Loti, issued recently in Paris a volume into which had been gathered a series of letters sent to the "Figaro" from China, letters written by him from notes taken day by day during, as the author expresses it, "a painful campaign in the midst of the continual excitement of life aboard ship." His account of his experiences in China at so unique a period in the history of that country—at a moment when every one was free to gratify his whims and curiosity in a city closed to the world for so many centuries, is full of unusual interest. He writes with fine national pride and speaks of the kind and almost fraternal manner of the French soldiers toward the humblest of the Chinese. In his dedication "To Vice-Admiral Pothier, Commander-in-Chief of the Squadron of the Far-East," he takes occasion to pay a glowing tribute to the sailors who remained on the ship, toiling with never a murmur or loss of courage during the long and dangerous sojourn in the waters of Petchili. "Poor, sequestered beings living between steel walls! They did not have, to sustain them, as their superiors had, any of the responsibilities which make up the interest of life, or the stimulus that comes from having to decide serious questions. They knew nothing, they saw nothing, not even the sinister coast in the distance. In spite of the heat of a Chinese summer, fires were burning day and night in their stifling quarters; they lived bathed in a moist heat, dripping with perspiration, coming out only for exhaustive drill work in small boats, in bad weather, and often in the dead of night, and on boisterous seas. One needs but a glance at their pale faces now to understand how difficult their obscure role has been." Of the Yellow City, the Marble Bridge, the Lake of the Lotus, the splendors of the long gallery in the Palace of the North, this "Mandarin of Letters,"—for such is Pierre Loti's title in China—writes with a keen appreciation of the artistic and the beautiful. Before the late European invasion, access to the Violet City, enclosed in the heart of the impenetrable Imperial City, and more impenetrable still, was strictly forbidden to "outside barbarians."

The marvelous collections of old paintings, rolled on ebony or ivory sticks, and wrapped in imperial silks, the embroideries, screens, lacquer, bibelots thousands of years old, matchless objects transmitted by one generation of mandarins to another, are a revelation of Chinese art, says the writer, of which we of the Occident have no conception. Pierre Loti's book gives one a new point of view of the Imperial City, "which was one of the last refuges on earth of the marvelous and the unknown, one of the last bulwarks of a humanity so old as to be incomprehensible—nay, almost fabulous—to men of our times."

The translator, Miss Myrta L. Jones, has caught the spirit of the original in no small degree, and gives one unacquainted with M. Loti's work at first hand, a very fair idea of his literary skill and sympathetic charm of expression. The illustrations are from photographs and drawings by Jessie B. Jones.

Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston.

"The Outlook Story Book for Little People" will prove a delight to many a child's heart. In addition to its nursery tales and fairy tales and tales of adventure, it has some good verse and pleasing jingles, and a wealth of fine illustrations, photographic and others. It is edited by Laura Winnington.

The Outlook Co., Publishers, New York. Price, $1.20.

"His Calculations," the latest addition

to the "Baby Roland" booklets, depicts the youngster climbing up on a box in a childish endeavor "to be as big as any other man." George Hansen, the landscape architect, author of "What is a Kindergarten," is attempting, in these photographic reproductions of his little son, to record the natural development of a child's faculties, and his labor of love will be watched with interest by other parents.

Elder & Shepard, Publishers, San Francisco.

"Bright Little Poems for Bright Little People," by Catherine Wheeler, is a rather misleading title. There is nothing bright about the poems, and the brightest of little people would search in vain for anything meritorious in the illustrations.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., Publishers, San Francisco. Price, $1.25.

"The Book We Need" is what Leon Steffire, L. L. B., of Bowdle, South Dakota, calls his treatise on Arithmetic. In it the system of notation is lucidly and concisely explained with many illustrative examples, and a table of answers as addendum. The epilogue contains numberless suggestions as to needed improvement in the mode of reckoning, the designating and tabulating of weights and measures, etc., etc. That "the dollar is altogether too uncertain and indefinite, has had too many meanings," that "for the sake of system and uniformity, all the primary units ought, like mêtre, to be of Greek origin," that "our present time table is unnecessarily clumsy and irrational," that "the 25th of March is the most appropriate day on which to commence a New Year," are a few of the many ideas advanced by the author.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., Publishers, San Francisco. Price, $1.00.

Stories of California.

California patriotism is fast becoming to Californians a personal matter. They are beginning to appreciate more and more the unlimited resources of their State and to feel a just pride in its welfare. Societies are being constantly founded to keep alive an interest in the early history of the State and to perpetuate the memory of the men who did so much to make that history. Nothing demonstrates this interest more clearly than the many recent books which have taken early Californian history for their theme. It is not too much to say that every reliable, well written book of this kind is a benefit conferred upon posterity, for it rescues from oblivion facts concerning the days that are no more. Who shall say that in the years to come generations yet unborn will not look back to their pioneer ancestry with the same pride the New Englander feels in being the descendant of a forefather who came over in the Mayflower?

The Board of Education of our city has recently decided to adopt as a supmental reader for school children Mrs. Ella M. Sexton's book entitled "Stories of California." This is a step in the right direction. It deserves a place not alone in every school, but in every library as well, for it contains much valuable and accurate information that cannot fail to interest older people. In this volume Mrs. Sexton has presented in a series of simple narratives the main points of California's history and development. Twenty-three stories, in chronological order, relate the first explorations along the coast, the founding of the missions, and the gay, romantic days of the "Splendid Idle Forties." The Bear Flag Republic, the wild gold excitement and the coming of argonauts and pioneers, the trip across the plains and the building of the overland railroad form the subject matter of several tales. The story of the great wheat fields, the wonderful development of orchards and vineyards and the fruit industry receive due consideration, while very interesting chapters are given to the flowers and plants and the birds, animals and fishes of the State. "The Big Trees and Lumbering" is the title of a well-told sketch, and the story of San Francisco and "Men California Remembers," should be read by everyone at all interested in the State. The climate,

whether coast, interior or mountain, is described and explained, and also California's wonderful sights.

The book is illustrated with some forty or more half tones, and is well printed and bound.

The Macmillan Co., Publishers, New York. Price, $1.00.

Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.

It was in the autumn of 1873 that the volume known to libraries and collectors as "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist," one of William Ellery Channing's most popular books at that time, was first published. In the course of a few years it was completely sold out, and is now out of print and its copyright expired. Since the death of Mr. Channing, his literary executor, F. B. Sanborn, has issued an enlarged edition, for which material was left by Mr. Channing. It contains some new matter, an introduction by Mr. Sanborn, notes, a full index, and as prefix to the edition a fine portrait of Mr. Channing taken as a photograph not long after the publication of the first edition in 1873. Of inestimable value as a record of walks and conversations of Thoreau, Emerson and Channing is this biography of Thoreau by his poet-friend.

Nature study has come into such popular favor of late that this work so pertinent in detail regarding one who loved the fields, the woods and all wild creatures, and who had so deep-rooted a belief in the essential worth and integrity of plant and animal, should meet with a hearty welcome. Thoreau was one who saw the seasons and the landscapes through their colors, and all hours and fields and woods spoke in varied hues which impressed him with sentiment. "Nature does not forget beauty and outline even in the mud-turtle's shell," he said, and again: "Nature makes a thousand acorns to get one oak. He is a wise man and experienced, who has many views, to whom stones and plants and animals and a myriad objects have each suggested something, contributed something."

"As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew."

To quote from William Ellery Channing's appreciation of his friend: "What he desired lay at his feet. The breath of moving skies with the saffron of aurora beautifully dight; children of the air wafting the smiles of spring from the vexed Bermoothes; fragrant life everlasting in the dry pastures; blue forget-me-nots along the brook—were his: ice piled its shaggy enamel for him, where coral cranberries yesterday glowed in the grass; and forest whispered loving secrets in his ear. For is not the earth kind? Perchance he reached the wildness for which he longed, 'a nature which I cannot put my foot through, woods where the wood-thrush forever sings, where the hours are early morning ones and the day is forever improved, where I might have a fertile unknown for a soil about me.'"

The book is printed at the Merrymont Press, and is a fine specimen of artistic typography.

Charles E. Goodspeed, Publisher, Boston. Price, $2.00.

"From Greig to Brahms," by Daniel Gregory Mason is a series of essays, eight in number, concerning modern composers and their art. In the introductory essay, "The Appreciation of Music," Mr. Mason describes some of the fundamental principles of the art, and sketches in their light the general movement of musical history. Greig, Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, Franck, Tschaikowsky and Brahms have each in turn a chapter devoted to them, each of which is prefixed by a portrait of a composer. "As all music," says the author, "no matter what its complexity on the technical side, is in essence an expression of personal feeling, and as the qualities of a man's personality show themselves not only in his works but in his acts, his words, his face, his handwriting and carriage even, it has seemed natural and fruitful in these studies to seek acquaintance with the musicians through acquaintance with the men." The last essay in the book, "The Meaning of Music," merits careful reading, for it is exceedingly well written—indeed, with a Stevensonian touch at times—and the temptation to quote is strong. We re-

frain, for to take a fragment here and there would mar the beauty of the whole for the intelligent and appreciative reader to whom Mr. Mason's satisfying book will appeal strongly.

The Outlook Co., Publishers, New York. Price, $1.50.

Pickett's Charge and Other Poems.

The popular lecturer and entertainer, Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, much of whose popularity is due to the fact that the poems he recites are from his own pen, has published a second volume of verse. This new collection comprises some eighty of his later poems, including "Pickett's Charge," "Remember the Maine," and "Stonewall Jackson." There are many pleasing verses in dialect, "Hans' Little Baby," "Dot Good for Nodings Dog," showing that it is not alone in poems of deep pathos and dramatic power that Mr. Brooks excels, but that he has as well a keen sense of the humorous. The present volume contains any number of selections specially adapted for readings or parlor recitations. A portrait of the author prefaces the book.

Forbes & Co., Publishers, Boston and Chicago. Price, $1.25.

The Quest for Happiness.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, who succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has, in a voluminous book, entitled "The Quest of Happiness," treated the oldest topic known to man from many standpoints. Beginning with its relation to man's growth and usefulness, it touches upon the importance of taking time, exercise, and amusement as external helps to happiness, warns one of the three arch-enemies—Hurry, Debt, and Worry—speaks of the increase of social happiness through the new art movement, and the diffusion of the beautiful, notes the redemption of mankind from drudgery through tools and machinery, the ministry of nature as a help to happiness, and concludes with a chapter dealing with happiness in its connection with the religious problem. There is nothing especially new in what Dr. Hillis says, and at times he becomes wearisome through many repetitions of the same thought. The sub-title of the book is "A Study of Victory Over Life's Troubles," the sum and substance of which is that "with normal natures happiness begins with the thought that God has time to care for each life. He who is sheltered within the heart of God has found a peace-chamber into which he can retreat from the pursuit of worldly jealousy and ambitions and battle. And the more the might and the storm and the tempest, so much the more are tranquility, security and blessed peace."

There is a supplementary list, with authorities used—and it is a lengthy one—also a preface, a table of contents, an index and a series of forewords prefixed to the chapters. Nothing is lacking to make the volume a very complete one of its kind. The publishers have given it marginal borders a-plenty and beautiful covers.

The Macmillan Co., Publishers. Price, $1.50.

The Blue Flower.

It needs neither its elaborate presentation nor its suggestion of "The Ruling Passion" to make "The Blue Flower," Dr. Henry W. Van Dyke's new volume one to be welcomed with eagerness by the literary portion of the reading world. The reason for this is that nothing Dr. Van Dyke writes is commonplace; on the contrary, he is the possessor of a style that is dignified and refined, and, of its kind, almost perfect. The nine stories which comprise the present collection tell of "the search for happiness, which is life." "The Blue Flower" typifies happiness. Although the stories are varied in setting and incident, in all of them the characters, each in his own way, searches tirelessly for the blue flower, nor wearies of the quest. In his foreword to the reader, Dr. Van Dyke says:

"Many men have told parts of this story, but whether they end in joy or in grief, the story is still unfinished, and the search goes on. A hundred years ago, in Germany, Novalis, a poet and a philosopher, began to write the story again (and thought to complete it) in

his romance of "Heinrich von Ofterdingen." The first book he called "Expectancy," and the second book he called "Fulfillment." But in the middle of the second book he broke off to take a long journey, from which he has not yet returned. If you would like to know something about the meaning of the search for happiness as fully and as clearly as it can be told in words, you will read the bit of Novalis which is translated here (somewhat freely, I must confess), and perhaps you will see why, for want of a better title, the book is named after "The Blue Flower." Only one of the stories—that which has to do with Winfried and the Oak of Geismar—has any foundation in fact, or even in tradition. Yet I think tney are all true. And so you will take the little book and see if it belongs to you. Once it was not mine, and then it was mine, and now it is no longer mine alone."

Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York. Price, $1.50.

"Three Years on the Blockade" is a record of the naval experiences of Mr. I. E. Vail, who, in April, 1861, then a mere lad, responded to Abraham Lincoln's first call for troops, and receiving an appointment as Paymaster's Clerk on board the U. S. Steamer "Massachusetts," sailed from Charlestown Navy Yard a month later under sealed orders to take part in many important events, and witness many grand and impressive scenes. He tells in a simple manner of the long and wearisome days spent in the lonely and monotonous life on the blockade, separated from home and friends, exposed to the dangers of the elements and of desperate foes, a life, however, which with all its hardships was not without its compensating pleasures and attractions.

The Abbey Press, Publishers, New York.

"Children of the Frost," a volume made up of ten stories, the scenes of all of which are laid within or near the Arctic Circle, is Mr. Jack London's latest addition to his already numerous collection of deservedly popular short stories. The opening tale is a vivid-virile one. It deals with a woman's love, a story "as old as Eve and young as the last new love-light." Nature is much the same in any zone, and men and women love, fear, hate and revenge themselves among the unrecorded Eskimo tribes even as they do in tropical climes. For the rest, the stories are unconventional, very human and very alive. No one writes of the Far North with more verve than he, who has been called, with reason, the Kipling of the Klondike.

The Macmillan Co., Publishers, New York.

"The Coming City," by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., L.L. D., author of "Socialism and Social Reform," etc., is suggestive rather than expository. It confines itself to pointing out tendencies in the past and present, and to describing and illustrating the progress in the spirit of municipal reform. It is accompanied by notes and illustrative material, and should prove helpful to all who desire to bring our urban life up to a higher plane. A leading thought brought out is that the city should not be run strictly on business lines, but rather as a well ordered household, and that the mayoralty should be regarded as a profession.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, 60 cents.

"Elementary Studies in Insect Life" is a valuable addition to the many books on natural science for which there is such a growing demand at the present time. It is the work of Samuel J. Hunter, A. M., Associate Professor of Comparative Zo-ology and Entomology at the University of Kansas. It is divided into two parts: Part I deals with the development of the insects and their relations to their surroundings. Part II is devoted to methods, equipment and laboratory exercises. It is beautifully and copiously illustrated with colored plates and drawings, and from a literary, artistic and mechanical standpoint is highly creditable.

Crane & Co., Publishers, Topeka, Kansas. Price, $1.25.

"A Captured Santa Claus," is an episode of the Civil War, a story telling of a Christmas in old Virginia in the year

1863, when the blockading lines were drawn close, and there were no new toys to be had for love or money for the little ones. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his usual felicitous manner tells how his little hero and heroine were made happy notwithstanding the fact that their Santa Claus was in grave danger of being taken by the Yankees. The illustrations, in full color, are by W. L. Jacobs.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York. Price, 75 cents.

"Naval Heroes of Holland," by J. A. Mets, is a book for youths, and deals in part with the struggle of a republic of the past against the nation with which our own great Republic was so recently at war. It is a record of brave deeds, devoted patriotism, love of country and unwavering courage, and should be an inspiration to the hearts of the young who read it.

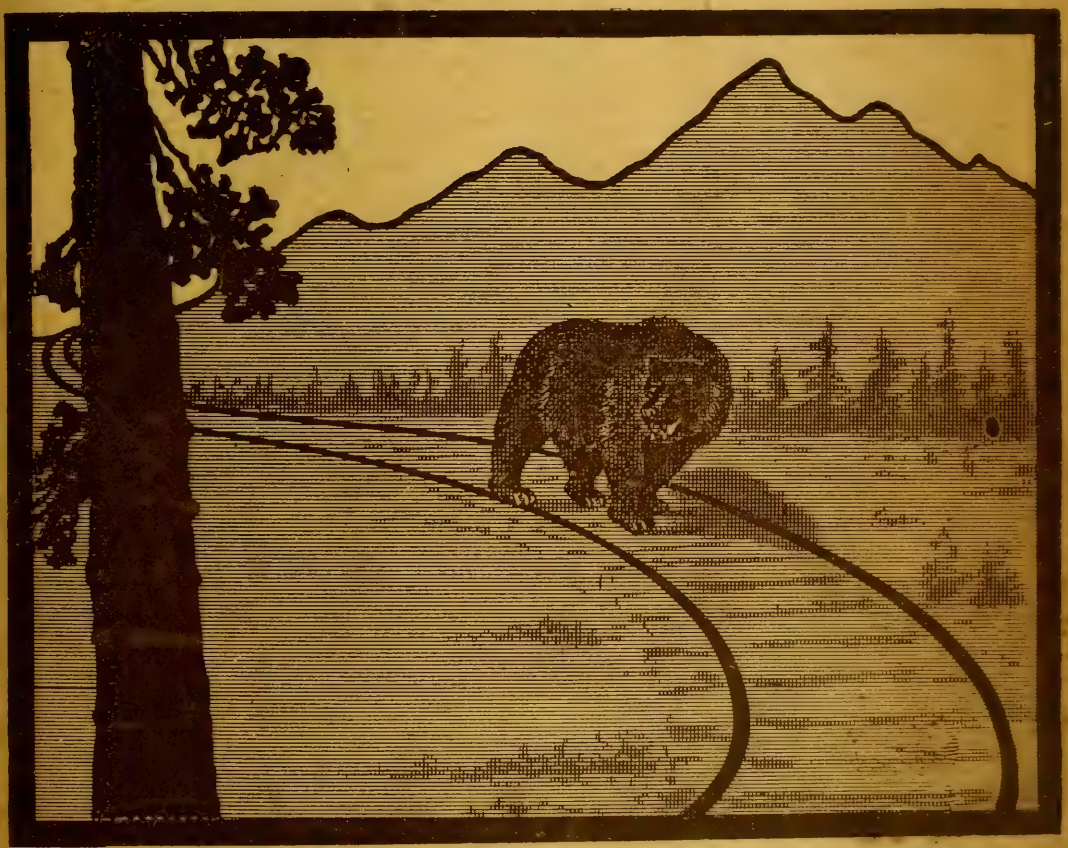
The Abbey Press, Publishers, New York. Price, $1.50.

"With Force of Arms," by Howard B. Garis, a newspaper man of Newark, New Jersey, is a tale of love, and fighting, and witchcraft, in which Puritans and Indians all play their parts. The setting is in Salem, in the year of grace 1692. After a great many thrilling experiences and hairbreadth escapes, the hero succeeds, in the last chapter, "with force and with arms," in winning his bride. The book is neither better nor worse than dozens of others of its ilk, and will serve to while away an idle hour for those who are not critical in matters literary.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.



Overland Monthly



· February 1903 ·
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California's year in art.
Landscape, by Ethel Marian Wickes.

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WITHIN recent years many improvements have been made in the lighthouse system of the Pacific Coast, and especially of the California, or Twelfth District. More powerful lights have been placed in some of the larger and more important stations, the patrol and guards increased, and the telephonic and other means of rapid communication improved. This district covers about one thousand miles and embraces all the aids to ocean navigation on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, its bays, and the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Thus, a vessel is rarely out of sight of a light-house station on clear nights, or beyond the hearing of fog-signals on foggy nights. The light at each station gives a different signal of flashes, and each fog station signal gives different blasts, so that the navigator may know where he is by the flashes or the fog signals when the lights cannot be seen. The station houses vary in architecture—the towers are cylindrical, octagonal or square, but the structures from which they rise are generally white, with red roofs and green shutters—a striking combination of colors that may be seen at a great distance. A station

of the larger kind has a keeper and three assistants. The lamps are lighted at sundown and burn until sunrise. Each keeper stands watch for three hours. When the weather is foggy each man stands an additional three hours in the fog station, going on as soon as relieved from the light-house tower. Their average work is nine hours a day. The life is monotonous, and is one of great vigilance and exposure to the severest weather. They look out upon the ocean day after day, and the ceaseless roar of the waves beat monotonously upon the ear, intensifying the loneliness and isolation of the place.

There are forty-five light stations in this district, and thus every point where navigation may be aided is covered.



Pilot boat No. 7.

These stations are supplied with provisions and necessary appliances by the light-house tender Madrona, which makes the entire circuit, and also in her rounds assists vessels in distress, looks after wrecks, derelict vessels, and destroys anything afloat that may be injurious to navigation. This vessel has a force of twenty-five men. Point Bonita (Pretty Point) at the North Heads, is one of the most important stations on the coast, and is one of the oldest. It has a keeper and three assistants, John F. Ingersoll, George D. Cobb, Herman Engel, and Thomas L. Winthar. This Point has recently been manned and equipped with a fine life-saving outfit. This is a dangerous point, as the vessels pass very close to the North Head in going through the north channel. The station was erected in 1855, and the light was placed on the highest point, about one-fourth of a mile back of the present station. A smooth-bore cannon was fired at intervals as a fog signal. It was found that the light was placed too high and too far from the entrance, and it was removed down to its present position, on the western extremity of Bonita Point, at an elevation of 127 feet. It is a fixed white light of the second order and is visible 17 miles. The old tower is now used as a day mark. The fog-signal station is 270 feet in height. It has a first-class steam siren, and gives five-second blasts at intervals of 35 seconds.

Opposite to Bonita Point, and one and one-half miles across, is Point Lobos (wolf point), which forms the outer entrance to the Golden Gate.

The supplies for this station are landed from the Madrona by means of a derrick to the wharf. Thence they are hoisted by a steam engine and car up an incline of 45 degrees to a level track, and thence in a horse car to the station. The supplies for the dwellings of the keepers are hauled up the hill by a one-horse truck made expressly for the narrow road along the cliffs and through the tunnel, which was cut through granite, as the

cliff was so steep that a road could not be made around it.

Lime Point station is on the extremity of the reservation and on the northerly side to the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco. It is one of the portals of the Golden Gate. It has a lens lantern fixed with white light at an elevation of twenty feet. There is also a brick fog signal building. The signal has a 12-inch steam whistle and gives ten-second blasts at an interval of thirty seconds.



Oakland Harbor light station.

Fort Point is one mile opposite, and is the other portal to the Golden Gate. It is on the southerly side of the entrance to the harbor, and is located on the northwesterly bastion of Fort Winfield Scott. This old brick building was built in the early fifties, on the site of Fort San Joaquin of the Spanish-Mexican era. The bricks were brought from New York. The tower of the station is white, with a black lantern. The light is fixed white for one minute, followed during the next minute with 4 red flashes, with an interval between of 15 seconds. There is a fog bell on the bastion of the Fort which is struck every 10 seconds by machinery. A light-vessel is moored about 3¼ miles outside of the bar off the entrance to the bay of San Francisco in 106 feet of water, and about one mile westerly from Fort Point. It is of the lens order, with two fixed white lights and three lanterns encircling each masthead. The elevation is 52 feet, and the light may be seen 13 miles.

The light station of Yerba Buena Island is situated on the southeasterly



Old signal gun, Point Bonita.

extremity at an altitude of ninety-five feet. It is of the fifth order, has a fixed white light, which is visible 13 miles. The tower is low and octagonal, with lead-colored trimmings. The lantern is black. The dwellings are white, and in the rear. The fog-signal structures are white witn red roofs, and are below and in front of the tower. The fog signal has a 10-inch steam whistle, and gives four-second blasts at intervals of sixteen seconds. When the signal is disabled, a bell is struck by machinery every ten seconds. This island takes it name from an herb that grew there luxuriantly, which the Spaniards called Yerba Buena (good herb.) The present San Francisco was also named Yerba Buena, by which it was known till 1846. The island is locally known as Goat Island. from the fact that an early settler planted a goat pasture there. The present keeper, R. A. Weiss, has been at this station 10 years. The Farallone light station is situated on the highest peak of the northeast side of the largest islet of the group, which is about 2 miles in circumference. From high tide to its summit, on which is the station, is 358 feet. This islet is 23 miles west from the Golden

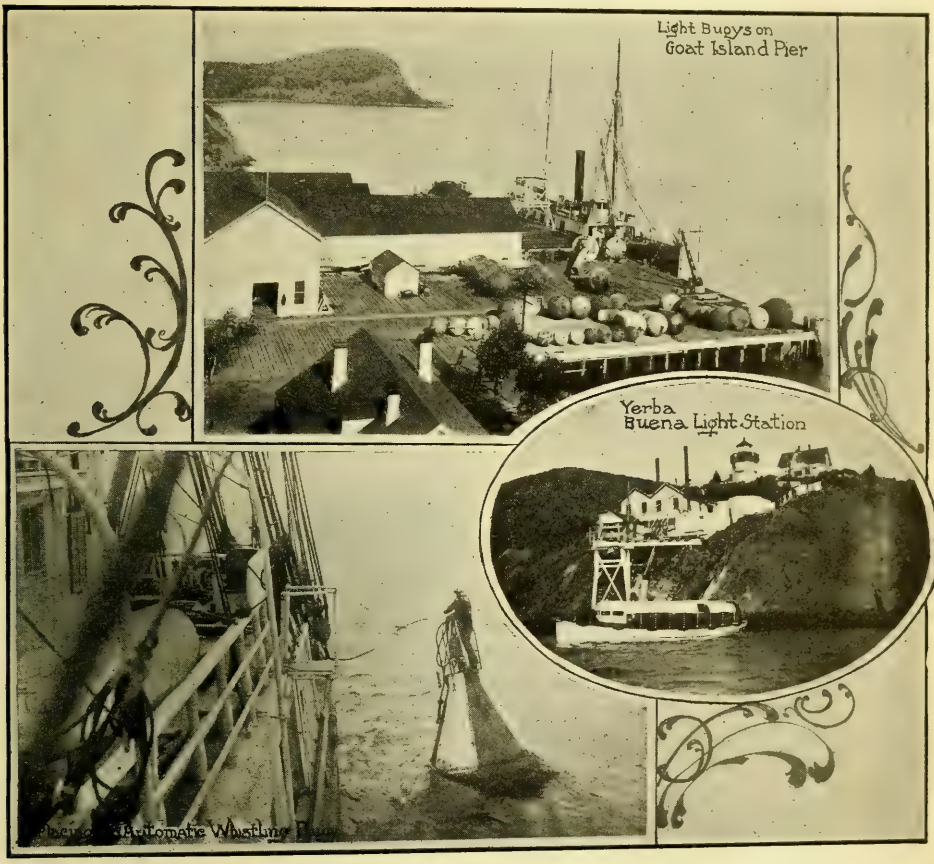




Alcatraz.

Gate. The station is of the first order, and flashes a white light every minute, which is visible twenty-six miles. The lantern is black. It is in a conical white tower, and the lantern is 29 feet from its base. There are three dwellings with outhouses for the keepers at the foot of the hill one-fourth of a mile south of the tower. The fog signal structures consist of a signal house, blacksmith shop, etc., and are 600 feet westerly. The buildings are white, with red roofs. The fog signal station has a first-class steam siren, and gives five-second blasts at intervals of forty-five seconds. The station was established in 1855. The present keeper, C. J. Crain, has been on duty there twelve years. A wireless telegraph station has recently been erected on the island—the first complete service in California. A cable has also been laid to Point Reyes, eighteen miles distant, and a weather bureau station is being established there.

In the early part of this century the Russians had settlements on the Farallone Islands and killed seals for shipment to Russia. They brought over the Siberian rabbit, and these long-eared animals have flourished on the island ever since. In a cave there is a grave of an "unknown woman," and all kinds of stories are told to visitors about the "mystery." A number of years ago, "Jerry," a mule used for hoisting coal, was also food for stories to visitors. Jerry was smarter than the average mule, and when he heard the whistle of the tender, he knew that coal was to be hoisted, and he at once had business upon the most inaccessible heights until the coal had been hoisted by other than mule power.



Angel Island is seven miles northeast



Lighthouse tender Madrono.

of San Francisco, and on the south-westerly extremity of the island is the light station. It is of the lens-lantern order, and has fixed red light. Its height is 34 feet above mean high water. The station consists of a fog-signal house and a square frame dwelling with pyramidal roof. The house and the dwellings are white, with red roofs. The lantern is on the southeasterly corner of the fog-signal building. A bell is struck a double blow by machinery every fifteen seconds. Other improvements have been urged by the light house board, especially a fog-signal at Quarry Point, as the passage between the easterly part of the island and Southampton shoal is quite narrow. This shoal lies northwesterly of Angel Island, nearly in the middle of the bay, and is dangerous for large vessels bound for Mare Island, Vallejo, Benicia, Port Costa or Antioch. The Government has also been asked to establish a lens and a lantern on the southeasterly end of Southampton shoal.

The Alcatraz light station sits near to the military prison on the impregnable island which frowns across San Francisco bay. It is now one of the most important in this district as all vessels entering San Francisco harbor take their bearings from it. In September of last year (1902) the light was changed from a third order range light to a fourth order flash light. The new flash light lens throws out a white flash every fifteen seconds. It is the most beautiful piece of revolving machinery in the service, and was awarded a prize at the Buffalo Fair recently, whence it was shipped to Alcatraz station. The lighthouse is on the summit of Alcatraz island at an altitude of 164 feet, and the light is visible 19 miles. The lantern is black. The station is a cylindrical white tower rising from a white dwelling with a red roof. There is a fog bell in a white building with lead colored trimmings and red roof on the southeasterly part of the island, about 500 feet from the light house. The bell is struck by machinery five blows at intervals of ten seconds, followed by an interval of 25 seconds. On the northwesterly end of



Repairing State light mouth of San Joaquin River.

the island, and about 1100 feet from the light house, is another fog signal station. It is a square frame building with a red roof. The bell is struck by machinery every six seconds. An electric attachment is added to the machinery, which enables the keeper to operate the bell from his quarters. This latter fog station was erected last year. It was found necessary to change the light in the station from a fixed white to a flashing light in order to more clearly distinguish it from the surrounding electric lights. This station was established in 1853. B. F. Leeds, the present keeper, has held that position sixteen years.



East Brothers' Island light station.

The Oakland Harbor light station is about one-fourth of a mile to the westward and nearly in line of prolongation of the north jetty at the entrance to San Antonio Creek, Oakland Harbor and San Francisco Bay. It is of the fifth order, and has a fixed white light at a height of forty-three feet, and which is visible twelve miles. The bell is struck by machinery every five seconds. The Oakland harbor south jetty light station stands in thirteen feet of water, and is two hundred and forty feet west from the westerly end of the south jetty at the entrance to Oakland Harbor and San Francisco bay. It is of the lens lantern order, and has a fixed red light.

The light station on Mare Island is of the fourth order, and has a fixed white light. It is in a small square tower with black lantern, rising from a white dwelling with red roof, and is seventy-four feet above high water. The light is visible fourteen and one-fourth miles. The station house is on the southerly end of Mare Island, at the northerly side of the entrance from San Pablo bay to Carquinez Straits, and the westerly side of the entrance to Napa Creek. This station was established in 1873, and it is a picturesque point, the hills to the northward rising to about 300 feet, thus forming a dark background. There is also a fog signal, which is struck by machinery



Roe Island light station.



Fort Point.

every ten seconds. The building is white with a red roof, and is on the end of the wharf, southerly from the light station.

The Mare Island Strait beacon is in nine feet of water on the northerly side to the entrance to Carquinez Straits and the easterly side of the entrance to Napa Creek from San Pablo Bay. It is of the lens lantern order, and has a fixed white light. The station is a pyramidal wooden structure on three piles, surmounted by lamp house and lantern, and painted red and black. It was established two years ago.

Roe Island light station is in the marsh at the southerly point of the island of that name. The light is of the fifth order, fixed white, and visible twelve miles. The station has three beacon lights—Point Edith, Middle Point and Stake Point. They are fixed red lights.

There is a fixed red light at the west



Pt. Bonito.



Pt. Reyes light.

entrance to New York Slough and the San Joaquin River. There is a similar light on the easterly point of San Joaquin Island and on the northerly side of the eastern entrance to New York Slough.

A post-lantern with a fixed red light swings from a tripod on the eastern end of Van Sickle Island abreast of the lower end of Tongue Shoal.

There is also a fixed post white light at the westerly end of Grand Island, and the junction of Old River with the Sacramento.

The East Brother Island Station is of the fourth order and has a fixed white light at an elevation of 61 feet, and is visible 13 miles. The station is about half a mile southwesterly from San Pablo in the strait connecting San Pablo with San Francisco.

Point Reyes, in Marin County, is a first order light station. It flashes a white light from a black lantern, with five seconds interval between each flash. The light is visible twenty-four miles. The light station is on the pitch of the western head of the point. The fog station has a steam whistle giving blasts of five seconds duration at intervals of 70 seconds. When vessels are in distress the whistle sounds six short, sharp blasts and a blast of fifteen seconds duration to warn the life-saving crew.

Pigeon Point Light Station is located thirty-eight miles southerly from the Golden Gate and twenty-five miles northerly from Monterey Bay. It is a first order white light station, flashing white light every ten seconds. Its elevation is one hundred and forty-eight feet, and the light is visible eighteen and a-half miles. The fog signal is operated by duplicate 25-horse power steam boilers and steam engines of about two and one-half horse power, with a ten and twelve-inch steam whistle sounding two blasts a minute. It gives a four-second blast, is silent for seven seconds, giving another 4 second blast and is silent forty-five seconds. The lens which throws out the light was taken from the Confederate station off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, during the war. It was buried in the ground for



Lime Point.



Farallones.

several years and later dug up, and shipped out to Pigeon Point in 1871. Pigeon Point takes its name from the "Carrier Pigeon," which was stranded at this point many years ago. Mr. John E. Lind is the keeper at this station.

The Point Montara Station (San Mateo County) is about two miles to the northward and westward of Pillar Point. It has a lens lantern and a fixed red light on a post. The fog station has a 12-inch whistle, and gives five-second blasts at



Landing supplies from the tender's surf boat, Farallones.

intervals of twenty-five seconds.

Ano Nuevo Island station is on the southwesterly or seaward side of the island of that name. It has a fixed white light and a lens lantern, which is in a small structure in front of the fog-signal house. The fog station has a twelve-inch steam whistle, which gives ten second blasts at intervals of fifty-five seconds.

On Point Arena, about 300 yards from its northwesterly extremity, stands the light house station of that name. The house is a conical white tower at an elevation of 155 feet. The light is of the first order—fixed white, the dome of the lantern being black. The light is visible eighteen miles. It is the only white light of this order in the California district that does not revolve. The tower was built in 1870, and is composed of masonry, brick and iron. The stairs are spiral and have five landings. There is a two-story double brick dwelling house in the rear occupied by the keeper, R. H. Williams and his three assistants, with their families. The buildings are white-washed and have green blinds, and present a pretty appearance. The white fog-signal building is 60 feet westerly of the tower and is equipped with a 12-inch steam whistle, which gives 5-second blasts at intervals of 25 seconds.

A life-saving station is nearing completion at Point Arena Cove, five miles below the light station. This will be connected by telephone with the light house.

On the southerly side of the entrance to Monterey Bay stands Point Pinos (point of pines) light house station. It is a low white tower rising from a white dwelling with green blinds and red roof to a height of ninety feet. The light is fixed white of the third order, and is visible fifteen miles. The station was established in 1855.



Seals on Farallones.

Point Sur station is 35 miles south of the town of Monterey, on Moro rock, near the northwesterly end. The rock was once isolated, but is now connected with the mainland by a sand-bar about 400 yards long. The rock is about 1500 feet in length and 800 feet in width. It rises 350 feet to its summit, but the light house

is only 252 feet above the water. The light is of the first order, and flashes alternately red and white at intervals of 15 seconds and is visible 23 miles. There is a 12-inch steam fog-whistle in connection with the station which gives five-second blasts at intervals of 25 seconds.

The Santa Cruz Station is a small, square white tower rising to the height of 67 feet. It has a fixed red light and is of the fifth order. The light is visible eight and one-half miles. The station is situated on Santa Cruz Point, 600 feet from the extremity of the bluff and on the westerly side of the entrance to the harbor. It was established in 1869.

On a point two miles southwesterly from Santa Barbara landing is the station of that name. It is a white tower rising from a white stone dwelling with green window shutters and a red roof to the height of 178 feet. The light is a fixed white, and of the first order, and is visible 17 miles. The station was built in 1856. It was painted by its first keeper, Mr. Williams. His widow, Julia F. Williams, the present keeper, was appointed in 1865, and her service of thirty-seven years is perhaps the longest of any on this coast or elsewhere.

Near the pitch of Point Conception, and on the northerly side of the westerly entrance to Santa Barbara Channel, stands Point Conception light station. It is a low white tower rising from behind a white building, and on the plateau below the pitch of this point to a height of 178 feet. It was built in 1856. The light is of the first order, flashes white every thirty seconds, and is visible 17 miles. The white fog signal station is on a plateau west of the light station and has a 12-inch steam whistle, which gives eight-second blasts at intervals of 52 seconds.



Light station at Point Sur, near Monterey.

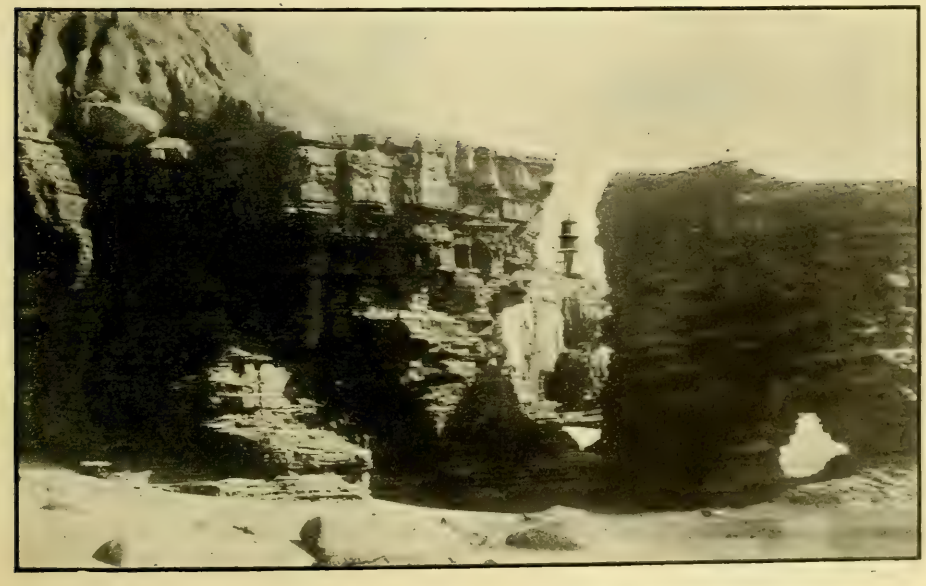
Point Arguello light station is of the fourth order, and has a fixed white light which is visible 16 miles. It is at an elevation of 91 feet, and is on the extreme end of Point Arguello, about 12 miles to the northward and westward of Point Conception. The fog-signal is a first-class automatic siren. This is the only signal station on the Pacific Coast operated by compressed air. W. A. Beeman, the keeper, is assisted by W. A. Henderson and T. Olson. The sketch of this station was made by Mr. Henderson especially for the Overland Monthly.

When the Santa Cruz light house was



Pt. Hueneme.

built in 1869 it stood on Point Santa Cruz at the entrance to the harbor, but in a few years the waves ate into the bank and made the foundations insecure. In 1879 the house was moved back 334 feet to its present location. The light is of the fifth order, fixed red, and can be seen eight and one-half miles from seaward. It is 67 feet from high tide, and 35 feet from the ground. The Fresnel lens lights 270 degrees of the 360. For the first ten years lard oil was used, and it was a white light; since that time mineral oil has been used, and it was changed to a red light. The process was simple—the white chimney was substituted by one



Pt. Loma.



San Luis Obispo light.

of ruby color. The bank has changed a great deal since the station house was built. Caves and arches have disappeared, and others have formed. Of the ten-acre reservation bought by the Government in 1869 about one acre of it has been swallowed by the ocean. Mr. A. A. Hecox was the first keeper, and upon his death in 1883 he was succeeded by his daughter, L. J. F. Hecox, the present keeper.

The San Luis Obispo station is on Point San Luis, on the westerly side of San Luis Obispo bay, and near Port Harford. It is a fourth order light, and flashes alternately red and white at intervals of thirty seconds, and is visible 16 miles. The fog station has a 10-inch steam whistle, and gives five-second blasts at intervals of 35 seconds.



Santa Barbara light.

Piedras Blancas Light Station is on the rocky point at the extreme northerly entrance to San Simeon Bay, about five miles to the northward and westward of San Simeon Point, and behind the rock known as Piedra Blanca (white rock), from which it takes its name. The rock was so named by the Spaniards because of the white guano deposits upon it. The



Arguello light.

light is at an elevation of 168 feet, is of the first order, and is a fixed white varied by a white flash every fifteen seconds. It is visible 19 miles. There is a whistling buoy just opposite to this rock.



Steam Sirens at Point Arguello.

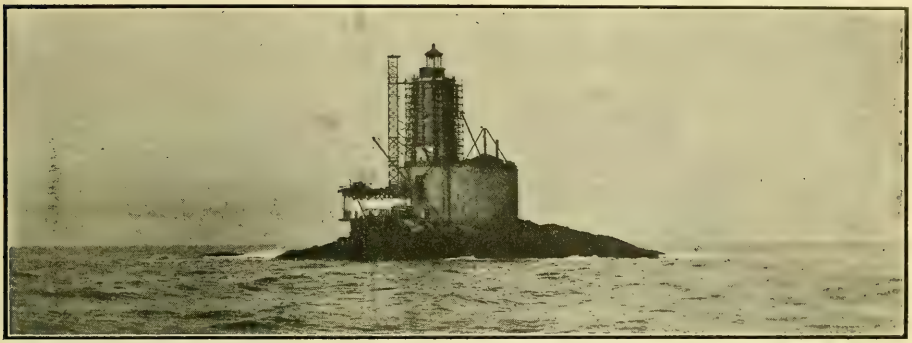
The Hueneme light station is about half a mile from the village of that name, and on the northeasterly side of the southeasterly entrance to the Santa Barbara Channel. The light is of the fourth order, flashing white every five

seconds, and is visible eleven miles.

San Pedro breakwater beacon light is a fixed red light at the southern end of Dead Man's Island, and the eastern side of the entrance to San Pedro Harbor. There is also a fixed red light on the easterly side of the channel, and another on the westerly side of the entrance to the bay, and which is known as Point Firmin station.

established in 1855 as a fixed white light on Point Loma Heights, 464 feet above sea level, but owing to its height the light could not be seen in foggy weather, but not until 1891 was the position changed, when the station was rebuilt. The old station is a low white tower with white lantern, and serves as a day mark.

Ballast Point station is on the northeasterly extremity of the point from



St. George's Reef, in course of construction.

Near the southerly extremity of Point Loma, and on the westerly side of the entrance to San Diego Bay is Point Loma station, the most southerly station in this district. It is a square, white, pyramidal skeleton tower, inclosing a stair cylinder, surmounted by a watch room and black lantern and gallery railing, and rises to the height of 88 feet. It is of the third order and flashes alternately red and white at intervals of twenty seconds, and is visible 15 miles. The station was

which it takes it name, and on the westerly side of the entrance to the bay of San Diego. It has a beacon light, fixed white, and is of the fifth order, and is visible for eleven miles. The fog bell station is a few yards to the southward. The bell is struck by machinery every ten seconds. The light station was established in 1890, but the point had been used by the Spaniards as a "stake light" station from the earliest settlement of California. This light was used as sig-



St. George's Reef.

nal to vessels arriving from Spain and Mexico. It was so named from vessels taking rock from this point as ballast. Flat-bottomed vessels carried rock as ballast to Sacramento, where they sold it to the city at $20 a ton for street-paving. The present keeper, David R. Spillane, entered the service in 1866—the second longest record on the coast. There are six other beacon lights in San Diego harbor, and at its entrance. At La Playa there is a fixed white lens lantern on the westerly side of the channel, also a fog bell which is struck by machinery every three seconds.



Pigeon Point, showing light tower and keeper's house.

On the western slope of Cape Mendocino is a white 16-sided tower, rising from a white dwelling with lead colored trimmings and brown roof to the height of 422 feet—the highest light signal in California. The light is of the first order, flashes white every thirty seconds, and is visible twenty-eight miles, the greatest distance reached by any light on the coast of California. This station was established in 1868.

The Humboldt station is near the westerly edge of the Table Bluff, about four miles southerly of the entrance to Humboldt Bay. It is 176 feet high. The light is of the fourth order, is fixed white, and is visible 17 miles. The fog-station has a 12-inch steam whistle, and gives alternate blasts of four and eight seconds at intervals of 24 seconds. There are six beacon lights in Humboldt Bay, and at its entrance.

Trinidad Head station is on the southweasterly side of Trinidad Head. The light is of the fourth order, and is fixed white, varied by a red flash every minute. It is visible 17 miles. The white fog-signal house has a 4,000 pound bell, which is struck by machinery every ten seconds.

Crescent City station is on the seaward extremity of an island off Battery Point on the westerly side of Crescent City harbor. The light is at an elevation of 77 feet. The light is of the fourth order and is fixed white, varied by a white flash every ninety seconds. It is visible fourteen and one-half miles. The station was established in 1856.

St. George's Reef light station is the most northerly in this district, and is only a few miles south of the Oregon line. This point is also the most dangerous one on the Pacific Coast. It is at this point that the Brother Jonathan struck



Humboldt.

on a sunken rock in the early sixties, and only nineteen people were saved of the 200 on board. The station is situated on "Seal Rock," the most westerly of a reef of rocks extending about seven miles out from Point St. George. The building is a square pyramidisal gray-stone tower, rising from the easterly end of an oval masonry pier, built on the rock, to a height of sixty-six feet above the water. The building of this masonry structure shows great engineering skill, and it required eight years, as the working season there is only about three months in the year. There was great difficulty in getting material sufficiently substantial to withstand the fury of the severe winter storms. The stone was brought from Humboldt Bay, 60 miles distant. Every piece was cut for its proper position when quarried there. The stone in the pier is dovetailed together, and every layer is beveled with 3-inch gun metal pins, making the building as solid as the rock upon



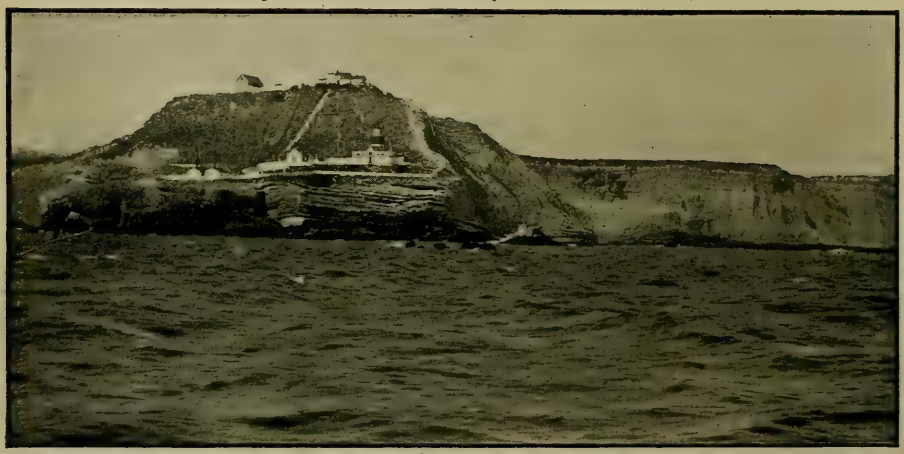
Pt. Arena.

which it is built. About 19,000 tons of stone were used. The structure cost $770,000, and is the most costly light-station in the world. It is the most lonely and isolated station on the Pacific Coast. It is twelve miles from the nearest port, and the only communication had, except the quarter-yearly visit of the tender, is with a small gasoline launch to Crescent City, which is made about once a month. Frequently the launch cannot make the shore, and there is no mail nor fresh provisions for two months. Passing steamers occasionally throw off magazines and newspapers to the keepers. These are enclosed in a coal oil can and thrown overboard, when the keepers lower a boat and get the news. The water is always very rough at this point, and landing at the rocks is very difficult. The boat is hooked onto the face of a large derrick and lifted rapidly to the top of the building. Several accidents have happened at these landings, and one man who started to Crescent City in a boat was never heard of afterwards.

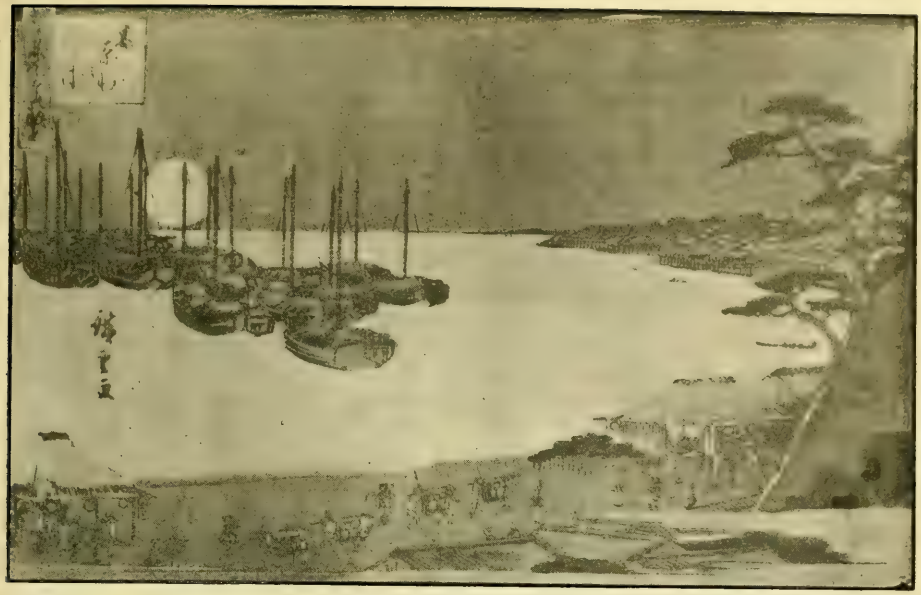


Mendocino.

John Olsen, the head keeper, was out 17 hours in an open boat, in a southeast gale while attempting to reach Crescent City. This station is rated as of the first class, and flashes alternately red and white lights at intervals of fifteen seconds between flashes. The light is visible eighteen miles. The light house, standing like a finger pointing out to sea, is anxiously looked for by passing vessels, for by keeping to the westward of it they are safe from the dangerous sunken rocks of St. George Reef, upon which so many vessels have sunk. There is a fog signal apparatus within the pier. It has a 12-inch steam whistle, which sounds five-second blasts at intervals of seventy-five seconds. This station was established in 1891. John Olsen, the present keeper, was also employed in its construction.



Pt. Conception.



Bay of Yedo. By Hiroshige.

THE GHOST OF A STORY

BY DAVID ATKINS

TOKIO, decked in all the colors of the rainbow, lay behind—smiling and gay—and yet, like some poor painted woman, unable to disguise the gaunt protruding bones.

As I entered the grove, I turned again and looked. In the foreground, in the shadow of an old gnarled pine, sat a native girl, her flushed brown face half-hidden in the piled-up branches of frail blossom that she offered mutely for sale. Out and beyond, under the barbaric tracery of black pine needles that hung to the level of the eye, stretched the sun-lit country, dropping down to the blue plain of the Bay of Yedo—a country of vivid colors, flaunting new greens just out of earth, the quick yellow of mustard and bright tropic blues; while from the coiling mists—clean and sharp and strange as some ice pinnacle of the Poles—toward Fuji Yama, rooted in the plains, and bearing the clouds of Heaven upon its summit. Different from all the world, I thought, but on taking up my journey I saw that deep among the trees stood a silent temple, and I knew that here, here in this painted country, brooded that same spirit of worship which has made the dwelling place, the world over, in dark and quiet groves.

The great door stood open, inviting entrance, and I guessed the place to be the bourne of my pilgrimage,—the Temple of Sengakaji, where rested the bodies of the forty-seven Ronins.

As I entered, I caught through the doorway a little chapel on the left a gleam of rich, seasoned color in the faint light. There stood the images of these errant knights, armed and armored, each man bearing his weapon as proudly as any effigied Crusader sleeping with legs crossed in a quiet country church at home.

It was not till I had entered that I saw

at the door a strange figure of a man. He was clad in a bewildering motley—tweed trousers and leggings that looked like the discarded garments of an American tourist, the black coat of a churchman—its square-cut collar opening, showing no linen, but an emaciated neck, and on his head the round straw hat of the coolie. His face, worn and bloodless, and his lustrous eyes, marked him the opium eater. But after the first quick glance we both looked aside with a common sense of shame.

From lacquered image to lacquered image I wandered, noting dully the different ages of the forty-seven heroes; one a boy not out of his teens grasping his weapon bravely; and others, old men whose minds must have been already on the grave when they gave up their lives, yet each with a worn hand upon a sword grown over heavy. All this I noted, but in my thoughts was the man who stood idly against the door.

"Do you know who these men are?" came his voice from behind me.

"I have been told they are the famous forty-seven Ronins," I answered, turning.

"You are right," he replied, and he fell into silence as though disappointed of a chance to talk.

Again I made the round of the chapel, and again, as I stood with my back to my companion, he spoke:

"You are a stranger in this strange country?"

"Yes," I replied, swinging round, "and it is the strangest country of all the world."

"You are right," he answered again; "and now tell me how it is strange. You have defined your sensations I know; it is your nature to formulate. You look surprised; but since I learned to read myself, and since I have been apart from my fellows, I have learned to read other men. You are an Englishman—yes? A painter—yes?"

I nodded to each of his questions.

"And now I will tell you who I am. You have come by Suez—yes? Then you will not have heard of me; but you may, since you are going back by San Francisco. Chonning May was my name. I have been an evangelist, Episcopal clergyman, missionary, renegade, Buddhist—and yet, God knows," he added, kindling, "all through I have been a seeker of His Truth. But He gave me a mind and no soul—a mind that bellies to every wind."

His weak mouth began to twitch, and he made a motion as if to cover it with his hand.



Konami. By Shunsho.

He had no control of his emotions; and the pleading of his eyes plucked painfully at my sympathy.

He recovered himself in a moment, and asked sharply: "But you had summed the people up—yes? You have them corralled there in your note book. Tell me what you wrote."

It seemed no more than charity to add this mite to his self-esteem; and I repeated my hasty phrase to him: "Butterflies over painted flowers."

"Ah, I knew that was what you would say! But you are wrong! They love as we do; they hate as we do; and they see as far in the dark. Tell me how you fit these forty-seven into your scheme of things?"

"But I know nothing of them—nothing but their names; how do they escape my condemnation?"

"Come with me and you shall learn," he answered, and he led the way into the open, on up the hill to a little cemetery, set apart, where lay the bodies.

"Do you see that old man?" he asked, pointing to a crouching figure with white scant beard, who sat in Japanese fashion on his heels. He was muttering to himself; but he ceased an instant, and bowed low to my companion.

"Men call him mad," said he. "He sits here by the forty-eighth grave from the time he comes in the morning till nightfall, when his daughter, Konami, the little flower-girl down the path, takes him home. The forty-eighth grave he calls his. There were only forty-seven Ronins, you know."

"What is he saying?" I asked.

"He is repeating over and over a sort of confession. 'I am Satsuma who reviled the noble Oishi Kuranosuke on the road at Shimabara.' "

"But he must be mad," I said. "Don't the Ronins date back hundreds of years?"

"Yes; but this man claims to be the reincarnated spirit of the Satsuma; and the girl yonder he says is Konami, his little daughter who was betrothed to the youngest of the Ronins. But let him tell his story, and judge if it be that of a madman. It differs materially from that in the guide book; and if you have leisure it will be worth your while. I will translate for you. You do not speak the language—no?"

I did not, and was rejoiced at this opportunity. Moreover, I saw that the ex-missionary had a glutton's appetite for his task. Cut off from his countrymen, he was starved intellectually, and hungry for an audience. He spoke again to the old man, who glanced sharply at me, but then, as far as I could tell, went on with his muttering. My companion showed no sign of confusion, but planted himself on his feet, and with his back against a tree, began his story:

"I am the Satsuma who reviled the noble Oishi Kuranosuke on the road at Shimabara. But wait," he added in a different tone, "you do not know yet what a Ronin is—no?"

He took all my answers for granted; and though the old man went on with his muttering, he plunged into his explanation apparently heedless.

"The Ronin is the knight-errant of Japan—a free lance, with the right to carry armor, but falling, perhaps, below the level of the knight in that he is rather a masterless man than his own master. Some are cast out upon the world by the fall of their house; for the Japanese, like the Highland Scotch, live together in clans or families. Others abandon their hereditary chief, jealous of his honor, knowing that to win some worthy end they must stoop to shameful means; and among these every schoolboy, cook and servant in the States proudly ranks himself. The third, the lowest class, is made up of those cast out through some failing of their own. I might stand with these: I am a Ronin of the House of God—without the pale, and yet, in my heart, owning allegiance. But I will go on with my story.

"I am the Satsuma who reviled the noble Oishi Karanosuke on the road at Shimabara—Oishi Karanosuke, the leader of the Forty-seven, whose son, Oishi Chikara, loved my little girl Konami, though he gave her up for vengeance sake. But I will begin at the beginning. Nearly two hundred years ago, here by the Bay of Yedo, there lived and ruled at the Castle of Ako, a mild and scholarly noble, Asano Takumi no Kami by name.



"Day and night do I think of him." By Kiyomitso.

He lived much in retirement; for he had found the secret of contentment; and he was loved by those of his retainers who had a thought above the belly, and was respected by his women.

"One day there came to him from the Shogun at Yedo a command to appear at his palace. Upon him had fallen the honorable duty of receiving an envoy from the Mikado, whose advent at the Court of the Shogun had been announced. In the meantime, Lord Asano was to be instructed in the extraordinary rites proper to so great an occasion; and the Lord Kira Kotsuke no Suke, chief minister of the Court, was named as his instructor.

"Asano was loth to go; for he loved quiet, and desired no more than to rule his own House well; but the word of the Shogun was law; and taking a councillor and page, and bidding a bodyguard attend him, he set out with a heavy heart for the palace.

"As he came to where two roads met, he overtook another train in progress to the Palace; and he found that his neighbor, the Lord Kamei Sama, was bound on the same road, and on the same errand. Now Kamei was a violent man, and dangerous besides; for he was without wits and powerful.

"As they walked together the two lords fell to talking, and Kamei asked his neighbor what present he bore to their instructor, the Lord Kira. Asano bade come to him his councillor, and asked him what Oishi Kuranosuke had advised (for Oishi Kuranosuke was chief councillor, but lay sick at home of a fever.) Then answered the councillor: 'Five hundred ounces of fine silver was I bidden to bear.'

"Now, when the councillor had withdrawn, Kamei turned to his companion. 'Honor comes high,' quoth he, 'and those who sit at home in the garden are the luckier at such a price. Now I have no mind to be so thriftless: my page bears but one hundred ounces—surely a bountiful sum enough! Yet I foresee that if you give so much my gift will seem without honor. Let us both give, therefore, the smaller sum; then can there be no comparison, and we shall be that much the better off.'

"Asano was vexed in his heart by this craftiness; but such was his nature that he agreed to the plan rather than show his neighbor a mean man at the Court of the Shogun.

"Now, at the palace their coming was eagerly awaited by Lord Kira, their instructor, a man of high birth, but avaricious and of no proved nobleness of

heart. All the night long, restless as a child before a pleasuring, he had dreamed of the gifts that should be his. And he knew, moreover, that what more he got than was customary would be the fruit of his own cunning, for it was he, as chief minister, who had commended to his master, the Shogun, the names of the two Lords who journeyed together down the road. They were the richest by far in all the Province of Harima, and Asano was a man noted for his generosity.

"Then in his eagerness Lord Kira went down to the garden to meet his pupils, forgetting his dignity and the Shogun whose representative he was. And Asano, more careful of the honor of the Shogun, made haste to meet him, that he might go no further, and calling the two pages, in the names of Lord Kamei and himself, he presented the ill-filled bags of silver. Then the greedy eyes of Kira fell when he knew the smallness of his presents; and it was in his mind also that he had made himself foolish in the eyes of his pupils and their retainers.

"Right quickly his manner changed, and soon it was plain that he was at no pains to instruct them; rather, indeed, he feigned indifference, busying himself about other matters till at last Lord Kamei reminded him of the purpose of their coming and the shortness of the time. Then it was that he set them to running hither and thither, like little children, and gave them such counsel as would make them the butts of the Province. Both Lords saw that he made mock of them; but while Asano held his peace and covered his anger, Kamei could not hide his vexation; and often was his hand at the hilt of his sword. But for that day he, too, held his peace, since to have struck the Shogun's minister would have been to strike at the honor of the Shogun.

"But day after day, secure in this knowledge, Lord Kira heaped insult on them till it was plain, even to the men-at-arms, that their Lords were dishonored. And Oishi Chikara, Asano's page, spoke much of this to his father, the wise councillor, but he lay heavy at home with his fever and could give no counsel.

"Now, once and again, Lord Kamei essayed to speak to his fellow-lord of the indignities they endured; but Asano, knowing how vain talk engenders strife, would not hearken; and Kamei was ashamed and kept silence, since his stinginess it was that had brought this evil on them both. But at last his anger mastered him, and summoning his coun-



Kuranosuke. By Shunyei.

cillors, he swore a great oath before them all that he would kill Lord Kira like a dog, and he shed tears in his vexation. But his councillors, filled with terror, reasoned with him, showing that a blow struck in such a case, would be no less than a blow at the honor of the Shogun and not alone his life, but the whole of his clan, must pay the forfeit. But he was gone beyond the power of counsel, and bade them send music and dancing to his chamber; for he could not sleep for desire and fear of the morning.

"Now, Geki, the chief councillor, who had accompanied his Lord each day to the court, was a man of wisdom; and he set himself to the turning of this great disaster; and while the vain music sounded at the palace he went about collecting moneys where they were due, and at dead of night rode out alone bearing one thousand ounces of fine silver. And very early in the morning he came to the palace of Lord Kira. Bribes he bestowed with a free hand; and it was not long ere he won his way to the presence of Lord Kira. And there, with flattery and cunning speech, he made him this great present, as though it came from his master, Lord Kamei, and went again home.

"Now the Lord Asano, alas, since Oishi Kuranosuke fell sick, had no such cunning councillor; but he slept in peace, for he had resolved in his heart to endure the taunts of his instructor till the end, and return in quiet to his own home.

"So in the morning the two Lords journeyed again to the court, each filled with his own thoughts, but saying never a word. But when Lord Kira met them, so courteous was he to Lord Kamei, and so gracious, that his resolve to slay him faded away like a foolish thought of the night. But to Lord Asano his rudeness grew beyond all the bounds of decency. And to all this the peaceful Lord said never a word.

"But, since meekness is lost on the mean in heart, Kira added taunt to taunt, and at last bade Lord Asano tie his garter. Then holding his anger, as the archer strains back the string of his great bow Asano knelt and did this thing but in clumsy fashion, for his fingers trembled with rage, and his eyes were blind with anger. Then did Kira turn away from him with mocking speech and laughter.

"'My Lord Asano does right to study manners,' said he. 'His grace is that of some country clod whose limbs are stiff with labor. Stay, and I will send for my page to teach him. Come, my dear Lord Kamei, let us hence to another room.'

"Then like an arrow flew forth the anger of Asano.

"'Wait, my Lord Kira!' he cried with a loud voice.

"'I can hear,' replied Kira, turning not to look; 'what do you want of me?'

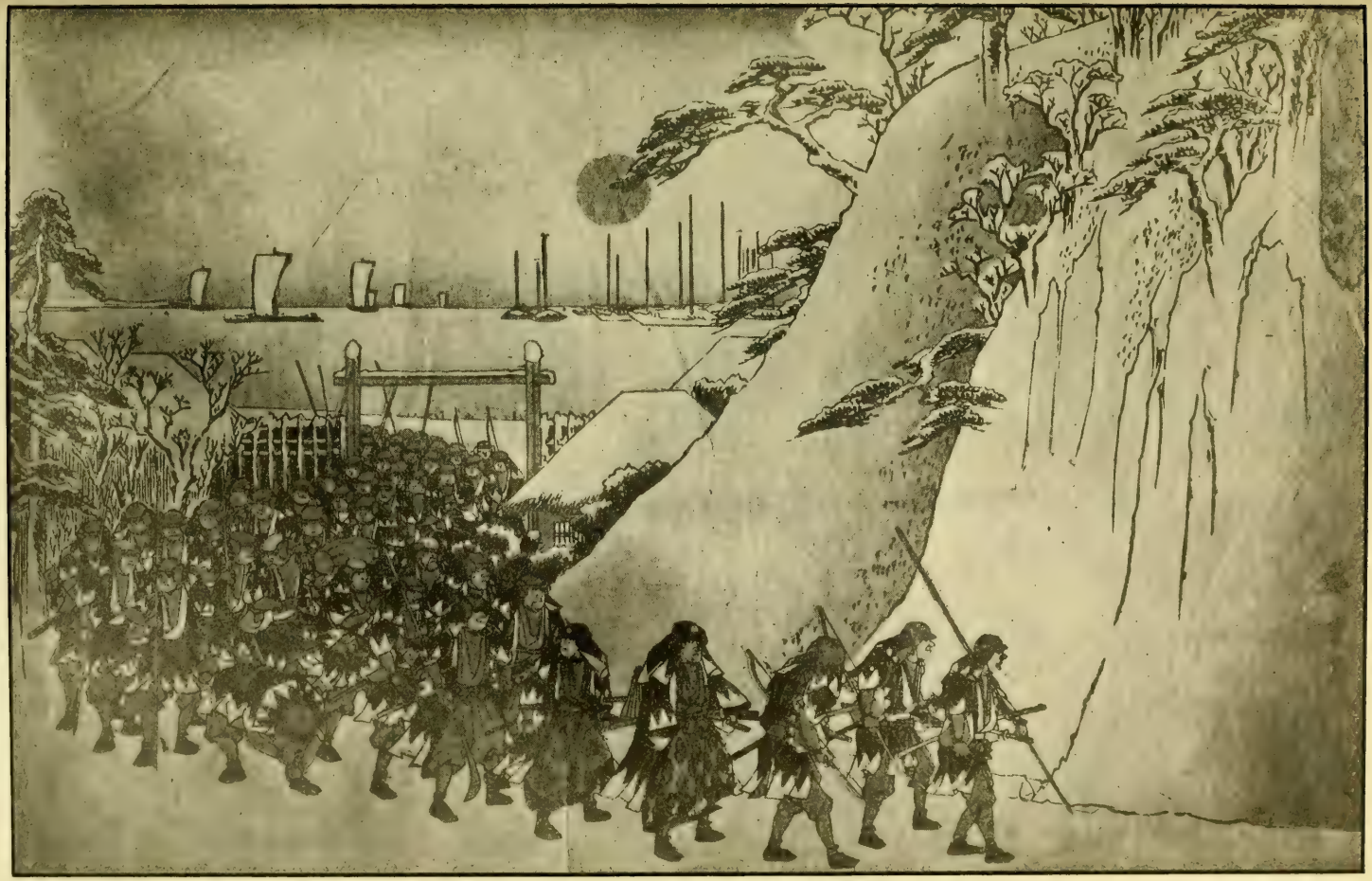
"'Vengeance!' cried Asano, 'vengeance. Turn that I may not strike you in the back, you dog!'

Then Kira turned his head in terror; but as he turned again to flee, Asano threw his dirk, striking him in the head, and only his head-dress saved him from a mortal wound. He fled swiftly on, calling for help; but Asano followed, white with anger. Again he threw, but his dirk imbedded itself deep in a pillar, and as he strove to loosen it, he was surrounded by officers of the Shogun and held prisoner. Kira fled on in his terror, so that no man could come near him to tell him that he was safe.

"Now, seeing Lord Asano captive, the page, Chikara, took one dirk of his dear master and hastened with it to his father. Then Karanosuke knew, when he heard the story, that doom had fallen on their clan, and sick though he was, he rose from his bed like a strong man bidden by the dawn. All that heart could conceive for the comfort of his master, that did his hand encompass; but right well he knew that doom had overtaken them all.

"Full soon came the word that the noble Lord Asano, his master, had been ordered by the Supreme Court to commit hari-kiri—a just sentence; for he had ignored the honor of the Shogun in his great anger; and the wise councillor bowed his head; but already in his heart was he planning vengeance on Lord Kira who had brought this evil thing to pass."

Here the ex-missionary motioned to the old man as though bidding him to cease



"Then Kuranosuke himself, and all his men, swore a great oath of vengeance." By Hokusai.

his story; but I could not see that his wish was heeded, for he still kept on. Regardless of this, however, he turned to me and asked if I knew what was implied by the term "hari-kiri," and I begged him to explain.

"Hari-kiri," he said, "differs in Japan from the ordinary execution, as once in your own country the block differs from the gibbet—the one implying honor, the other infamy. In ancient times this honorable alternative was indeed suicide of the most painful kind—disemboweling, in fact; but it has come nowadays to be a mere ceremony; for the condemned man is beheaded by an executioner the moment after he strikes the first blow. Indeed, in certain cases, a wooden dirk or even a fan is handed to the victim with which to disembowel himself. Nevertheless the idea stands for a high ideal, and has rooted and grown. It is a penalty that men of noble birth are taught to pay cheerfully for certain necessary acts of vengeance; and apart from executions, it is the most honorable form of suicide. The law requires that the noble dies for certain acts; but it provides a way by which he may die with honor." And with this explanation he took up his tale:

"Now Lord Kira feared from the outset the vengeance of the family of his victim, and he threw out spies on every hand and doubled guards. But Kuranosuke, though he plotted day and night, said never a word of this to his fellow Ronins—for they were now Ronins, all of them, masterless men. But, one by one, there came to him those who loved their Lord, forty-five in all, young and old; and one by one he bade them wait in patience till the full tale of the faithful should be told. Now, the others, all excepting his dear son, the boy Chikara, took service with wealthy masters, for they had no thoughts above their bellies. And it was for this division that the cunning councillor had waited; but he was troubled by the silence of his son, who did neither the one thing nor the other; and at last he spoke to him: 'Son, dost thou forget thy Lord so soon and his dishonered spirit?' Then answered the boy and said: 'Day and night do I think of him; but I waited thy word. Tell me what to do.'

"Now was his father glad; and he called together all the Ronins who were faithful, and that night in an inner room of the dismantled palace of their Lord, in the faint light of the swinging lanterns, they stood there, a goodly company and true.

"Then Kuranosuke himself, and all his men, swore a great oath of vengeance—all, from old, bowed men, down to the boy Chikara, the boy my daughter Konami learned to love. And it was no easy oath, for grim death was the guerdon of both triumph and defeat. But never a word did the spies get of this meeting; for soon after they returned to their master with news that the household had broken up and the Ronins scattered like dead leaves to the four winds of heaven, some to enter other service, others to follow mean trades, and Karanosuke, the councillor, most to be feared, to Shimabara in Kioto, where he had settled his wife and his three children, and given himself up to a vile life of debauchery. Then at last was Lord Kira content; and he sat among his women and waxed fat.

"Now each faithful Ronin, while he toiled with his hands in the service of strange masters, in his heart thought only of his Lord and longed for vengeance, though grim death lay beyond; for as Buddha hath said: 'No true man can live under the same sky with the betrayer of his Lord.' And so, too, the dear boy Chikara, the boy my little girl Konami learned to love, longed for vengeance and thought on death; but so young was he, poor boy, that his father bade him abide still with his mother, the gentle Ishi, and comfort her; for full soon were they to be parted. And each day the boy bore blossoms to her from the orchard, winning her smile.

"Now at this time he met and loved my little girl Konami; and life grew to be a thing beyond the price to them both; but he hid his love from her; for his days were given to his mother, and death was chosen for his bride. And my little daughter fainted for love of him, so straight and comely a boy was he; and it chanced

one morning as they broke branches together from the fruit trees, and marveled that the old wood should break so into blossom, they spied each other through the blushing snows; and like water to water they drew near. Then sweet was their childish chattering, but soon the dear boy Chikara felt the shadow of doom and he tried to tell her that she must not love him. But she would not understand, for with the sweet cunning of a maiden she knew that she had won his love. And after that the poor boy stole out alone for his blossoms, while the maiden slept and dreamed of him, by the misty light of the moon, or in the glimmering dawn. Then knew his mother that his gift was for some purpose, since he failed never in bringing it even though he went no more to the orchard by day, but she loved the dear boy and kept silence, wondering in her heart what this thing meant.

"Now, it chanced one day that I, on returning to my girl, Konami, knowing naught of all this, found Kuranosuke, the leader of the Ronins, my dissolute neighbor, lying drunk upon the road at Shimabara in a vile quarter of the town; and being questioned by a passer-by—a stranger—as to who this man might be, and what he did there so shameless, I, knowing who he was, and the cruel death of his master, answered in my anger that he was a worthless man and did evil. Yea, I spit on him in my contempt, for not yet did I know that the stranger who questioned me was a spy of Lord Kira's, the mean servant of a meaner Lord. But he, turning home, told his master all that I had said in my wrath. And Lord Kira sat among his women and waxed fat.

"But I, blind man that I was, went home heavy in heart, and in no manner of mood to listen to the prattle of my little girl, who came telling of her love for Chikara. Then spoke I harshly to her, and bade her have no more to do with the son of such a father, for as the proverb hath it: 'Even the devil himself is sweet at sixteen.'

"Then it came to pass that Ishi, the wife of Kuranosuke, learned for the first time of her husband's oath, and womanlike she sought to hinder him and save his life. But he, desiring to reconcile to the parting, plunged more deeply into evil ways, thinking in his heart that she would forsake him. But vainly he brought shame on her, for she could not learn to hate him. Nay, she wept for the double wrong—for the tardy vengeance and the wicked life, and at last plucking courage she went to him—not seeking a divorce, as he had hoped—but urging him, rather, with gentle words, to moderation, lest he forget his sacred vow.

"Then Kuranosuke spake violently to her, as though in his heart he hated her: 'Whine no more, thou silly woman. Since thou hast no faith in me, leave me; for other women there are, fairer women than thou, that may be had for a price. Go! and my house will be the better for thine absence.'

"Then she was verily deceived and fearful of his anger. But all her pleading was in vain, and vain, too, was the pleading of their dear son, the boy, Chikara. So, with the two younger children that she had borne to her husband, she took herself to the home of her youth; but Chikara she bade stay and watch over his father.

"Now this scandalous thing reached to every tea house in the Province, for Kuranosuke had lived in love with his wife Ishi over twenty years, and it came, too, to Lord Kira. Then were his ears stopped to alarms, and he sat among his women and waxed fat.

"But Chikara went by night to his mother, and took a long leave of her, for the shadow of death darkened his days. And she, being his mother, fell under the power of the same vision; and with the round tears falling from her eyes, she bade him care still for his father, and for her sake to be no coward when the time should fall to die.

"Now naught was planned by Kuranosuke without a purpose, and those of the faithful Ronins who had become craftsmen—locksmiths, swordsmiths, firemen, and the like, one by one, found opportunity to labor in the palace of Lord Kira, their enemy, and one there was who married the daughter of the builder of the palace, and obtained through her a copy

of the plans. Thus it came to pass that each door and window was known to the leader of the Ronins, the crafty Kuranosuke.

"When, therefore, all this knowledge was within his grasp, Kuranosuke, feigning sickness, eluded the hovering spies, and kept trust one night at Yedo with his comrades in the lonely palace of their Lord. And as they stood there, the faithful forty-seven, the marks of their toil—their hardened hands and care-lined brows—fell from off them; nay, they became tokens of honor, and they stood up loyal men and wise, and took again their vow. Death was in the minds of all, but they did not shrink; only the arms of the dear boy Chikara were weary with the weight of his sword and hungry for Konami.

"Then when the sky was without moon or stars, for the enwrapping clouds, and the streets silent with the first snow, these faithful men formed them into two separate bands, and led, one by the father and the other by the son, they tramped unheard, unseen, through the muffled streets. And it came to pass that in the light of the morning the passers-by marked their beaten trails, how like fingers of doom they pointed to the gate and postern of the Palace; and they gathered at the gates to see what should come forth.

"By cunning and by force did Kuranosuke gain an entrance. The guards were slain where they stood or ever a man of them moved; and the great locked doors were shattered; and at last, with all his men, he burst headlong into the hall and there made ready for battle while he waited his son. Within, in the darkness, frightened men called loudly to their fellows, for the barracks was alarmed. But Kuranosuke caused a drum to be beaten without ceasing, so that naught might be heard; and he set ten men to climb upon the roof with great bows, bidding them shoot whoever might come in to aid their foes, or seek to flee; and messengers, too, sent he to the neighboring castles, saying that the hour of Lord Kari had come, and that they were true avengers and no brigands seeking plunder.

"Then, through the postern broke in Chikara with his band, and joined his father in the great hall, but ere they had set themselves in readiness, the body guard of Lord Kari, ten stalwart men, came at them, and as they fought, there followed a multitude by another way, so that the house was filled with battle. And all men marveled that Lord Kira was not seen among his men.

"Now Kuranosuke, with his great spear across his knees, sat unmoved and ordered the battle, and he was eyes to those blind with passion, and ears for those deaf to the shrill cry for help, when one man was outnumbered. And this it was that turned the battle. Then sent the followers of Kira for help, but all in vain; for so soon as a messenger let show his head beyond the lintel he was destroyed by the archers on the roof.

"At last the fight was fought, and the Ronins stood together among the slain, weary and wounded, but never a man of them dead. Then Kuranosuke rose from his stool and bade his men go in and bring forth the coward Kira from among his women, but to do violence to none, and to treat him, coward though he was, with such reverence as was seemly to one of so high a rank.

"Now no man yet had opened the door of his bed-chamber, nor had any of the Ronins, at any time, gone in. And they all marveled that he had not come forth to fight with his men when the battle drew so close; but when they broke down the door with mallets, they saw within a gloomy ante-room, and half-hid in the far doorway, stood three great men in armor, shoulder to shoulder, with space to swing their swords and no more. And no man dare draw near them, for the Ronins who had spied out the house, the craftsmen, knew them for Kobayshi Hehachi, Waku Handaiyu, and Shimidzu Ikkaku, all unerring swordsmen, and ill men to meet in such a pass.

"Then once more Kuranosuke beat his drum, and at this signal their fear fell from them, and like a wave of the sea they swept upon their foes. Thrice they charged and thrice were they driven back till the sweat poured off from them and

their hands lost cunning through very weariness.

"Then did Kuranosuke shed tears in his vexation, and he taunted his men but they hung back, every one of them, for they could do nothing. Cowards he called them, and faithless, and stung them to the quick with bitter words. Then turned he to his son, the dear boy Chikara, and plucking a spear from an old man who stood near by, gave it to him saying: 'Fight now for the honor of your house, forgotten by your elders. For though you fight like a boy you can die at least like a man.'

"Then Chikara, fired by the words of his father, marked Waku where he stood, and as he stepped out alone, his comrades too gave battle to the others. But the boy was no match for Waku, and step by step was driven back, his breath short for fear of death, but fighting on.

"So easy a thing it seemed to kill him that Waku was drawn from his recess and step by step he followed the shrinking lad, thinking at each blow to cut him down; and as they fought thus, men won in behind them, and his two comrades were slain where they stood.

"But the lust of slaughter was on the foolish Waku, and he drove the white-faced boy before him, till, at last, he slipped and fell backwards into a pond. But Waku stopped, thinking to end it, Chikara struck at him from the water, and wounding him sorely in the leg, brought him to the ground, and there slew him.

"Quickly then Chikara returned to his comrades, and was first within the breach of the second door. Then was a vain search made for Lord Kira; and the Ronins were disheartened, for it seemed that all their travel had gone for naught. But Kuranosuke, who was as crafty as he was brave, went in to the bed-chamber of his enemy, and thrusting his hand within the covers of the bed, found them still warm, though the night was cold by reason of the new snow.

"Back he came to his men with this word, and straightway sent a messenger to cheer the archers on the roof; to give them tidings of victory, and bid them still have patience.

"Again spread they all about the house, and one of the men, Yazama by name, saw a picture that hung askew in an inner room where had been no fighting. This he lifted from the wall, and lo, behind it in the plaster he found a hole the full size of a man through the middle. Through this he quickly thrust his spear, but naught could he find save empty air. Then called his comrades to follow, but climbed first out into the darkness.

"Down he dropped into a hidden courtyard, a place of fuel; and seeing an outhouse in the gloom, he thrust therein with his long spear. Then leaped out two armed men, ready for combat, but as they bore him back his comrades came to his aid, and overpowered and slew them. Once again he thrust in his spear, and heard a cry of pain; and as he listened there ran out a man in white silken garments who cut at him with a dirk. Then the Ronins who had ventured through the hole fell upon this man, and held him tightly; and their joy knew no bounds when they found upon his forehead the old wound given by their master, and knew him to be their enemy; and with shrill whistles they summoned their fellows.

"One by one these weary men dropped through the little hole, till the courtyard was lined with standing warriors; and last came the archers from the roof. Then when all were assembled, Kuranosuke despising Lord Kira in his heart as a coward, but with a worthy reverence for his high rank, sank upon his knees before him, and besought him with quiet words to commit hara-kiri.

"But Lord Kira pleaded with them in his terror, and offered bribes, reaching out his hands to them; and the Ronins hid their eyes from the shameful sight. Then was Kuranosuke forced himself to kill him.

"Now, having compassed their purpose, these men went openly from the Palace into the new morning, bearing with them the head of Kira as an offering for the grave of their Lord, to appease his restless spirit, and those who waited at the gates, to see what should come forth, made obeisance to them for their great courage. And as they jour-

neyed on, bloodstained and weary, to the grave of their Lord, all men flocked to see them; for their fame had gone abroad. And no man asked them whither they journeyed, or said them nay; for their faces were set toward the Temple of Sengakuji; and they were as men who walked in the shadow of death.

"At last they came to the grave of their master, and there they burned incense, and made an offering of the head of their enemy. And when all this was accomplished they won the promise of the priest that they might be buried there near their Lord when they had fulfilled their fate. And he promised; but as his eyes fell upon the weary boy Chikara he let fall his tears, and wrote on his tablets this poem:

" 'In the ears of the mother a cry: but the dark rooms are void to her searching.'

"Now the forty-seven sat themselves to wait doom; and on a day came sentence from the Governor of Yedo, that they must every man of them commit hara-kiri. Then they all met their death as became brave men. But to Chikara alone was offered paper that he might send messages to those he loved, so young was he. Of his mother he spake with love, and would not write; but at the last he entrusted these words to me to bear to my little daughter Konami: Sweeter than fruit is the flush of the bud at the first kiss of spring."

Here the ex-missionary stopped; but the old man kept on his ceaseless muttering. "What does he say now?" I asked, more affected than I would own.

"It is what he says all day long," said the minister. "See, there is his grave, the forty-eighth. The man came back here, and was so filled with sorrow for his injustice to Kuranosuke that he committed hara-kiri, and so won for himself this worthy resting place. Reincarnation or delusion, he sits here the day long till his daughter takes him home. Have you ever thought about reincarnation?" he asked, looking at me sharply with his strange eyes: "have you ever seen your prototype in history? I have dreamed that I was Judas: everything contributes to the possibility. I have reviled my Lord upon the open road: I have kissed and betrayed."

He did not look at me; and I glanced at my note-book in confusion. Finally he put out his hand. "Good-bye," he said, "and forgot me!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you—no message to carry to your people in California?"

"No, nothing, I thank you. But stay," he added, "you must not pity me. Come and I will show you that I am not alone."

We journeyed together down the hill, and came in sight of a little house of wood and paper, standing low among fruit trees. In the garden, over a pool, stooped a native girl, and the blood suffused her brown cheeks when she saw that we watched her.

"She is all that I am not," said my companion, abruptly — "unreasoning, steadfast, happy. God gave her a soul and no mind; and we may win into heaven together, for we love. God help her! Good-bye."

I asked him if I could not lend him some money.

"Yes, lend me a little," he replied blushingly, "I need a coat."

I gave him a handful of silver, disappointed that he should have accepted my offer; but in a few moments he was running down the hill after me; and I waited for him near the temple, at the place where the girl Konami sold her flowers for offerings.

"I lied to you," he panted; "I want no coat—I want opium. Here is your money back—thirty pieces of silver! Did you know?"

"Keep it," I said; " and God help you out of this."

He stood irresolute, his face working. Then he turned to the flower-girl by the roadside, and threw down his money. "Give me red blossoms," he said, "an armful; there are none in my garden."

He picked up the mass of flowers, and buried his face in it for a moment. When he looked up there was a faint flush in his cheeks—perhaps no more than the flush that children throw upon each others faces with the scarlet poppy; but it looked like the return of blood.

"They are for her," he said; "and pray God rather to keep me here."



Sunday Supper Secured.

The Course of Law and Status of Politics in Negros

BY W. F. NORRIS

DEMUGAUTE is one of the most attractive looking and pleasantest located towns in the Philippines. It is a little gem of a place, peculiarly tropical in appearance owing to the vegetation being mostly cocoanut trees and banana plants, which grow most luxuriantly. Right across from a point near the town is the island of Cebu, apparently so near that one could row across in a few minutes; the actual distance is about seven miles. Off in another direction, some miles distant, is another island. In all, seven islands are visible, including Mindanao, which can be seen in the dim distance on a clear day.

Demugaute is the seat of the Silliman Institute, a select school, established by Mr. Silliman of New York. The institution is under the management of Rev. Hibbard, a Presbyterian clergyman and most efficient teacher. At the commencement, a few months since, there were in attendance thirteen students, who have increased to fifty-seven. The special advantage of the Silliman Institute is, that it is attended by children of parents who will not send them to the public schools, thus enabling it to reach a class that, in certain sections of the country, at least, cannot be reached by the public schools, and the only class that, up to date, possesses any influence, as the common people in the aggregate are politically a cypher in the social or political life of the Archipelago.

Court opened here last week. There were a large number of cases apparently for hearing which, upon investigation, proved to be largely within the jurisdiction of the Justice of the Peace. The defendants, however, in numerous instances, had been waiting indefinitely in the public prison to know what they were accused of.

The course of justice appears to have been erratic. One defendant, when called to appear for trial, failed to come. He was dead—died last November. Another had been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, the judgment having been pronounced last March. The unfortunate fellow was still in prison, having served his sentence and seven months additional. This defendant also failed to appear when called. He was too sick to obey the summons. At the present writing the Provincial Physician is in doubt whether the man will live or die. He was taken sick some three months since, or three or four months after he had been entitled to his liberty, since which event he has been almost starved to death, being unable to find sustenance on the prison fare.

One woman was among the prisoners, and had been in durance some two years. She said that the officers came to arrest her brother Gregorio, and, failing to find him at home, took her. She may have lied or she may have told the truth. What she states as to the officials would, if true, not be at all extraordinary, as the officials must make a record for diligence and effectiveness. In this particular case she may have rightfully been arrested, as Gregorio in the court below stated that she was one of the gang engaged in cariboo stealing, the crime for which the woman was imprisoned.

Two infants were among the prisoners. One, a boy perhaps fourteen years old, was accused of murder, committed, according to his own statement, under peculiar circumstances, or what would be sensational circumstances in any country excepting the Philippine Islands, where may be expected in the court's

developments of the most gigantic dimensions. The boy thought one evening that he saw a ghost, which ghost proved of more material stuff than was that of Hamlet's father, for the knife of the boy, when in fright he struck at it, instead of encountering thin air, penetrated solid flesh and blood, resolving his younger brother into a ghost indeed. When the boy found that he had killed his brother, his cries brought his mother to the spot, there being no other eye witness to the tragedy, and she witnessing only the dead body of one son and the other weeping over his brother whom he had slain.

There is nothing improbable in the story as told by the defendant, who was an Igorote, as they are called here—a half wild tribe inhabiting the mountains of the interior of the island. They are a heathen tribe, very superstitious, given to wild fancies and vagaries. The defendant had been in prison for eighteen months, so that at the time of the transaction in question he was a mere child, his brother, the victim, being younger, so that the actors were children in the bloody tragedy.

The other juvenile defendant had been an inmate of the public prison since the 29th of November last. He may have attained the age of ten years at the time he was apprehended for the crime of robbery, or being one of a gang engaged in the stealing of cariboo. A descent was made on the band, who all escaped with the exception of the baby, who was captured. He seems to have been well treated, looking fat and well dressed when appearing before the court to answer for his crimes. The child confessed his guilt, said that he was one of the band of cariboo thieves; that his brother-in-law, who appears to have been one of the gang of thieves, took him on behind, and they proceeded on the back of a caribeo to the place where they expected to steal more or less of that useful animal. When the police appeared they all ran away. Whether he was paralyzed with fear or could not run fast enough, does not appear from the narrative, but whatever the cause he failed to get away with the rest and was incarcerated, remaining in the Provincial Prison, a memento of the valor of the police officials, from November 29th till the 5th of February following.

The course of justice is erratic as pursued by the courts, and the crimes committed are of somewhat peculiar character. In fact, the nature of the offenses peculiar to the country serve to throw considerable light on the mental make-up of the people. Human life is cheap here, as low in price in instances as two cents. One case recently before the court of this province illustrates the disregard of the life of a human being in this community, and probably this particular community is a fair type of the existing state of affairs throughout the Archipelago. A certain man claimed that another owed him a gambling debt of ten Mexican cents. It does not appear whether the other party denied the debt. At any rate he refused to pay. Finally the creditor offered to compromise for two duckles, said coin being of copper and worth in the present monetary market about one cent United States coinage. The debtor declined to pay even the two duckles. The patience of the creditor became exhausted, and he terminated the controversy and the life of his debtor by stabbing him in the breast with a wooden spear. A woman of the lower class was before the court as a witness against the man who had assaulted her with a bolo, inflicting a ghastly cut on the cheek, which was abundantly evidenced by a gaping gash transversely across the side of the face, the lobe of the ear being so nearly dissevered as to hang by a mere thread. The culprit was an elderly man, head of the family of which the young woman was a member. It transpired that the woman had insulted the dignity of her elderly male relative by talking to him in an insolent manner, and even proceeded so far as to provokingly pass her finger between his dignified lips. To avenge his insulted dignity, and teach, as the head of the family, the young woman a lesson, he drew the national weapon and slashed her across the face, leaving an indelible brand as a reminder to the

woman not to indulge in unseemly levity when conversing with the head of the family.

In another case in the same court, a man drew his bolo and killed a woman on the spot because she called him a fool, the appellation fool having a peculiarly provoking significance in the Viscayan language, as I was informed as a cause of extenuation for the act.

Lying and stealing may be called twin offenses in this country. The natives lie as easily as they talk, and steal as readily as they lie. While they are sometimes termed past masters in the art of falsehood, I think the name a misnomer, for they are not skillful liars, being too stupid. Some of our liars in the States would put the Filipino to the blush as skillful manipulators of misstatements. The Filipino lies straight ahead; he is not a very cunning or misleading falsifier. It is true that it is difficult to trap him on the witness stand, for the reason that the process is too slow, as what he says comes to the judge through a double medium, that of the Viscayan and then the Spanish language. You feel, however, that as likely as not the witness is telling a lie instead of the truth.

Falsehood seems inherent in the race. They pride themselves on their diplomacy, and with them lying is diplomatic. I doubt whether the native Filipino would not take the circuitous in preference to the direct route where either is equally available.

A recent writer on the subject of native character remarks that the Filipino is nearer the rudimentary age than the Caucasian, that his toes are longer, that physically as well as mentally he is nearer to the primitive man, that he resembles the wild animal in being naturally secretive, and is easily impressed with the weird and unearthly, which characteristics are taken advantage of by his designing countrymen who are better educated, by working on his superstitious nature to keep him terrorized and subject to their will.

He flies to his refuge of falsehood in time of real or fancied peril. He takes a circuitous track like the hunted fox, fancying to hide his guilt, if guilty, in the maze of falsehood, and if innocent, thinking to find safety in the same refuge. Thus, the native accused of crime stands before the court, and with stolid features relates truth or falsehood with the same monotone, perhaps preferring to avoid punishment through the latter as an achievement of diplomacy.

The political outlook in this country is not at all gratifying. The Filipino may be a politician, but of the lowest type. He is cunning, crafty, dishonest, designing, revengeful, and utterly incapable of submitting to the expressed will of the majority. After the election, the defeated candidate for Presidente has no idea of quietly biding his time till the next election, living in the meantime as a law-abiding citizen. Such is not the Filipino way. The unsuccessful party digs up the hatchet, and without delay goes on the war path. From henceforth, between him and his followers, and the Presidente and his adherents, war exists. So bitter is the animosity that I have been credibly informed that in sections of the island one faction will send word to the chiefs of the Babalaynes to come down and harry the estates of their opponents, and that one reason for the continued depredations of these mountain robbers is the encouragement they receive from the property owners to make descents upon the plantations of their enemies.

The political elements existing in the country are of a very discordant nature, though not yet crystallized into party organizations. Up to the present time, the Partido Federal is the only political organization that has acted an important part in the political affairs of the Archipelago. There is, however, much passive opposition to it and its leaders, which only awaits the opportunity to make itself manifest. The Federal party, however, has been and still is high in the favor of the Philippine Commission, and has fallen heir to the important native appointments, including three of the Commissionerships, as well as places on the Supreme and Courts of the First Instance, and others of more or less importance. One strong political

factor is the Friars and their friends, including generally the Spaniards and Spanish mestizos. Another is the native element as opposed to the religious brotherhoods. Another is that portion of the native population opposed to the Federal Party. Akin to these factions are those natives who favor American rule and those who are opposed to it. Were their heartfelt sentiments openly expressed, the latter would comprehend comparatively the total native population, meaning those of pure Filipino blood, as it is a matter of extreme doubt whether at this present writing we have acquired either the affection or confidence of any class of the Filipino race. It may be that we command the respect which comes through fear and that alone. The ruling native classes regard us with secret or open aversion, for the reason that we have abridged their power over the poorer classes and prevent their virtual enslavement to the benefit of their native taskmasters. The poor portion of the population are too ignorant to appreciate the benefit of American rule or what the United States have done for them. Instead of receiving their gratitude, we are looked upon by the ignorant native as an uncouth, half-barbarous race of invaders, who have robbed themselves and their masters by driving out the Spaniard and appropriating their land to ourselves.

The island of Negros has had no Aguinaldo; but it has had and still has its Papa Isio. Negros has not been the seat of organized insurrection, but has been devastated in sections by the raids of the Babalaynes or the forces of Papa Isio. Just what the Babalaynes are or whence they originated, I have never been able definitely to learn. Neither have I been able to ascertain the exact status of their leader, Papa, or Pope Isio. The Babalaynes are said to be a sect of religious fanatics who long since came to this from the neighboring island of Cebu. They are Catholics, at least nominally, but appear to be a set of simple-minded, ignorant people, residing in the mountains, whose superstitious fears are easily worked upon, of which a certain person named Dionesius, a native of the country, takes advantage, setting himself up as Pope, or, as he sometimes styles himself, Emperor of his subjects, who acknowledge him to be whatever character he may assume, be it Emperor or Pope, and Papa Isio imposes taxes in certain sections of the Province which are paid by the property owners for the purpose of protecting their estates from raids by his followers. He assumes other attributes of sovereignty, as the issuance of personal cedulas, a document peculiar to the Spanish law, identifying the personality of the bearer. The Pope of the Babalaynes is said to be a Viscayan. I have been told that he was unable to write, and have heard the statement contradicted. While he may be, and probably is, an uneducated man, he certainly possesses considerable ability to maintain so long the ascendancy he holds over his rude followers. I heard recently a statement which, if true, shows that the Babalayne chief has impressed an American army officer with a sense of his supernatural powers. The officer, a lieutenant of infantry, stationed in the island, said that on one occasion he took deliberate aim at Papa Isio, but although a good shot he failed to hit the mark. Whether protected by one of his ang-tings-ang-tings, or some other symbol, the chief seemed to the officer to bear a charmed life, as his missing seemed unaccountable under ordinary conditions.

The chief of the Babalaynes is seldom seen, perhaps never by white men, and I think but seldom by his own following. His adherents say that he spends the time on the summit of the mountain engaged in prayer for the world. He furnishes his followers with a charm called ang-ting-ang-ting, which renders them bullet-proof. It is said that on occasions when the wearer of the ang-ting-ang-ting has fallen pierced by the bullet from the rifle of the Americano, and the fact has been reported to Papa Isio, the chief attributes the fact of the death to want of faith on the part of the wearer, who uttered an exclamation when struck by the missile, whereas he should have remained silent

in the fullness of his confidence in the sacred symbol.

It is not meant to indulge in wholesale denunciation of the Filipino in this article. What the native of the future may be, only the developments of the future can disclose. American teaching and example may work their good work, and create a regenerated race in this beautiful archipelago. The people of the United States must not, however, be too sanguine of results, especially of immediate results. Any radical improvement of the race cannot be reasonably expected before the advent of the next generation. We are dealing with an hitherto unknown and untried race, of whose capacities and instincts we are ignorant. One thing, however, is sure—their elevation must come, if at all, from some one of the civilized nations of the earth. That responsibility is thrown upon the United States. If they take position among the civilized peoples of the world, their political institutions must be such as provided by the United States, and their fitness to enter upon such career must be developed by American training. American officials must necessarily be the schoolmasters of the race to educate them for the duties of their future, which education, it is manifest, cannot be given them by their own countrymen.

For several years all the prominent officials should be men from the United States, whose conduct and administration will be an object lesson to the native population. The responsibility of the Government is great in this matter. No inferior men should fill responsible positions in these islands. A corrupt official, a dishonest or incapable judge, will bring discredit on the American name and do infinite harm to the cause near to the heart of the American people—the moral and social elevation of the race for whose regeneration we have become sponsors before the civilized nations of the world.

A MOMENT OR SO

BY HARRY T. FEE

I would like to go back for a moment or so,
Back to the fancy-hung Long Ago—
To the old-fashioned house in the dusty lane
And be for a moment a boy again.

I would like to go back where the field's are green
And wander across to the old creek's flow—
I would like to stand in the joy serene
Of the shadowy peace of the Long Ago.

I would like just one glance at the eventide
Of the misty mornings with dew aglow
At the spot where the sparrows were wont to hide,
And the fields where the wild-flowers used to grow.

I would like just one drink from the old-fashioned well—
I would feel if I could the mystic spell
That ever clings round what we call Long Ago—
I would like to go back for a moment or so.









The Chinese Theater

By Mrs. E. M. Green

TWENTY cents for a Chinaman, no charge for Chinese laborers, and fifty cents for the foreigner, is the information volunteered to us at the entrance. The huge white sheet bearing the legend "Welcome Shriners" rather repels us at first; but a weird strain of music from above draws us on and we mount the dingy staircase with mixed feelings. We are not sight-seers. The very thought of following in the wake of the "personally conducted" allows the feelings of the pure impressionists whom that weird strain was inviting to a new sensation.

As we enter the main body of the theatre a wild clash of cymbals almost stuns us. Our eyes, as if in protest against the noise which assails our ears, rest for a moment on the dark mass of immobile figures which fills the auditorium. Here and there from out this half-lit shadow arises a thin cloud of blue smoke, while from the walls the bright red posters covered with Chinese characters catch the light and dart into our range of vision like tongues of flame.

At the end of the long hall, the light is concentrated upon a gorgeously clad figure in the center of the stage, sharply relieved against the group of dark-clad musicians at the back. Nothing more can our blunted senses take in and we have received our first impression.

We are directed to the stage, where, within two feet of the actors, chairs are provided for foreigners. It is rather with regret that we penetrate the slight haze of smoke and find ourselves a part of our first impression.

In the glare of the footlights which, by the way, are not footlights, but are strung across the stage just below the galleries, we cease to be impressionists; content for the moment to analyze the rich variety of detail which forces itself upon us from every side.

The part of the stage devoted to the drama is perhaps twelve feet square and is covered with a rough, neutral colored reed matting much the worse for wear. On either side in the rear wall, hung with bright red and green curtains, are the doors for the exit and entrance of the actors. Some of the musicians occupy the recess of a shallow archery which extends across between these doors, while others spread out upon the stage until almost in contact with the actors. Above in the same wall, surrounded by much gilt carving and bright red drapery, is the opening into the chamber dedicated to the Joss, whose benign influence is thus invoked for things theatrical.

A row of Americans extend on either side from the rear wall to the front of the stage. The faces of these onlookers bear that stupid expression always noticeable in people listening to a language they do not understand. The hideousness of the occidental costume is made



A Petition.



A captive warrior.

glaringly apparent by the sombre color, yet graceful lines, of the every-day dress of the old men and children who lounge about on the stage behind them and by the exceeding beauty of the costumes of the actors.

There is no stage scenery. In the center, a roughly made table and two chairs separating the musicians from the actors, form the permanent stage setting. Another chair and table, changed about, removed or brought on as the exigencies of the play require, complete the mise-en-scene. The various changes of scene and disposal of properties are entirely under the control of an individual who might fittingly be called the "Presence"—a tall, gaunt, grave figure, coatless, and plainly dressed except for his bright green sleeveless vest.

Silently he moves among the players. Now he places a chair or moves a table; now a sword is laid close to the hand of a warrior at the moment of his greatest need—or a maiden about to throw herself at the feet of a tyrant, finds a cushion silently placed before her to break the fall, and as quickly removed when she again arises. No unused property is allowed to remain upon the stage, but is immediately removed without relation to the beginning or end of a scene. Unobtrusive as this shadowy stage manager is, one soon regards him as quite as much a part of the whole as the table and chairs. The common chair with a piece of rich drapery thrown over it, becomes a throne; the richly-clad figure seated on it, a king. Princes pay their court, maidens in wonderful garments and warriors with martial strides and gay attire add splendor to the scene. Many are the figures which come and go in kaleideoscopic rapidity through these two red and green curtained doors. The details which first attract attention fade into a neutral toned distance forming a background for these spots of brilliant color, products of a most highly developed decorative art.

Though much of the drama cannot be understood, the acting is so graphic that an occasional scene can be interpreted.

The ngure which from the main entrance formed the high light of our first impression proves to be an old man, magnificently attired in flowing red embroidered white satin. His long gray beard and dignified bearing attest his age and respectability, though we suspect something Macchiavellian in his attitude toward a still more gorgeously attired warrior. Assisting him in his design is a dainty, really pretty little person, apparently his daughter, who wears a costume so exquisite as to excite the envy of all her sex present. Of course it is known that no woman acts on the Chinese stage, but so well done was the falsetto voice, so graceful and delicate were the movements and speech, so feminine the form, so perfect the

small traits which betray the sex, that it was really difficult to believe the impersonator of this fair maiden to be a male. Her acting altogether was full of refinement. The falsetto was always low and remarkably well modulated. Following some convention, the upper arm was held almost stiff to the side, the gestures being confined to the forearm, hand and fingers. Nevertheless the result was delightful; a certain archaism in the postures only heightened the charm.

In this drama, full of love, jealousy, passion and war, the burden of fine acting seems mostly to fall upon the female characters, for in a later scene another damsel (we are told that she is a youth of eighteen) treats us to a bit of subtle acting worthy of a Rejane. She appears upon the scene with an old man, who, from the size of his headdress and the magnificence of his garments is undoubtedly of high degree. He makes love to her. She does not relish this, but fears to reject his advances, and while appearing to listen favorably to his suit induces him to drink a sleeping potion and tucks him away on two chairs before which an embroidered curtain has been hung between two upright poles. In the meantime the "Presence," by means of a board table with a few appurtenances of the toilet and a chair, has created for the damsel a dressing room, and much to our astonishment, she proceeds to disrobe in most correct vaudeville style. As she loosens her skirt—a dream in green and lavender—we feel distinctly uncomfortable, for we are in the glaring light and on the stage; not in the gallery or auditorium where we might enjoy this bit of naturalism and blush unseen. However, with sighs of relief we discover beneath this skirt another dream—in trowsers—yellow and pink. As she lays off her outer coat of black and green, the symphony in color is completed by the underjacket of pink and yellow. She now seats herself at the dressing table and with a daintiness worthy of a high born dame, proceeds with her toilet.

Deftly she removes the bunches of pink roses which hang above either ear. With light, quick movements she pats and smoothes the complicated coils of her hair, applying the quince seed juice with a tiny brush and then smoothing it off with a flat ivory stick. During this charming scene the young warrior, much distraught, bounds upon the stage. He is a vision of manly beauty in an indescribably beautiful costume of red, gold and soft yellow, before which everything combines to form a dull background.

He halts some few inches from the table, but is presumably still upon the high-road and it is only after mounting two chairs and a table, placed and held firmly by the "Presence," and doubtless representing the ramparts about the palace, that he catches sight of his inamorata, and with much pantomime and recitation, accompanied by suggestive music, he endeavors to attract her attention. She, however, calmly unconscious of the proximity of this white heat of passion, continues her interesting preparations until raising a second mirror in order to see if her back hair



The cymbal player.

has just the proper twist, she catches sight of the gesticulating figure. With a suppressed cry she rises from the table, and then so well acts her surprise, distress, fear of herself, and anxiety for the warrior, that it might well have proved an object lesson to many an

ening of the elderly party and the hasty departure of the warrior.

The actor who impersonates the warrior has a keen, intellectual, powerful face and a graceful carriage. The really fine intonations and modulations of his voice are admirable. The free, grace-



Theater Posters.

Occidental actress. Overcoming her scruples, the lover descends from the ramparts. They meet, and after some vehement acting—probably love-making—on his part, and gentle, shy, protesting, on hers, the scene ends with the awak-

ful, unhampered movements form a striking contrast to the quaint, restrained, semi-archaic gestures of the women characters.

In the meantime, each sentiment in the libretto finds its counterpart in the



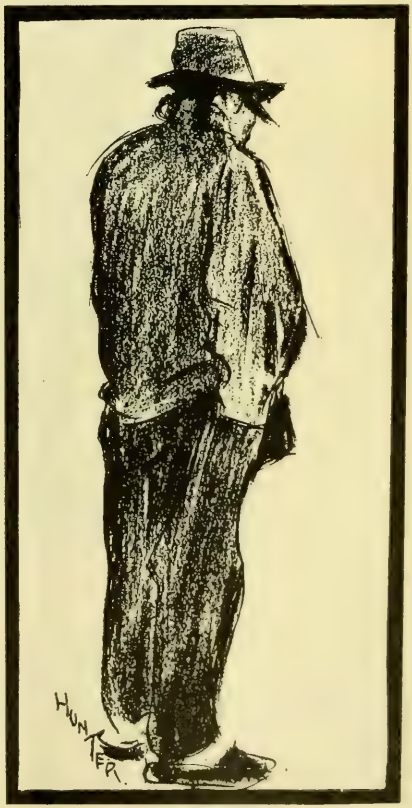
The "Presence", (Stage Manager.)

music, which accompanies the spoken expression or voices the pantomime of the players. Quite strikingly remarkable is the fact that the musical composition contains recurrent themes or motifs such as Wagner has introduced into modern music. Upon each female entrance, a peculiarly sweet melody, the same which drew us into the theatre, was played on a curious wooden instrument shaped like a mallet, with two thick strings and a primitive-looking bow.

The entrance and conversation of the kings and warriors was greeted and accompanied by martial music, the clash of cymbals and the beating of tom-toms, and when the females took part or when the conversation of the men appeared to be in a lighter or tenderer vein, presumably of the women of the play, the strange, sweet melody could be heard in the midst of the sterner music.

The orchestra of some eight musicians occupied the stage directly behind the actors. When eyes and ears become fatigued by the brilliant costumes and occasionally over-energetic elocution of the actors, the attention wanders to these musicians in their dark working clothes playing these primitive instruments, several of them with a rapt intensity which shows the artistic temperament.

The central figure manages the cymbals. At the exciting moment of a scene, he rises, and with long, bare arms, from which the loose, dark blue sleeves have fallen back, he holds and plays the great brass discs high in the air. Another slender figure playing the two-stringed mallet is particularly fascinating. When he draws what one might call the female melody from his instrument, he closes his eyes, throws back his head, seemingly inspired, playing not to the audience, but to himself. Others of the musicians not so inspired, prosaically take their tea, light their long-stemmed, small-bowled pipes with one hand while playing with the other, or fondle their dirty but interesting little babies, who quite



A Spectator.

naturally wandered on to the stage to visit their parents. None of these little by-plays seem to disturb the players either dramatic or musical.

The plays, either historical or legendary, go on uninterrupted for six hours each evening, and reach the finale at the end of a week or more, though sometimes lasting for a month.

China has been so closed against the Occident that this little glimpse into a bit of its real life (for the amusements of a people are great indicators) makes one eager to learn more of this strange people.

We turn our gaze upon the audience and find a public as intelligent as their amusement.

The Chinaman as most of us know him—the pack-horse of Western civilization—is not recognizable in these hundreds of easy postured men at leisure, smoking their cigars or cigarettes and listening with intelligent faces in which can be traced each emotion in the drama: exaltation, joy, sympathy, fear.

Not less repaid is a glance toward the long gallery above, crowded with women, isolated, according to Oriental custom. It lies in gloom, being lighted only from below. The olive-toned faces of the women and little children stand out against the darkly shadowed background, while the occasional gleam of a gem on a woman's finger or in her hair, or the bright red tip of a lighted cigarette, flash fitfully out from the darkness.

In the scene where the actor displays his knowledge of the intricacies of the female toilet, the women rose en masse,



The Entrance to the Theater.

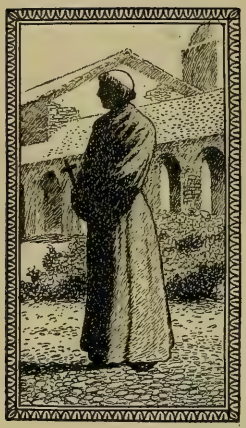


A musician.

and fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness to see. Faces of much intelligence, beauty and rogueishness, graceful hands, long, tapering fingers, brilliant white teeth and sloping shoulders revealed themselves in the bright light from below as they hung over the gallery railing, the gesticulations of approval and smiles of appreciation being the surest proofs of an art well mastered.

The scene over, the women drop back to the gloom of the gallery—no more, however, a quiet gloom. The chattering and discussion necessarily following a scene so close to the feminine heart has awakened the babies, the number of whom correspond to the number of women in the gallery. Bedlam is let loose. Nothing, however, disturbs the equanimity of the masculine mind below. Calmly they continue to watch the play, and we ourselves finally conclude that the only real disturbing features which mar the harmony of this intime Oriental scene are the occidental rubber nipple in the mouth of one of the babies, a raglan coat and straw hat worn by a Chinese girl, and the tourists on the stage.





The Builders of California



By F. Morrison Pixley

THE discovery of California was a series of gems of romance, threaded on a golden strand.

The spirit of the yellow metal seemed Will-o-the-Wisp-ily beckoning to men for two and a half centuries before the first finding of the golden grains that set the world wild.

It was always gold that turned thoughts toward this then mythical land—gold and beautiful women.

And see how coming events cast their forward shadows. The first known mention of California was made by Garcia de Montalvo, an historical novelist of the time of Columbus. He, sailing the unploughed seas of fiction, wrote in "Sergas del Esplandian," that on the right hand of the Indies there was an island called California, very near to a terrestrial paradise, peopled solely by beautiful Amazons whose armor was wholly of gold, as there was no other metal in the country.

Cortes having mastered Mexico and skimmed the cream of its treasure, was confident of finding countries of even greater wealth than Peru and Mexico, on westward toward the Indies. Gonzalo de Sandoval, a commissioner whom he had sent to investigate toward the northwest of Mexico, returned bringing as verity a version of Montalvo's tale, and declaring that the wonderful island of women, gold, and pearls galore lay but ten days' journey beyond the confines of Ciguatan. This land "muy rica de perlas y oro" became at once the dream of Cortes.

The last fifteen years of his life and his entire private fortune were wrecked, together with his ships, in the numerous expeditions which he started out to the northward in search of this wonderland.

When almost disheartened at the last, there came overland from Florida, a negro and two Spaniards, with that marvelous tale of the Seven Cities of Cibola, where the doorways were paneled with turquoise and the arrow-heads were of emerald. Cortes, reduced to extremities, pawned jewels of his wife to equip his last expedition, which went forth under command of Ulloa to make the conquest of Cibola.

The terrible northwest trades which blow so continuously along California's coasts kept Ulloa from getting any farther than half way up Lower California. Defeated, he turned back toward New Spain, but was slain by a treacherous soldier on his way, and Cortes, returning to Spain to ask the Crown to reimburse him for the three hundred thousand pesos gold of his own money which had been spent in the search for California, died disappointed near Seville.

Still the Aureate Wraith was beckoning; the charm of what Bancroft has designated as "The Northern Mystery" drew ships and men to their destruction, as did the lodestone mountain in the



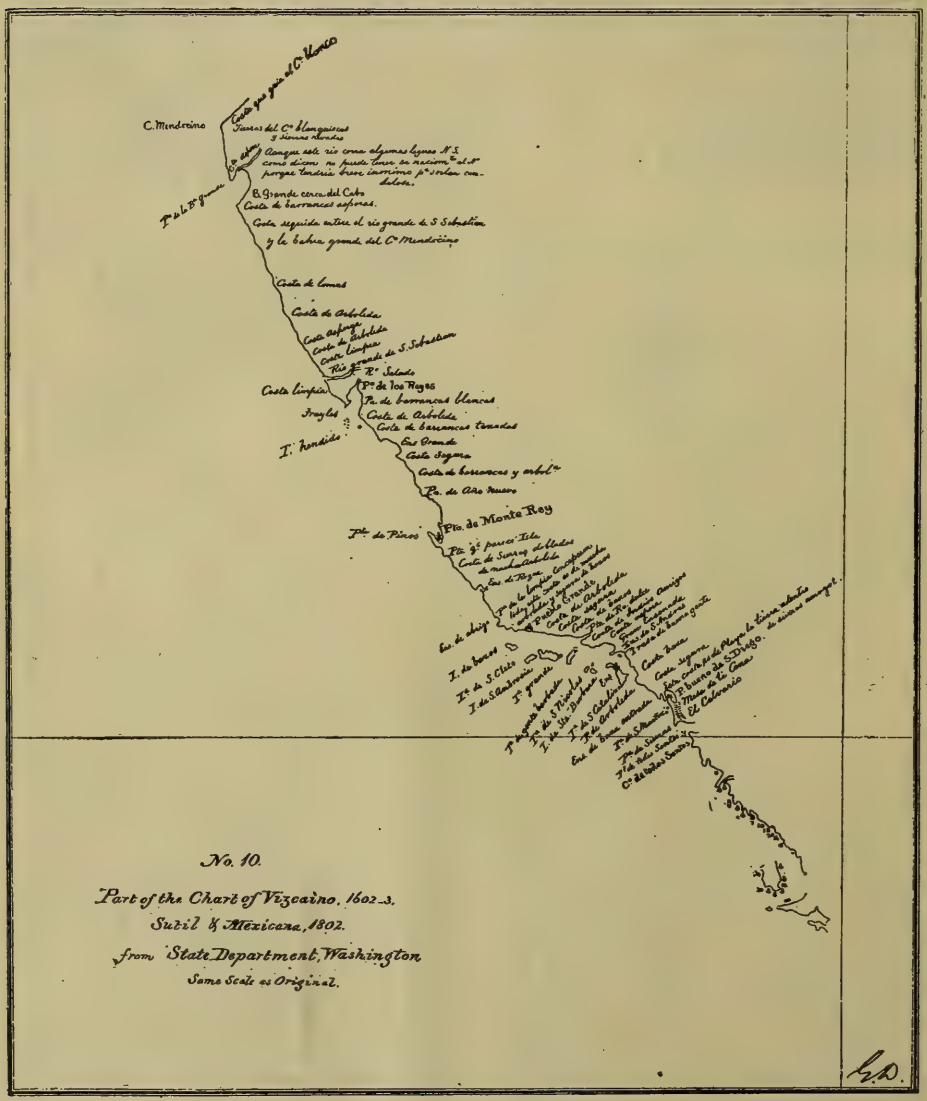
Arabian Nights tale. The Viceroy succeeding Cortes despatched yet another and greater force, an army by land, under Coronado, and an armada by sea, under Alarcon, to grope for the Seven Cities of Cibola. The force of Alarcon wasted itself in fighting its way against the seething bore that rushes into the mouth of the Colorado, and Coronado followed the fleeting mirage of the Seven Cities till he had been led in turn to most of the Casa Grandes and enchanted mesas of the southwest. Still the great golden dragon coiled its sleepy lengths under the piney coverlid that clothed the Sierras, and lay there undisturbed, while an empire struggled under its spell.

Cabrillo, sailing from Mexico in 1542, landed at what is now San Diego, and became the first who ever set foot or eye upon the long-sought land. Sailing still northward, he went almost in sight of San Francisco Bay, but, chilled and depressed by the vast fog pall—that canopy that, rising from the debauching river waters, hangs ever over the Golden Gate—he returned to the Channel Islands at Santa Barbara and died, after enjoining Ferrelo, his pilot, to return to the probing of the northern mystery. The follow-

ing Spring Ferrelo then made his way coasting along as far as Cape Blanco, and named many of the points and bays, but he too missed the greatest and best of the world's harbors, though often in stress of weather, vainly looking for even some point or headland that would let him lie under its lee.

A rather strange fact in connection with this voyage of Cabrillo and Ferrelo is that both of them were told by the Indians at different times and places, of a band of armed Spaniards like themselves in the interior of the country, and at no greater distance from the coast, although history cannot trace from whence they came nor whither they went. Some stragglers of one of the many northwestern overland expeditions, doubtless, who were massacred, or else, forsaking thoughts of home, remained and melted in with the vast aboriginal population and lost even their traditions.

From 1525 to 1564, Spain sent, in addition to the ships that had been dispatched from Mexico along the north-



No. 10.

Part of the Chart of Vizcaino, 1602-3.
Suzil & Mexicana, 1802.
from State Department, Washington
Same Scale as Original.

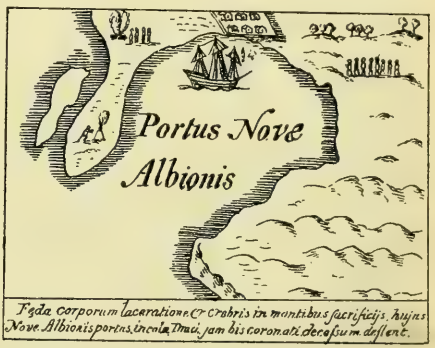
west coast, nearly twenty more ships, intended to run directly to the East Indies, all of which were lost or were unsuccessful in their mission of conquest. At the latter date, Miguel Lopez de Legazpi succeeded in placing the thousand islands of Las Filipinas under the sway of Spain, and commenced a traffic which enriched her for two hundred years. All of this travel was from Spain westward, for it had been decided that as the Portuguese had been monopolizing the eastern half of the world, that Spain must go west, and anything obtained by a westward course was hers. In crossing the Pacific from Mexico it is necessary to follow the north equatorial current westward from Mexico to the Philippines, and return by the southerly portion of the Japan current, which flows eastwardly in the North Pacific, and brought the Manila galleons in sight of the California shore, whence there was an easy run down to Panama before the Northwest trades, which made it desirable for the Spaniards to have a harbor in California, and also attracted buccaneers to its shores, thus tending to keep it somewhat before the world.

While Spain was tearing the Western world to tatters in a frenzied scramble for easy wealth, its haughty policy was also making some good solid enemies in Europe. One of these, Francis Drake, a young English sea captain, having lost his ship at the hands of the Spaniards, determined to rise superior to international ethics and take the redress of his grievances into his own hands.

There were pirates in those days, and the business not having been entirely monopolized by Government, though it might have been *mala en se* was not *mala prohibita.*

Drake was a man who well knew whither he would go, and it was discreet for those who were in his way to get aside. In an attempt to chastise the Spanish in West Indian waters he suffered severely. For five years he planned at his next expedition, which was to be in the Pacific where the Spaniards, being absolute masters, were careless in their security. Five vessels started in this expedition, of which only one, the Golden Hinde, succeeded in making up to the coast of Peru. Here commenced a splendid career of privateering, which has not since been equaled. From Peru as from the winepress, there flowed a stream of wealth that busied the fleet of galleons with its transportation to Spain.

Drake had expected his squadron to meet him at a point in the latitude of Valparaiso. Waiting for them there in vain, he continued northward, and making friends with the Indians, who were exasperated by the Spanish, one of them piloted him to a place called Volpaieja, where he secured supplies of every kind which had been stored there for the Spanish galleons. While there, he plun-



dered a Spanish ship of her gold and other valuables. At Tarapaca, he found piled upon the pier a heap of silver bars. Sleeping beside them were the packers who had brought the treasure to the shore. It was loaded on the Golden Hinde, and before she departed, another pack-train of llamas appeared from the hills, bringing a freight as rich as the first, which was also appropriated. On the 13th of February, 1579, at Callao, seaport of Lima, and principal place of shipment for the treasures of the Incas, Drake rifled seventeen Spanish merchant vessels of all portable values, and finding that the Cacafuego, the richest loaded treasure ship that ever sailed the Southern seas, had departed, laden with jewels, precious stones and chests of silver and gold, he set sail to overtake her. On the second day out he fell in

with a brigantine, from which he took eighty pounds of pure gold in wedges, and a crucifix studded with emeralds the size of pigeon eggs. The two cruisers came out to drive him off, but at mere sight of his trim, saucy ship, returned for more men and guns. Near the Equator he sighted the Cacafuego, captured and rifled her of treasure so great that none but Drake and the Queen knew its full worth. The Spaniards were afterward able to prove in a claim for damages the loss of twenty-six tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of coined silver, and almost a hundredweight of gold, but there was far more in addition, which was never computed, beside a store of pearls, emeralds and diamonds. The Cacafuegos was allowed to go, and soon fell in with the two cruisers, now reinforced with men, and an additional ship from Panama.

The combined fleet returned to capture Drake, but observing that the captain of the Golden Hinde continued to saunter under easy sail and acted indifferent to their approach, their bravado oozed away before his courage, and a second time they turned about for still more reinforcements.

Drake, with his vessel now loaded almost to her capacity by her ballast of precious metal, re-fitted and re-provisioned her at Acapulco, and set about his return trip. To the south he knew that the Spaniards must be scouring the seas, and that the Straits of Magellan, the only known entrance to the Pacific, was surely blockaded by a vastly superior force. To the west was a vast uncertain world of waters which might extend round the world, or it might not, for there were griffins and anthropophagi and all manner of terrors circumscribing the comparatively small known portions of the earth's surface. There was in Drake's



mind no doubt of the fact that the Americas were merely an island in the Western sea, and that it would not be a difficult matter to sail around the northern end and return home to the eastward. He had also the expectation of meeting some of the Manila galleons and perhaps securing even more valuable treasure than that with which he was already freighted. In his hopes as to them he was not disappointed, meeting one coming from the west, from which he took the best of her cargo, including a golden bird and another precious emerald, and overtaking one outward bound with a Governor for the Filipinas, whom he also stripped of his wealth. From then until June 3d he sailed over four thousand miles in a vain beating against the Northwest trades in an endeavor to find his eastward passage above North America, which no less than three people claimed to have sailed through already.

At last, not the courage and hope of Drake gave out, but his men, worn and half frozen, could no longer work the vessel, and reluctantly he turned southward from the bleak Alaskan coasts.

He saw that there was no way left for his return except by the circumnavigation of the globe, a thing which had been accomplished by no Englishman as yet. But his men were too much reduced to attempt the trip, and it was necessary to take them back to a milder climate to allow them to recuperate. For this purpose he ran in to what is now known as Drake's Bay, on the Marin County shore of California.

The vessel was leaking at the time, and Drake set about the building of a fort which would protect his vessel from surprise from Spanish galleons from the sea, or a land force from the shore. The eastern extremity of Point Reyes headland would appeal strongly to a man of Drake's wary nature. Here on a round topped peninsula, precipitous on all sides except where a narrow neck connects it with the mainland, there is an ideal situation for a fort. Cannons could have been easily hoisted by tackle from the beach below, and once mounted would command not only the land across the peninsula neck, but the entire anchorage where lay the Golden Hinde, and so much of the offing that, while his battery was concealed from the seaward side, whence most danger was to be apprehended, it could nevertheless open fire upon an intruding vessel before she could even get sight of the anchored prize within. It was necessary for Drake to careen his vessel that he might repair the leak, and as a ship so placed is absolutely incapable of action, it is likely that considerable of a provision for defense must have been made. Drake had with him practically all the loose change in Western America. The Southern sea was full of ships upon his track, looking for revenge and recoupment, and the scene presents a situation of dramatic interest.

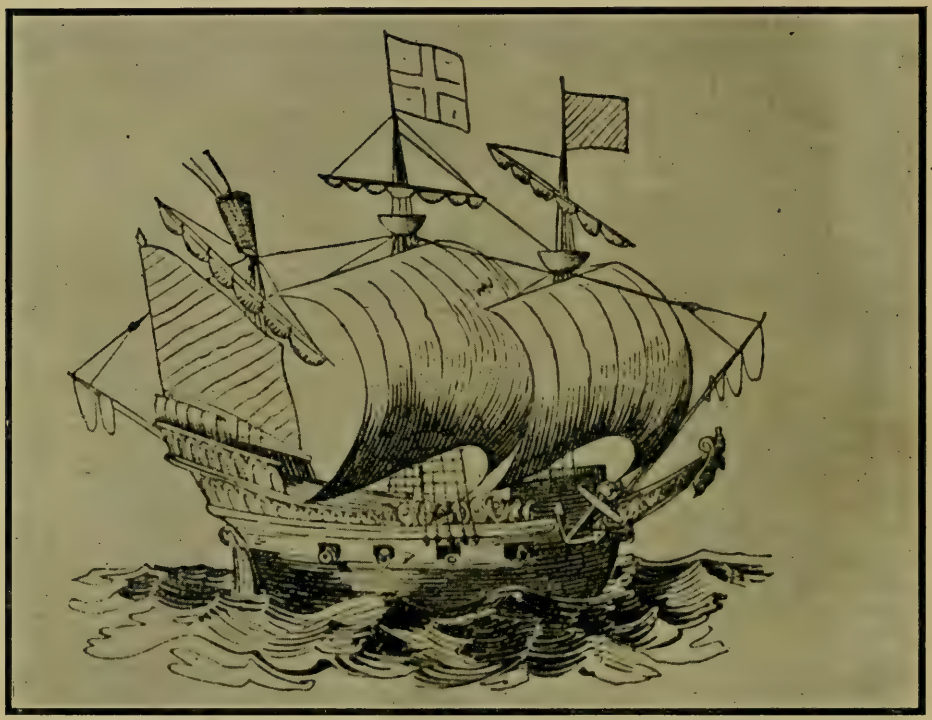
A review of Drake's position at this time seems to me of interest worth the while.

Here, standing on a lonely pinnacle at the western edge of the world, was the man who dared, against the judgment of all with him, to sail boldly into the harbor of Cadiz and burn a hundred ships of the Spanish armada, which he jokingly alluded to as singeing the King of Spain's beard. It was by this act that Drake established the saying that "Britannia rules the waves," as before that the King of Spain had ruled them, and the Western seas were known as the "Spanish Main."

Scarcely had either Columbus or Magellan ever been in such a position. Columbus at all times had a clear back track behind him. And the first navigator had also leave to return as he came. But with Drake there was a human barrier of hostile Spaniards either way. It seems easy enough now to think of the westward trip, but his crew must have been like the rest of the people of their time, full of the fears of the unknown. While there was of course evidence that a westward course could be pursued around the world, there was as far as Drake knew, almost as much evidence of the existence of the straits of Anian, which were indeed marked plainly, fair and wide, upon the map of Hondius of Amsterdam, 1595, as connecting the Northern Pacific with the North

Atlantic, by a course running somewhere north of the Canadian border, and highly independent of the Rocky Mountains.

There was another cause of timidity for Drake, and that was in the fact of the possession of so much money. He had with him the means which would enable Elizabeth to equip her navy for the struggle that all foresaw was coming with Spain. The struggle that would determine whether Latin or Saxon should rule the world for centuries to come.



A ruler of the Spanish Main.

Capital is always timid, and I doubt whether there was another time in the life of the great admiral when it required more of fortitude to brace his nerves, than when standing at the parapet of his hastily constructed fort, looking alternately at his dear Golden Hinde lying helpless, careen in the cove beneath him, and then southward, with ever an eye for the loom of a threatened sail, and then to the west over the weary way that his keel must plow, some twenty thousand miles or more away to home.

There has been much, and is still some doubts in the minds of many as to where Drake actually landed. Many histories gravely and without question relate that he entered and refitted in San Francisco bay, although it would seem as if the question has been settled by the very valuable and exhaustive monograph entitled "Identification of Sir Francis Drake's Anchorage on the Coast of California in the year 1579," by Professor George Davidson, Ph.D., Sc. D., United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, published by the California Historical Society.

The northern and western shores of Drake's Bay are bordered by two hundred foot white cliffs, from which Drake called it New Albion, partly for remembrance of old England, as well as for its color.

The Indians who lived about the bay shores insisted on worshiping Drake as

some sort of a deity, and partly in order to show them that he himself looked to a supreme power above, his chaplain held church of England services on shore, which was the first use of the Anglican prayer book service on the Western American continent.

The Indians expressed the wildest delight at the musical part of the services, and became devoted friends of Drake and his men.

During the latter part of the Englishman's stay, they made an excursion of short length on foot into the interior, which they reported as being wooded and covered with vast herds of fat deer. There is absolutely no mention of any interior water-way, and Drake, who was looking for a strait which led through the heart of the continent, certainly never saw or suspected San Francisco bay, else he would have explored it to its furthest limits in search for the mythical Strait of Anian.

It is related by Professor Davidson in "An Examination of Voyages of Discovery and Exploration on the Northwest Coast of America," that among the Nicasio Indians of Marin County, lying to the eastward of Drake's Bay, there is said to be a tradition that Drake anchored in this bay; that some of his crew deserted and lived among the Indians, that he gave the natives some seeds, and among other things some hard ship biscuit which they innocently planted as well as the seeds. He also left among them a sow and a boar; and the early Spaniards report that when they came to this region the country was filled with wild hogs.

While at Point Reyes Drake took formal possession of the country by cession from the chief and erected a great firm post on which was a brass plate engraved with a memorandum of the event and a metal coin bearing the face and armorial bearings of Elizabeth.

This, much contrary to general impression, was the English who erected the first structures within the limits of Alta California, for though Cabrillo and his followers had preceded Drake in discovery of the land, it is not of record that they ever did more than to gather wood and take water from its shores.

Subsequent to the visit of Drake, the shores of Alta California seem to have had a long rest. Cavendish, following shortly after him, was successful in privateering on the Manila galleons, but he intercepted them at Cape San Lucas and did not land on the shore of California as we now know it. After the death of Elizabeth, England subsided in a maritime and in other ways, and it was not until a woman again took the scepter that naval affairs became briskened, and Woodes Rogers set sail for the Pacific with his destination the shores of the Californias, and the interception of the Manila galleons. On the way up the South American coast, Woodes Rogers rescued Alexander Selkirk from the Island of Juan Fernandez, and so the world became enriched by the story of Robinson Crusoe, which was probably worth more than all of the pirate's plunder. Other Englishmen followed more or less in the path of Drake, and had delightful times, like a school-boy's dream of happiness, capturing fat galleons loaded with treasure-chests, flour, sugar, marmalade, and sweetmeats, but they saw not Alta-California.

Vizcaino, arriving at San Diego in 1603, was the next who came from ultramarine regions to the Californian shore, excepting Galli and Cermenon, commanders of Philippine galleons, who were commanded by their royal master to take a look in passing. Cermenon's look cost him the loss of his vessel, supposedly in Drake's Bay, where Bolanos, Vizcaino's pilot, wanted to look for remains of the cargo.

Vizcaino's coming and charting of the coast was more detailed and accurate than any who had come before him, and for the first time a map was produced which is other than a phantom of the truth. And by the way the idea always strikes me in looking over the collection of old charts, collected in Davidson's book on "Drake's Anchorage," that there is something eerie and weird in the curious distortions of coast line as represented by men who were trying to be faithful, which makes one wonder if

the old continent did not play tricks on the wide-straying, half-lost mariners.

On Vizcaino's chart appear in relatively correct positions San Diego Bay, Santa Barbara Channel and its islands, Point Conception, Point Pinos, Monterey Bay, Los Frayles (the Farallones), Point de los Reyes, Rio Grande de San Sebastian (Tomales Bay), and Cape Mendocino, so that for the first time the world

By the beginning of the seventeenth century, the California bubble had collapsed. The Seven Cities of Cibola had faded away like the rest of the mirages of the desert, and in their places were found only the flat-topped adobe dwellings that the traveler sees to-day from the car windows. The California coast had been followed from San Diego to Mendocino, and but a few unclad natives,



came to know California as it truly was, at least as far as its coast line. All but San Francisco bay, which strangely enough still remained hidden, with a straight line drawn across its mouth. The Golden Gate was yet closed.

"By indirection find direction out." All these men, looking for gold, and yet even the Golden Gate remained closed to them, while to the humble mechanic erecting a saw mill it came tumbling in a joyous stream.

eating fish and clams, living in brush tents, devoid of ornaments of precious metals, were seen. To the Spanish adventurer, looking only for temples and palaces filled with barbaric splendor of gold, silver and gems, it was a total disappointment. Ship after ship had frayed her rigging to tatters beating to and fro along its inhospitable iron bound coasts, with their long, dreary stretches of barren brown hills and red cliffs.

Attempts to reach the interior overland had been balked by the terrible Colorado desert, the vast bed of a dead ocean, and the Colorado river itself, with its poisonous waters, and the furious bore that raged in its mouth seemed a dragon to warn the traveler away from the Valley of Death. Many a strong brave man had worn his life away following the beckoning of the Golden Phantom, and now they would have no more of it. Generations were born, lived and passed away, one after another. Spain waxed and waned, Mexico grew and unified. Other generations came and went, with never a foot of stranger set upon the sands of California's shore, nor over its eastward desert and mountain barrier.

For a hundred and seventy-five years this continued, until the expulsion of the Jesuits by Charles the Third of Spain. Then the Franciscans were placed in charge of the missions of Lower California. Effective steps were taken for the immediate extension of the chain of missions to San Diego, Monterey and as much farther north as possible, with the intention of heading off the southeastern advance of the Russians, who had crossed the Behring Strait, and in the easy longitude of northern parallels had put a girdle rather more than half way round the world.

The Franciscans were better qualified for the extension of empire. Simplicity was the rule of their order, and those who undertook the conversion of Alta California had first the additional lesson in simplicity from the Bajo Californian Amerinds, who got through life happily without government, laws, religion, houses, clothing, local habitations, or family relations.

Yet in all of these things the Franciscans believed most strongly, but they wanted them simple and free from complications. With their direct and unhampered methods of proceeding, it took them but ten years to found a peaceful industrial empire independent and in a position to produce wealth, and all through their watchword of Simplicity.

For the actual settling of California, credit is due to three men, Galvez, Visitador-General of Charles III. to New Spain, who worked a little as had Cortes, and showed some of the old time vim; Portola, Governor of the Californias, and Father Junipero Serra, who was to assume spiritual and temporal charge of all of the new missions. Galvez himself never set foot in upper California, but so completely did he plan and outfit the expedition that it was remarkable as being the first successful colonizing party that left New Spain. Two vessels were dispatched and two overland companies, well stocked with everything necessary for the founding of a commonwealth, the greater part of which was gathered up from the Jesuit missions of Lower California.

There was in addition a considerable income of money from what was known as "The Pious Fund of the Californias," which had originally consisted of specific sums donated by different benevolent people for the establishment and endowment of particular missions, which sums were usually invested in land or mortgages, and the interest or income therefrom paid over to the missionaries.

The use of this money, which had been frequently diverted, also contributed to the success of the undertaking, and when the four expeditions finally united on the shores of San Diego Bay on the first day of July, 1769, it was felt by all that the efforts of two centuries had at last been crowned with success.

San Francisco Bay remained undiscovered until 1769, when Governor Portola, looking for Monterey, missed that port and stumbled upon San Francisco, as supposed by a miracle of St. Francis in answer to a remark of Galvez, "That if St. Francis desired a mission named after him let him show them his port."

It has been irreverently said by various persons who have circumnavigated San Francisco bay in trolley cars and Pullman coaches that the early navigators must have been in a condition of alcoholic intoxication to have repeatedly sailed past the mouth of San Francisco harbor without seeing it.

But putting myself in the place of those early navigators, I have stood upon the eastern head of the Point Reyes penin-

sula (which would naturally have been their point of view, for there was no other safe and convenient landing for a hundred miles around, than at its foot) and vainly swept the coast line looking for any break in its eastward contour. I have held the helm, sailing down along the coast in a vessel one-tenth the size of Drake's, and probably as unseaworthy as Vizcainos's, and it would seem to me that nothing would be more improbable than for a cautious mariner to ever get into San Francisco bay.

To begin with, the great bight formed



In memoriam.

by the insweep of the shore from Point Reyes to Pigeon Point in itself makes as much of a harbor as navigators on the California coast could be led to expect, and in that it has the Farallone group strung across its mouth, it some way resembles the Ensenada of Santa Barbara. The change of color in water which would have been noticed is no more than is wont to be poured out by shallow boiling torrents like the Salinas and San Diego, and any number of torrential streams along the Mexican shore, all indicating unnavigability. A heavy fog usually hangs over and obscures the Golden Gate, so that on many occasions vessels making it their home port have lain for weeks off the Farallones, vainly attempting to make the entrance. Should, however, a daring navigator attempt to sail up to the forbidding and dangerous looking coast, warned by the Farallones he would have kept his lead going, and long before the rocky opening became plain he would have had first one 10, then 8, 6, 30 and then 5 fathoms of water, which would certainly be sufficient shoaling to deter any closer approach, especially as there is usually a strong gale drawing in toward the funnel of the Gate, making it appear a lee shore, from whichever direction approached, and a lee shore is the horror of all prudent mariners. Even after the discovery of the bay and the survey of its vast extent by land parties, Juan de Ayala, who first entered it in the San Carlos on August 5, 1775, dared not approach within the heads until he had sent ahead a pinnace which he had constructed for the purpose from a redwood tree on the Carmel River.

Thus ends the period of discovery, excepting as to details, of which we have even yet discovered a portion.

The mission period which followed was one of the most interesting sociological experiments of history. It is usually passed by with the thought that the padres were a set of harmless religious enthusiasts, and that the Indians were a type of the lowest order of human beings, who lived in a state of beastly simplicity because they knew no better.

But let their works speak for them. First we will take stock of what there was to begin with. A piece of land on the world's edge, a year away from civilization by ordinary means of communication. A territory which even the later intelligent emigrants of 1849 agreed was unfit for agricultural purposes. Two dozen priests, fifty or a hundred soldiers and half a million or more of unclothed savages, as usually supposed in the very lowest notch of the human scale.

The community evolved from this apparently hopeless combination, made notable successes in architecture, which is still a model for our proudest buildings; in art, of a crude but original and powerful school, such as still remains in the old Mission Santa Clara; in horticulture they gave us varieties of useful fruits, which are still favorites; in the breeding of sheep and cattle they made a financial success which it would be difficult to equal. In building they secured results that yet endure; in sociology and political economy they accomplished what has scarcely been equaled, especially in regard to policing the country, half a hundred Spanish guards sufficing for constabulary militia and standing army of a wide-spread province containing half a million of people.

In arts and manufactures they gave to the State what are now some of its best industries, among them wine and olive oil making. Their method of hand-tooling leather, an art still increasing in vogue, is at a state of perfection here which is equaled nowhere else, and those most adept in its design and execution are the descendants of the old neophytes.

The artistic refinement and delicacy of the mission age is so indelibly stamped upon California that it will endure somewhat in the architecture, which will be developed as a school, but more in the sweetness of the euphonious names with which the geography of the State has been so charmingly enriched. Take for instance one of those comparisons admitted to be odious always. In California the Indians had a name which the delicate ear of the Spanish caused to be recorded as Sonoma. In the State of Washington a similar sound was mapped as Snohomish, a pronunciation which readily betrays the nationality of its first orthographer. So Soquel might have been Snoqualinie, Napa Nauvoo, etc.

Whether it is the euphony alone or the associations of romance recalled by Spanish nomenclature, may not be decided, but for some reason it has a financial value in attracting notice of tourists and settlers, especially of the more desirable classes, who prize more than we of the west imagine, the Iberian and Arabic names that so predominate in the land of the Franciscans.

The mission period in California, lasting from the establishment of San Diego in 1769 to the secularization in 1835, corresponded in some manner with the Middle Ages of Europe, when the Church represented all, and the mass as one euphonious unit, found their life work and happiness in its glory.

And this period in California with all of its successes, religious, political, artistic, mercantile and financial, was the creation of one man, the venerable Padre Fray Junipero Serra, whose life, written by his collaborator, Palou, made California's first book.

The succeeding paper will take up the mission building in California, together with some account of the Pueblo life and that of the pioneers who preceded the gold discovery of 1849.

WONDER

WILL G. TAFFINDER

Which at my end. Death's dawning grays Life's ocean.
God grant no crash of elements shall fright the air;
Nor yet too calm—but just enough of motion—
'Ere sleeping I shall wonder will my day dawn fair.



Eagle Rock, Los Angeles County.

THE PROPHET BIRD

BY MRS. TRACY ROBINSON

Eagle carved from the rock,
  Fronting the pregnant West,
Torrent and earthquake shock
  Fashioned thy wings and breast!

Fire and flood were the seers
  That framed and poised thee aright,
Foretelling the far-off years
  And a younger eagle's might.

Not the imperial bird
  That led the Legions of Rome:
Strangely his sight was blurred
  By splashes of western foam!

Not Spain of the cruel beak,
  Tempted by honors won,
On the crest of the wave to seek
  The Land of the Sinking Sun.

No; but with steadier eye,
  In the sun-land's darkest straits,
With challenge and battle-cry,
  Came the Eagle of the States.

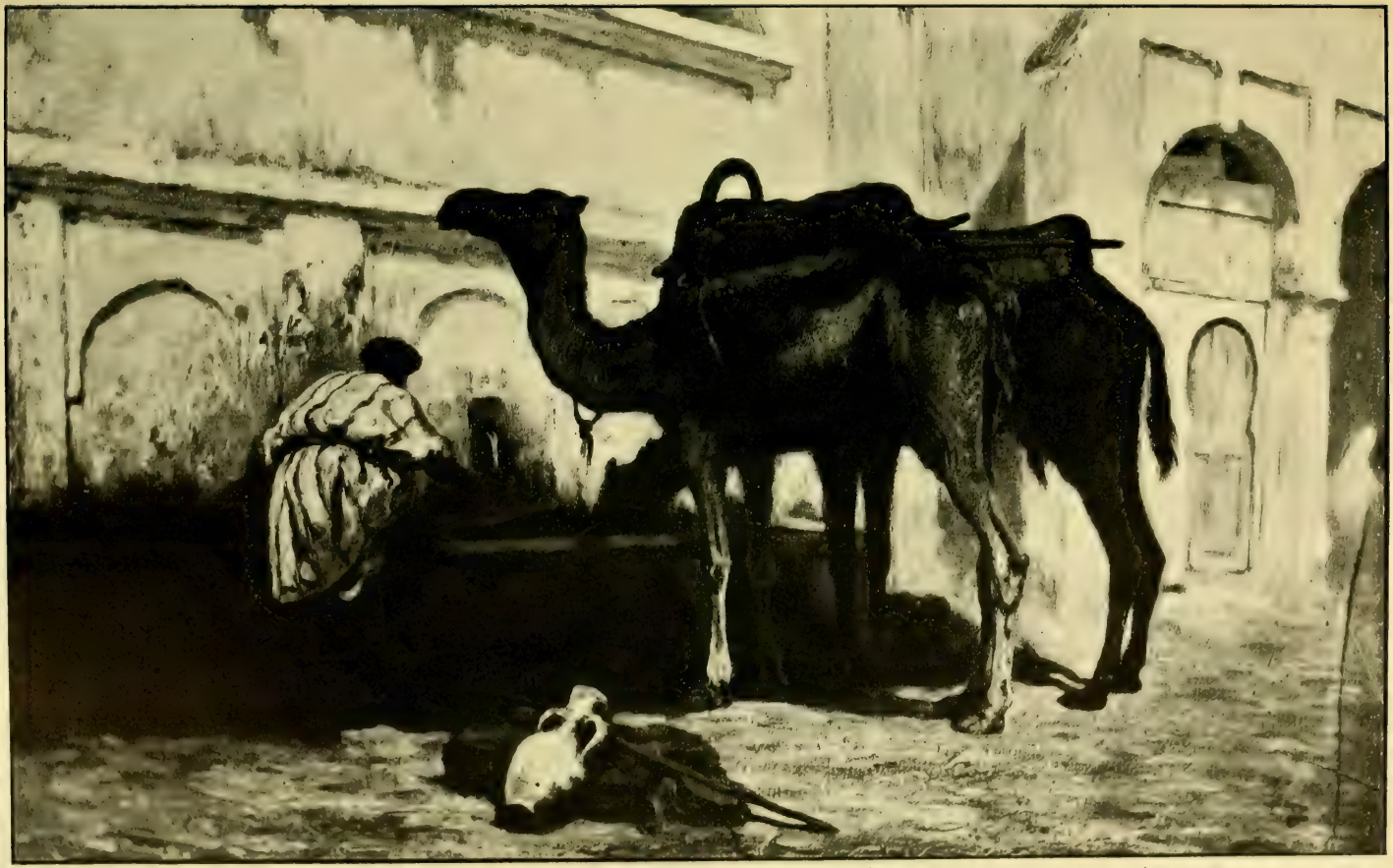
And thou, till the time grew ripe,
  Didst herald his westward swoop,
For thou art a deathless type
  Of wings that shall never droop!



California stained glass window.



Lorin, North Holland, from the painting by Annie Frances Briggs.



Fellow travelers at the drinking fountain.

THE FADING OF SHADOW FLOWER

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

SHE was only a timid little Omaha maiden with a pair of pensive eyes, dark like the thunder clouds, and like them fraught with a potential fire that was ever about to spend its fury in the weakness of tears. She passed her childhood hours beside the singing streams and in the lonesome places where the silence lingered. The sunrise and the sunset found her where the wild flowers clustered, or where the noises of the nesting birds disturbed the stillness of the thickets. For hers was a timorous soul, and the dumb kindness of the green things was so sweet to her.

So as she grew in this wise toward that mysterious time when the immaturity of the girl bursts into the magic of the woman, her people said: "She talks with the things that talk not; she plays with the wind that sleeps and moans in the shadowy place." And that is why they named her Shadow Flower. In the long mysterious nights of the winter, Shadow Flower wept with fear at the mournful cry of the coyotes, and often through the droning days of the summer did the harsh warning of the startled rattlesnake send her trembling in terror to her mother's breast. Yet, huddled close to the group about the evening fires, she loved to listen to the warriors' tales of the strong arm and the fierce heart; and her eyes glowed with an unwonted light as her kinsmen recounted the wild swoop of the ambushed foe or the silent pursuit swift and relentless.

All the glowing ideals of manly prowess that her maiden heart had conjured were centered in the person of the fearless brave, Big Axe: for had he not the eagle glance that went to the heart of an enemy like an arrow? Was his not the shaggy head of the buffalo bull that strikes with fear the boldest hunter? The breadth of his sinewy breast was like a whirlwind when the battle cry awakened in his throat. There was no arm in all the circled tepees that could hurl a tomahawk so straight and far; and none that could heave above the anger of the battle a war club more ponderous.

"Ah," she would say to herself, while wandering alone with her musings, "Big Axe is so great a man!"

When a band of warriors rode out of the village bent upon some petty conquest somewhere beyond the blue hills that undulated the far horizon with their summits, Shadow Flower was very lonely and she would stand for long hours upon some larger hills, scanning the dim skyline for the returning warriors; for where the battle was, there was Big Axe. And when at last she would catch sight of the returning band, shouting with the great joy of a battle won, O how proudly she stared, and with what a light in her eyes, at her graceful warrior astride his swift pony; how anxiously would she search the headdress of her brave for the fresh eagle feather that should speak of some late and daring deed done by the strong arm: her strong arm!

Yet her timorous little soul alone knew of the great overflowing passion that she treasured for Big Axe; unless, perhaps, the birds and the green things understood her, for hers was a passion that little words could not carry.

Thus did the frail flower of the Shadow long for the golden kisses of the Sun!

There was war between the Omaha and Ponca tribes. So it happened one morning in the time when the deer tear the earth with their horns (September) that Shadow Flower, hunting late blossoms upon the sere hills where the young Dawn danced, heard below her the impatient stamp of ponies and beheld the mounting of braves, for Big Axe was leading a party of a hundred warriors

against the enemy. The purple spikes of the iron weed and the yellow plumes of the golden rod dropped from ner fingers as she gazed upon the sight below her. What a sight! It was as the martialing of the incarnate Winds from the circle of the heavens! Out of the dust cloud that arose from the dry earth where four hundred nervous hoofs danced fretting with impatience beneath the restraining throng, she caught the dazzle of the sleek and vari-colored hides of the ponies; some white with the brilliance of the summer sun when it glares upon the false lakes of alkali; some spotted and wiry as the wild cat; some tawny as the mountain lion; some black like the midnight when the storm clouds fly!

Their gaunt flanks were heaving with the glory of speed and power. Their nostrils were distant with the influx of prairie winds that knew no restraining hand save that of the great invisible Master. They reared, snorting, as if about to plunge into the air in a wild heat down the winds! Their neighing was the shout of the tempest in the rocks; and their gusty manes were a cloud that tatters in the storm! And amid this melee of dust and noise and dazzle trembled the gaudy headdresses of the warriors, bright with the painted wing feathers of the eagle and the hawk.

Now a shout drowns the neighing and the snorting. A hundred braves leap to the backs of the plunging ponies. The dust cloud thickens and sweeps down the valley like a whirlwind! A far glint of brandished weapons; a dying shout. The band swoops about the base of a hill. Then the sultry day drones and drowses on the prairie. The grasshopper breaks the slumber of the stillness with his snapping noise; a lone hawk skirts the ground with slow circling flight. But Shadow Flower stands and stares beneath a shading hand into the brilliance where the warriors vanished. Her ears hear not the snarl and hum of the drowsy bugs, nor the shrill chatter of the gopher as it rears its striped body from the grass, and peers about. She sees not the circling hawk, and scarce does the glint of the yellow grass hurt her eyes. For her ears are filled with the shout that has died, and in her eyes a sinewy, masterful brave urges a black pony down the valley.

After a while her hand dropped from her brow, and catching sight of the wheeling hawk, she cried: "O you who are so keen of eye, can you not see into the heart of Muzape Tunga (Big Axe)? O you who are so keen of thought, tell me, does he think of Pazha Hu?" (Shadow Flower.)

But the hawk circled far away and the day droned on.

Among the hills, hidden from one who looked and saw not, the war party rode on with the noses of its ponies to that portion of the sky from which the red sun of summer springs, for in that direction lay the village of the Poncas, perched upon the yellow bluffs of the great muddy river.

On the evening of the second day the air grew soft with the scent of flowing waters, and the Omahas, checking their ponies upon the brow of a hill, beheld to their right the swirling stream red with the last light of the day, and before them, across a deep hollow, the village of the Poncas sitting upon the summit of a bluff.

But while their eyes wandered over the misty stretches of the river a wild shout startled the calm of the scene, while from the village on the opposite summit a line of mounted warriors issued, taking the precipitous hillside at a swift gallop.

The sudden shout and the beat of flying hoofs hurled the weary ponies of the Omahas back upon their haunches. Yet scarcely had the echoes of the shout cried their last from the distant bluffs, when a hundred Omaha bowstrings twanged and a hundred arrows shrieked their shrill death song in the quiet air! A second and a third shriek of arrows, and the rushing Poncas were thrown into confusion; those in the rear being thrown by the floundering bodies of the wounded ponies in the front, the fury of their momentum hurling them pell mell into the valley below. Then the Omahas swept down into the valley, as the eagle sweeps, with the terrible ugthaa (a battle cry) upon their lips, and

the remaining Poncas fled up the steep hillside toward their village.

The village of the Poncas, in addition to its strong position, was further fortified by stockades, constructed of saplings driven into the ground with their tops sharpened. The fugitives having gained the protection of this barrier, were safe from further pursuit; and emboldened by this reassurance they hurled such a flight of arrows into the enraged Omahas that the latter were obliged to withdraw beyond arrow flight, contenting themselves with taunting their besieged foes by displaying the dripping scalps of the fallen with vaunting shouts.

Now the influence of the fading evening cooled the anger and hushed the shouting. From the height, whither the assaulting band withdrew to camp, one could hurl the triumphant gaze unnumbered bowshots westward, athwart the brown hills that seemed to have been stricken motionless in liquid turbulence by the enchantment of the sunset, marvelous with the pomp of streamers, violet, purple, sanguine, saffron, dun!

Far up the river the blue haze of the sky-fringed woodland blended into the purple shadow beneath the contrasting yellow of the bluffs, that looked down into the slow smooth waters upon their scarred and wrinkled images, crowned with golden crowns by the last scant sunlight! The cottonwoods placed their long shadows like soothing fingers upon the muddy madness of the central stream. The Night awakened in the East and stretched his long black arms into the West, and the glory vanished. The distant woodland and the bluffs grew into black indistinguishable masses. The river became a faint film above a lower concave of dawning stars. The camp fires in the village reared long towers of light into the darkness, then fell back into a sleepy glow.

One dreaming out a sunset on the prairie could not wonder at the exquisite hyperbole of the Omaha's language; that tongue, nurtured amidst marvelous possibilities of fury and calm of beauty and terror, all within the sight-tiring circle of stupendous distance.

The dawn came, and by its first light the Poncas beheld their enemies encamped across the valley. Upon one side the bluff fell sheer to the river; upon the other lingered a patient and cruel foe. So it happened after many days that moans of suffering arose from the lodges on the bluff, and the Omahas laughed in their tepees, for the sound of an enemy's wailing is sweet. The sweltering suns beat upon the bare summit where the village pined, and the lips of the Poncas burned with thirst while their eyes drank of the copious floods far below them.

So it chanced one day when a cry went up through the village: "Our children are dying of thirst; let us beg mercy of our enemies!" that an unarmed brave passed out of the village and across the valley toward the camp of his foes. With tottering step he approached the tepee before which Big Axe awaited. His lips were swollen and cracked; his eyes were bleared and sunken, yet they glared as the eyes of a wolf from the darkness of a cavern.

In a hoarse, inarticulate whisper he spoke to the chief: "Pity my people, for they are dying with thirst."

There was lightning in the eyes of Muzape Tunga. "Badger!" (among the Indians a coward is often called a badger) he hissed; and he struck the suppliant down before him.

The sun burned down the glaring blue of the West. A continuous wail arose from the suffering village like the cry of pines in a gentle wind; while from the tepees of the besiegers came the sound of merry laughter that mocked like the babble of inaccessible waters!

But when the red sun touched the tops of the far hills, another form left the enclosure of the village and took its way down the hillside. As it came nearer a hush of awe fell upon the Omahas. The form was that of a squaw. With an unfaltering movement she approached, seeming to hover through the mist that arose from the valley. Slowly she climbed the hillside. Not a sound passed the lips of the beholders. They seemed the figures of one dream gazing at the central idea of an exquisite other! The form emerged from the mist and stood swathed in the chromatic radiance of the evening, before the motionless figure of

Muzape Tunga. The eyes of the woman and the chief met with unwavering stare. Had the glance of the former become vocal it would have been a song with the softness of the mother's lullaby, but with a meaning terrible as the battle cry of a brave.

With a languorous movement the woman raised her arms, thus allowing the many-colored skin that hung about her shoulders to slip to the ground, exposing all the dumb eloquence of her brown breasts. If sight can suggest sound, then this silent squaw's form suggested the musical dream voice of the evening pines that may swell e'er dayoreak to the terrible roar of the rending whirlwind! Hers was the snake's strength, the strength that bends and is more to be feared for the certain recoil.

Out of the silence her voice broke like the voice of a sudden wind that rises in the night.

"Nunda Nu (man-heart) fears not Muzape Tunga."

The chief heard and shivered with great passion. A swift smile crossed the face of the woman, soft as a last ray of sunlight on a hill. Again the voice grew out of the hush.

"The heart of Muzape Tunga is strong like his arm; yet kind like his eye; he will spare my people."

The chief's great breast heaved with the pleasure of his eye and ear. "Nunda Nu has the heart of a man and the glance of a fawn," he said; "her voice is the song of a forest stream; Muzape Tunga spares her people."

Nunda Nu turned her face to the village and made a signal with her uplifted hands. Soon an unarmed Ponca, manifestly a chief by his garments, was seen taking his way down the hillside.

"Come," said Nunda Nu, turning to Big Axe, "my father bears the pipe of peace; let us meet him in the valley."

Without a word the chief followed the squaw while his warriors stared after him in wonderment.

In the valley, midway between the village and the camp, the chiefs met; then both sitting cross-legged upon the grass, the Ponca lit the pipe of peace, and having puffed silently for a while, handed it to his conqueror. The sweet smoke of the red willow arose slowly over the silent three, and Big Axe stared abstractedly into the mounting vapor. The evening grew old. The sunlight left the summits of the hills and the shadows deepened. Still Big Axe did not speak, but gazed with wide eyes into the ascending cloud of smoke. The heart of the terrible warrior had grown tender; a light softer than the twilight was in his eyes. It seemed that he could hear the slumbrous singing voice of a squaw and the prattle of children. There were pictures for him in the rising smoke.

Suddenly he took the pipe from his mouth and returned it to the Ponca chief. "We will bury the tomahawk," he said; "our ponies shall sweat no more in the battle, but in the paths of the bison. No more shall our faces be cruel with war paint."

Again there was silence but for the rythmic puffing of the Ponca's pipe. Again Muzape Tunga spoke, and his voice was sonorous with passion:

"The eyes of Nunda Nu are deep and dark as a mountain lake; her voice is a song that the slow wind sings in the willows; give me Nunda Nu that my lodge may be filled with laughter; give her to Muzape Tunga that peace may be everlasting between us."

There was a silence. The Ponca half forgot his pipe; he puffed deliberately and at long intervals. The ascending smoke dwindled to a thin gray thread. With steadfast gaze the smoker looked before him into the darkness, for his thoughts were deep. Suddenly he laid the pipe beside him and arose to his feet, extending his hand to Big Axe; his voice was tremulous as he spoke:

"Muzape Tunga asks a great thing of his conquered brother; had he asked a hundred ponies with feet fleet as the winds of winter his brother would have laughed at the little gift. Nunda Nu is my life; I give my life to my brother."

Already the night had spread into the West and the darkness hid their parting.

* * * *

Some days afterward at sunset an Omaha maiden stood upon a hill near her village. With hand at brow she peered into the blue distance. Suddenly a cry of delight trembled on her lips. A cloud

of dust had grown far away upon the verge of a hill, slowly resolving itself into a long line of warriors approaching at a gallop. The column drew nearer. The face of the watching maiden grew darker with anxiety as a brilliant cloud darkens when the twilight falls. She beheld the masterful form of Big Axe, mounted upon a black pony, riding in advance oi the band; yet her face darkened. Her brows lowered with the strain of her intense gaze. Was it a squaw who rode upon a pony white as a summer cloud beside her warrior? A shout went up from the village below. The speed of the ponies was increased to a fast gallop; the band swept up the valley.

A strange, low cry fell from the lips of the maiden; a stifled cry like that of a sleeping brave who feels the blade of a treacherous foeman at his heart.

In the village was the sound of many glad voices; but in the darkness of the hill above, a frail form buried its face in the dry bunch grass and uttered a moan that no one heard.

* * * *

The autumn passed; the cold winds came down from the North, shaking the snow from their black winds and the people of the village began to look upon Shadow Flower with awe and fear. For never a word had she spoken to anyone since the returning of the band. With a dull light in her eyes she wandered about muttering to herself: "It was summer when they left; now the prairie is so cold and white, so cold and white." Absent-mindedly she would dwell upon the bitter words, gazing beneath her hand into the cold white glare of the horizon. Then her eyes would blaze with gladness. "Shonga saba, shonga saba!" (a black pony, a black pony) she would cry ecstatically; and for one intense moment her frail frame would be erect and quivering with joy. Then the light in her eye would fade as the fires fade in a camp that is deserted; a cry of anguish would fall from her lips, her hand would drop lifelessly from her brow. "No," she would sigh languidly, "no, it is only a cloud; O the prairie is so white and cold, so white and cold!"

And the old people shook their heads and whispered to each other: "The soul of Pazha Hu has followed the summer, for her soul loved the flowers; can you not hear her body crying for her soul?"

When the warm winds came again and the hills were green, the crying of a young child was heard from the tepee of Big Axe. The simple heart of the stern warrior throbbed with gladness as a cold seed throbs with the blowing of the southwind.

But the sound of the infant's voice brought no summer to the heart of Nunda Nu. The touch of its little brown fingers stung her breasts, and as she looked upon its face, placid or expressive as its dream took form or slept, a cold shudder ran through her veins as when one gazes on a snake, for it was the child of an enemy. All through the long tedious winter a slow hate had sapped the kindness from the heart of the future mother; and when she felt the new life throbbing into form, her thoughts grew bitter. So now the unforgotten moaning of the children of her people, dying with thirst upon the barren summit, was loud enough to drown the prattle of her enemy's child which should have wrought enchantment in her blood.

One night a noiseless shadow passed among the tepees hushed in slumber beneath the moonlight. It crept up to the tepee of Muzape Tunga and crouched in an attitude of listening. The bugs chirped and hummed, the frogs croaked, the wolves howled far away; save these and a sleeper's heavy breathing there was silence.

Suddenly there was a faint sound as of some one moving in the tepee; the shadow outside arose and the moonlight fell upon its haggard face, the face of Shadow Flower. She placed her eye to a small opening in the skins that covered the poles. Now she would gaze upon the child of Mazupe Tunga!

Through the opening at the top of the tepee the moonlight entered with intense brilliance and fell upon three faces. One was the face of her once sweet dream and the face that trembled through the visions of her madness, Muzape Tunga's. One was the beautiful cruel face of her who came upon a pony white as a summer cloud that autumn evening when the gladness left the prairies. One was

a face that she had not seen before, yet her poor heart ached as she looked upon it. It was the face of his child, her child; ah, it should have been the child of Shadow Flower, she thought, and her brain whirled with sudden madness.

As she looked, the woman in the tepee raised herself upon her elbow. She gazed upon the peaceful face of Big Axe. The moon lit up her features in clear relief. Her eyes were terrible with hate, the lids drawn closely about them till they had the small, beady appearance of the snake's. Her lips were drawn tightly across her white teeth in a cold grin. Her whole form trembled as with a chill, yet the night was warm. Then she arose and with a noiseless step sought for something hung upon the dark side of the tepee. She returned, clutching a tomahawk. The light caught her whole form, till it stood out clear-cut like a statue—a statue of a prairie Judith.

Then she bent over the form of Muzape Tunga for one moment hushed with terror. There was a dull sound as the weapon entered the sleeper's skull; but more than this there was no sound, no groan. And the one who stood like a shadow without the tepee was stricken dumb with fright.

Then the woman within turned to the sleeping child and raised the dripping tomahawk; but her arm seemed to freeze in act to strike, and the blow did not fall. A strange soft light crept into the face of the woman. She lowered her arm and laid the weapon aside beside the sleeping child; then with the step of a wild cat she crept to the entrance of the tepee, and gazing cautiously about for a moment, slipped silently into the haze of the moonlight, and was engulfed in the darkness of the valley.

As the dim outline of the fleeing squaw mixed itself with the uncertain haze and vanished, a great happiness leaped into the stagnant veins of Shadow Flower, and her blood rushed like a stream when the ice melts with the breath of the south wind.

Even the thought that Muzape Tunga lay dead within the tepee did not quell her happiness, for she said to herself: "Now Pazha Hu shall have her warrior; he shall be all hers."

She crept into the tepee, and kneeling put her lips to the chilling lips of Big Axe. He did not breathe. She placed her arms about his body, her face upon his breast, yet he did not move. He lay quietly with the intense moonlight upon his face. She did not sob, she was even happy; for did she not at last possess that for which she had pined?

Suddenly her dream was broken by the crying of the child. She took it in her arms and pressed it to her breast, humming a low lullaby, half believing it to be her own. But the child was frightened by the strange voice and cried piteously. Then Shadow Flower thought: "It cries for its father, yet its father has gone." "Hush," she said to the child, "we will go and find the soul of Mazupe Tunga; it cannot be so very far away."

She wrapped a blanket about the infant, muffling its cries, and tied it about her shoulders. Then she went silently through the village and out into the prairie, weird with the blue haze of the moon and the lonesome cries of the wolves.

A rabbit hopped past and stopped at some distance, as if gazing in wonder at the lone maiden.

"O Rabbit!" cried Shadow Flower, "tell me, have you seen the soul of Muzape Tunga!"

The rabbit moved its long ears, awed by the strangeness of the voice; then it hopped away into the shades; the maiden followed and was swallowed by the moonlit mist.

* * * *

When the sun looked into the village the women were stricken with terror and the men with anger. The wise people shook their heads by which to say: "Ah, yes; we feared such things of Nunda Nu."

The days passed; the moons came and went. Yet Shadow Flower did not return. There was a common thought concerning her disappearance which was never spoken aloud; but when the fires burned low and the night grew late it was often whispered with awe:

"She has gone in search of her soul; it fled last year with the summer."

EDITORIAL DIGEST

IT is the privilege, as it is the office, of the compiler of any printed work that is grouped together under a whole have something in common that gives it proper cohesiveness, to preface the mass of material with some commentary, exposition or interpretation of the place each part is meant to fill in supplying what the reading public has shown to be its tastes in that particular periodical. For the same public may be pleased with certain matter if presented under certain covers that it would reject if presented under others, the covers, in the first place, having given warrant for the expectations they have raised concerning what is to be found within them. That expectations raised by this magazine shall be fulfilled in giving, in these pages, such prominence to the claims of the West as every Westerner would wish to see made, is aimed for continually. Prominently in this number may be noticed the account given of that Government service along the coast that provides, as far as can be done, for the safety of the public from the dangers of the sea's greatest evil, and the State can find especial interest in the contribution by Mr. Morrison Pixley on "The Builders of California," which, beginning with the period of pre-discovery, rehearses, without the tedium of history so-called, the story of the Pacific Slope in a way profitable for memories that have forgotten much that has been learned.

Here, if anywhere within the territory of the United States, there should be felt a peculiar sympathy for the Latin race to which this land owes its first impetus to development under the peaceful hand of the husbandman, and that sympathy, if as real as it would be were it called for by an Anglo-Saxon people, would turn all eyes now tolerantly southward toward the battlefields of that other half of our continent, unfortunately too little known. The question of Castro's right or wrong stand in relation to his creditors, cannot be properly judged by those who are hostile to him, not as a man nor as the representative of a foreign power, but as a Latin, a son of the race which America, more than any other part of the world, has reason to esteem.

It was a Spaniard, Galvez, a young, daring, and for the times an exceptionally conscientious leader, who governed so well the great territory of Louisiana (once the far West), and left it only to take command in Mexico on the death of his father. That father had planned the real settlement of California and had effected also reforms in Venezuela, though the effect there of the earlier rule of an atrociously cruel German company that had received munificent grants from Spain, was ever difficult to combat.

Thus early were the Germans attempting and failing in colonizing South America. The injustice of their rule was so great as to incite far greater rebellion among native tribes than was ever roused by the Spaniards. Indeed, Spain's laws, drawn up by the Council of the Indies for the government of all her American territory, were humane and just; they were not always carried out. Corrupt officials, "fixed" juries, began to exert influence on this continent a long time before they held sway in California. The Constitution of the United States and of the separate States has shown no juster allowance for a citizen's right of protection from insidious foes than did the laws governing the vice-royalties of Spain, but even in this great republic in the twentieth century, justice is set aside in open court when corruption of principle is stronger than the ability to enforce the law, and we have in our midst the example of daring malefactors supported in, because of non-punishment of, their crime. Shall we, then, commit another injustice and condemn in the Spanish colonial rulers of the 16th and

17th and 18th centuries what is tolerated in our own land in the twentieth?

While wholly without design in connection with other events, the publication in this issue of W. P. Norris' "Counsel of Law and Status of Politics in Negros," seems particularly significant in view of the recent visit paid to California by a cultured representative of the colored race, who pleads eloquently, while speaking reasonably in behalf of his people. Since it cannot, as just shown, be said of Justice as Wordsworth said of Nature, that she "never did betray the heart that loved her;"—since so large a proportion of responsible beings live, even under the flags of freedom as unrecognized or unjustly esteemed citizens, it is well to be reminded that these things are so, in order to be given opportunity to protest against the evil, and ever since Luther, protestants have proven that, in the end, "they shall be heard by their much speaking."

The place of fiction in a magazine is an important one, for fiction in literature must be something like happiness in life, a thing one can *live* without, but ought not to *do* without. It is a lightener of thought, even when found in the form of a problem story, for the element of the unreal given by the belief that a story is merely the creation of somebody's brain and not a narration of facts, supplies that quality of mysteriousness that human nature demands shall not be eliminated from life. That man or woman who never reads fiction must be somewhat unsympathetic and unimaginative; unable to find the real motives, hopes, aims, joys of existence represented under cover of imagined conditions, while even the conditions are such as are encountered in actual life. One of the things which makes the heroine of "The Pit" (a character manufactured rather than drawn from life) unattractive, in spite of the pains taken by the author to win liking for her, is her invective against fiction. Possibly the author has meant to show Laura's narrowness of thought and intolerance of temperament in being unable to appreciate imaginative work, but in this piece of fiction there is lack of imagination shown in the very conception of this girl's character. Good fiction, good imaginative work, can be nearly as aidful in teaching an understanding of human nature as can intercourse with individuals, and besides this instruction there comes the delightful object of amusing, which is fiction's chief aim. Bret Harte taught this in his best work, as has every story-writer whose fame has grown beyond his own circle of friendly readers. W. L. Alden writes from London to the New York Times: "This year we miss Bret Harte from the Christmas numbers. He nearly always furnished the attraction for one or another of the leading Christmas papers, and he was always delightful. His place has been poorly filled this year. Not one of the Christmas numbers of the illustrated weeklies contains any contribution that equals in merit and interest the last year's Christmas story of Bret Harte. And to think that we shall never have another!"

Mr. Alden's appreciation of Bret Harte has always been great; greater than he has seemed to extend to any other American writers with the exception of William Dean Howells and Henry James, and the latter is certainly, in expression of his thought as he is in his residence, more British than American by far. But Mr. Alden doesn't spare the presumptious Englishman who thinks he can write "American" any more than he does the American who attempts to paint a Cockney. He has been particularly irate against "The Adventures of Verdant Green" and of "Downey V. Green," who is pictured as the American student who goes to Oxford on a Cecil Rhodes scholarship, and who is given a "manner which never had any resemblance to anything American. It is natural," he says, "that a foreigner should fail to catch the true American dialect. No foreigner, with the exception of Rudyard Kipling, ever did catch it." But Mr. Alden does not remind his readers that Kipling has an American wife.

In verse, no less than in all the prose,

whether it be of prosy realities or pleasing fictions, the spirit of the West struggles to appear in these pages. Regrettable it is indeed, that the limited space of the largest publication cannot be made to hold all the good things offered to it. The choice must be made, like that from a full menu, with what discretion it is possible to use in supplying what is expected or asked for, and even then much that is to be desired must be left untouched. As before said, the claim of the West to be heard and to be made known in its every phase is the first appeal.

We cannot, indeed, insist too much on an appreciation of the importance of the Pacific Coast. Its unbroken sea line, which traverses 128 degrees of longitude, is the boundary line of modern civilization; beyond, the circle completes itself on that continent which was, as we have ever been taught, the cradle of the race. If the "last step in evolution" is not to be a return to the beginning of things, this boundary line must not only meet, receive, adopt and adapt the civilization of the world, but it must be creative of a civilization still more advanced than any which comes to it from afar. How is this possible? we may well ask wonderingly as we think of the record of the past, and glance at the achievements of the present. Yet this is one of the suggestions to be found in the last work of one of the latest exponents of the latest and most strenuous form of civilization.

In the seething "Pit" which Frank Norris has made to yawn before the mind of this New Century, there may be seen going on an amalgamating process that fashions, out of many sorts of aims and hopes, new and strong purposes, and abilities no less fine than those that have influenced the past, while the humanity of the being whose mental development has reached the highest known standard, is superior to the humanity of old, since it recognizes a fellow being in every other human. Patriotism has been a magic, moving watchword throughout the world; it has made the civilizations of the past, and we can never do without it for very love of it, but a stronger word can make the civilization of the future, and that word belongs especially to a country and to a coast that owe their being to many nations; that have taken from, and now give back, to the civilization of every land. From the Arctic Ocean to the Straits of Magellan this word will apply, and California, holding the loftiest meaning of Cosmopolitanism, may be reckoned to have the truest spirit of America in America; to lead in making use of a civilizing influence greater and more effective in its results than any other has ever been. F. JACKSON.

TRETRAINS

BY ALEXANDER GORDENKER

We shape our policies and plot:
Time turns a leaf, and we are strangers in a distant land;
Another leaf—we are forgot.

Our works are bubbles in the cup
God drinks. Behold! I shaped a palace with my hands—
He turned His breath and it is shriveled up!

CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by Florence Jackson.

To Understand Shakespeare.

A work that all lovers of the Bard of Avon will welcome in spite of the number of glossaries of his plays that have been given to the public from the time of Samuel Johnson and have been multiplied ever since in quantity, rather than quality, is the Shakespeare-Lexicon," by the late Alexander Schmidt, L.L. D., of Koenigsberg, Germany. The two copious volumes, revised and enlarged by Gregors Sarrazin, are now issued in a third edition bound in paper, ready to be put into library covers to suit the owners.

It is to be hoped that this work will be an authority whereby to silence many of the contentious questioners who are forever irritating the would-be appreciative reader of Shakespeare, by caviling at the apparent meaning which is, more often than not, perfectly simple until contorted into incoherence by the unreasoning, if ecstatic, student. The preface of this book forestalls criticisms by stating that "obscurities not originating in the peculiar use of words, but in the poet's train of thought, have been considered as quite out of the question (to notice) and entirely left to the commentator."

The sub-title of the work, "A complete Dictionary of all the English Words, Phrases and Constructions in the Works of the Poet," does not, the author says, mean in this case an etymological treatment of said words and phrases as he claims the importance in this respect seemed insubordinate or even doubtful in ascertaining the sense of words in a particular period, and he reminds us that the period of Shakespeare's actual writing was one in which the English language, still not wholly formed, took many ways to supply its own wants in the matter of expression. There is an appendix which contains foreign and dialectic words and phrases, and where is found "Grammatical Observations," wherein is considered contended interpretations. It is a valuable work that seems to condense, even in the space of its 1500 pages, all that an amateur or student will want to find in seeking his own understanding of the immortal playwright.

Published by G. E. Stechert, New York. Price, $8.00.

Economics of Forestry.

It is only necessary to glance at the titles of the chapters in this book by Dr. Bernard E. Fernow, to recognize the value it will be to all sorts of readers and especially to those whose interest in the best development of their State or country would lead them to advocate, if not to assist in, the preservation of its forests. Dr. Fernow, as director of the New York State College of Forestry in Cornell University, and late chief of the division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture, has been in a position to speak authoratively of various sections of the country. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Relation of the State to Natural Resources," "The Forest as a Resource," "Factors of Forest Production and Business Aspects," "Natural History of the Forest," "Methods of Forest Crop Production," "Methods of Business Conduct; Forest Economy," "Principles and Methods of Forest Policy," "Forest Policies in Foreign Nations," "Forest Conditions of the United States," "The Forest Movement in the United States."

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 426-428 West Broadway, New York. $1.50. By mail, $1.65.

Old Faces in New Aspects.

In his little book "The Next Step in Evolution," Dr. I. K. Funk goes back pretty far in beginning to trace the steps of evolution, but he only gets as far as inorganic matter; he has nothing to say as to the beginning of that strangely unresponsive thing, so that it would appear that he

asks us to accept it on the old plea—faith—though he quotes from Huxley's Biology, not from Scripture, to show that divine creation must have taken place at some time. The next step in evolution that the author expects is the second coming of the Christ, and his reasoning would lead one to believe that the Savior he looks to see return would chose to save on the principle of the survival of the fittest. We will not dispute Dr. Funk's claim that evolution has changed its direction from the physical to the psychical, or that, while the measuring string that guaged a man's worth was once drawn round the muscle it is now more justly drawn round the head, and we shall be glad to welcome the time he prophesies will come "when the measuring string will be placed round the heart, and he who measures most there will be most conformed to the Master, for he is greatest who most fully gives himself to others."

Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, 50 cents.

Jonathan: A Tragedy.

So little does one usually think of the less fortunate of the two men who have stood since ancient times as the types of devoted friendship, that at the name of Jonathan one is more apt to consider it as the quaint sobriquet given to the typical American than as the real name of that brother comrade of David of old. Yet finding that the "tragedy" by Thomas Ewing, Jr., is founded on the pathetic tale of the son of Saul is a relief, just because it is a tragedy. The drama is in five acts and seventeen scenes; written in blank verse dissyllables the meter remaining unvaried throughout. The following extracts show some of the best fancies with which Mr. Ewing has enhanced even the beauty of the story as told in Scripture:

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Thomas Ewing, Jr.

No, the Lord with me
Most in the wilds, and least where men are gathered.
I tend the sheep, and feel that I myself
Am one among a flock Jehovah keepeth.
My days are filled with strains from Nature's lips:
Breezes which, with their airy fingers, touch
The pendant forest leaves, or, swiftly sweeping,
Twang the taut branches; songs of joyous birds
That thrill aloft in furious ecstasy;
While, from the far-off sea, the throbbing waves
Measure the moments as they fleet along.
When flaming day is gone and heaven's floor
With God's unnumbered embers bright is strewn,
I sleep upon a patch of tender grass,
Upon the borders of a rivulet,
Where sweet composure the vexed earth surrounds,
And all the air is filled with gentle noise
Of sheep at rest, and insects humming lightly,
And rhythmic lapping of the running water,
Which seems to flow along my veins and bathe
My body with a clean and cool refreshment.

—From "Jonathan: A Tregedy."

A SWEETHEART'S FEARS.

Thomas Ewing, Jr.

A ship that beats the tempest
Sweeps onward, back and forth, with swelling canvas;
But when she swings her prow to change the tack,
The sail, uncertain, flaps against the mast.
And so thy heart, as strong and true, will throb
As wife or maiden, tho' it flutter now
Because thy hastening feet must leave the path
Thy happy childhood knew.

From "Jonathan: A Tragedy.

War Must Cease.

"Resist Not Evil," by Clarence S. Darrow, reminds us that the pulpit, the press, the school, teach patriotism in that way which is an advocacy of war; that the drain upon industry and life to support armies and equip for slaughter is depopulating

States and impoverishing lands, and the apology for war as advanced by the most thinking persons is chiefly the relieving of the over-population of the world. But the author declares that to-day national preservation demands that the rule of peace shall give place to the rule of war; yet if the integrity and independence of a nation depended upon its force and guns, the smaller countries of Europe would be wiped out of existence, since they would not have the power to preserve themselves. Every battleship weakens a nation by inviting the hostility of other peoples of the earth—the whole pursuit of war weakens the aspirations and ideals of the race. The titles of the chapters show the trend of the book: "The Nature of the State," "Armies and Navies," "The Purpose of Armies," "Theory of Crime and Punishment," "Cause of Crime," "Proper Treatment of Crime," "Who Deserves Punishment," "The Machinery of Justice," "The Right Treatment of Violence."

Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

More of the Strenuous Life.

It is of the life we know best, or think we do, that we like best to hear More readily can we put ourselves in touch with it, feel a near relation to and part of it, if it is so familiar that we can say to ourselves, though we would not to anyone else: "Yes, yes, that is the way life seems to us." Thus it is that the latest work from the pen of the ever-to-be-mourned-for Frank Norris, strikes a chord of instant response in the readers who are his countrymen and who live the strenuous life he saw and painted. And this story of eager rushing, modern thought and deed, thrills us because we are a part of it, though to few it is given to see, before it is pointed out as he saw it, that the poetry and romance to be found in the strong motives and deeds of what is called a matter-of-fact age, are as stimulating to high effort and noble aspiration as were feats of arms and chivalry in an older time. Through the musing of Laura Dearborn on the night of the opera and of the reported failure of a great financier, we are made to see in "The Pit" how vividly the author felt these influences of clashing emotions and motives. He shows their magnetic power to impress, and through the wonderful strength of words that seem to be hurled like javelins to spear his thoughts and hold them up to view, he compels the reader's enthusiasm for the bewildering forces of restless and agitating life, a life so truly American, and this story so truly descriptive of it that, as a chronicle of actual conditions which distinguish this country from all others and are not to be found in just this state elsewhere, Mr. Norris' work may be ranked as perhaps more distinctively original than any other that has been given to the country within the last decade. The style, the verbiage, is truly American; that is, it contains that sound of the matter-of-fact, common places, which is a note in every-day life all over the United States, and inextricably mixed with the picturesque and romantic that all would find though few seek. Now and then a word, a phrase, in the midst of the most virile construction and nearly perfect expression, shows a lack of attention to every detail of art, to every rule of counterpoint, that causes a break in the harmony of a passage. To such a worker, time only would bring the skill, unconsciously used, that would complete the full major melody. For Norris gives no minor strains to make the ear watchful for their meaning, or to lure the heart with a "divine sadness." He has heard the deep-toned swell of the voice of humanity with its chant and dirge and glory of civilization, and triumph of despair, or of success, and he has set it down as he heard it—a chronicle, which an epic must ever be, of events and of persons, stirring, vibrating with the life of which it sings. Pity, indeed, that such a writer could not have lived to give the real literature of his language such lyrical expression as would bring his work to the highest standard of art! The completed trilogy of "The Epic of the Wheat" would have shown, what he seemed to feel so intensely, that the desires and the necessities of men draw them together from all quarters of the

globe, and make them alike debtors and creditors of one another.

Books received too late for review are:

——Macauley's Essay on Lord Clive, with introduction and notes by J. W. Pearce, Ph. D. The Macmillan Company, New York, price, 25 cents.

——The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation, by Bishop Potter. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, price, $1.50.

——The Complete Works of Joaquin Miller. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, price, $2.50.

——Religious Life in America, by Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Outlook Co., New York, price, $1.00.

——The Spirit of the Ghetto, by Hutchins Hapgood. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, price, $1.25.

——A Little Captive Lad, by Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company, New York, price, $1.50.

——These are My Jewels, by Stanley Waterloo. Coolidge & Waterloo, Chicago.

——The Boy: How to Help Him, by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Oakwood Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

——Ralph Granger's Fortune, by Wm. Perry Brown. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio.

——Wagner's The Life and Repentance of Marie Madgalene, a morality play reprinted with introduction by Frederick Ives Carpenter.

——The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago.

——The Ascent of the Soul, by Amony H. Bradford. The Outlook Company, New York, price, $1.25.

——A Book of Meditations, by Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, New York, price, $1.50.

——The Gates of Israel, by Herman Bernstein. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York, price, $1.50.

A VALENTINE

BY M. E. P.

This is the day, this is the way
I would my love unfold;
I'd have for inkwell the blue cup of speedwell,
My pen, a sun-bar of gold.

For tablet I'd like a lily-leaf white,
Or the breast of a white, white dove,
And the ink I'd use, 'twould be morning dews,
For I'm writing to you, my love.

A bleeding-heart for the shield-like part
Of my 'scutcheon would be enwrought,
And tulips red for the crest I'd have,
My motto, Forget-me-not.

I'd seal it up with a Johnny-jump-up
Made fast with a drop of honey;
For carrier fleet, a swallow's beak;
A marigold for postage money.

I crack my whip with its thistle tip
To make him faster move,
And long I follow the flight of the swallow,
For he goes to you, my love.

MEXICAN GOLD DISCOVERED

BURIED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF A RICH MEXICANI MINE LIES MILLIONS IN GOLD

Also Bullion Supposed to be Hidden During Old Mexican and Spanish Wars Now on Eve of Discovery.

A traditional mine worked by the early Spanish missionaries is discovered by Faustino Castro, a poor Mexican prospector. This famous property has produced millions in gold and silver, which was being taken out and shipped to Spain at the time its location was lost, when the slaughter of all the miners took place at the hands of Apache Indians during one of their uprisings in Mexico.

There is perhaps no more famous mine recorded in history than was the long-lost Tarasca. In Mexico the name Tarasca is a household word, a synonym for riches. It has been the theme of conversation among prospectors and miners of Mexico for the past century or more, and it has been the hope of every one that he might be the lucky person who should rediscover this famous old mine.

For more than a century parties from Spain and other countries have made pilgrimages to Mexico to hunt for this mine. Large sums of money were spent in these undertakings, but until recent years the secret remained locked up in nature's bosom.

FAME SPREADS.

Having been worked by the Spaniards and early missionaries, the richness of this mine has spread its fame over two continents. To such an extent was this true that no history of Mexico, and particularly the State of Sonora, was considered complete without the history of this fabulously rich old property. The Tarasca mine is spoken of in Ward's "History of Mexico," and also mentioned by Humboldt, as one of the most famous mines in Mexico, and there is supposed to be several hundred thousand dollars in bullion buried in this mine. This bullion was buried in the lower workings of the property for safety during the Indian troubles. During these violent times the miners and owners were driven out and massacred, and the location was lost and the treasure never recovered. Large rewards were offered in later years for the rediscovery of the mine, both by the Spanish Government and private individuals, but to no purpose, until Faustino Castro, a poor Mexican prospector, accidentally stumbled upon it.



The Above is a Picture of the Steam Hoist and Dump on the Tarasca Gold Mining Property.

The old workings can be plainly traced on the surface for more than 3,000 feet, and there are large trees growing out of these old cuts. The trails cut out of the solid rock show where the ore was packed on donkeys to water some distance away to be worked. At this point are some thousands of tons of the old tailings, which are covered to a deptn of three feet with soil and grown over with large trees. These tailings are now being worked over by Mexicans at great profit.

CRUDE MACHINERY.

At the time when the mine was formerly worked mining methods were extremely crude and machinery and explosives were practically unknown. As has been shown in numerous cases, none but the very richest of mines could be worked by the crude methods then in use, and, without exception, these old mines when re-opened and worked by modern methods have proven very rich and yielded large fortunes to their fortunate owners.

All Californians know that Multimillionaire Dan Burns of this State has made the largest share of his wealth from one of these old Mexican mines, situated but a short distance from this property, and being, when he took hold of its development, but an old deserted mine, having no such history of its richness, nor did it make any such showing on the surface as the property owned by the Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico.

Faustina Castro, the discoverer, first struggled without any capital, absolutely refusing to accept any of the offers made of the necessary money to work the mine, which meant the loss to him of the lion's share of its riches. Finally, however, he permitted some other parties of limited means, whom he feared less than the capitalists, to take hold of the property, and together a small plant was secured and work started. The last parties to work this valuable discovery were more anxious to find the fortune hidden in a lump some place in the old workings than they were to take out the profits from the ore, which was very rich, and properly develop the mine. The result was they did not give the proper attention to timbering the shaft as they proceeded. The consequence was that after they had reached the 350-foot level and cleaned out some of the drifts, taking out during this development nearly enough money from shipping ore to pay the expenses of continuing the search, and just as success seemed ready to crown their efforts they were summarily stopped by a cave at the 200-foot level, which absolutely prevented further work. As their means by this time were entirely exhausted it was impossible for them to re-open the shaft.

EXPERTS REPORT RICHES.

Two reliable mining experts examined the property and asserted positively that, from the showing made on the surface and down to the 200-foot level, together with assays made from ore on the dump, the mine was very rich, and required but the necessary capital to clean



Hugo Reichenbach, the Eminent German Mineralogist, now President of the Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico.

out the cave, which they estimated could be done at an expenditure of less than $25,000, absolutely placing the property on a basis paying at least $20,000 a month.

A reorganization of the company has taken place, with Hugo Reichenbach, the eminent German mineralogist, at its head, and once again the Tarasca mines will soon be yielding up its fabulous wealth on a gigantic scale.

The machinery is all on the ground and work has already been started under the personal direction of Superintendent Robert Barnett.

Mr. Barnett is well known in California, having been Internal Revenue Collector for four years and also a trusted executive officer in the United States Mint in San Francisco. This is the same successful Barnett who superintended the development of the Santa Rosalie Mine in Mexico, which paid dividends of 10 cents per share for many months, and advanced from 18 cents a share to $5.00 a share within 12 months from the date of purchase.

Since the reorganization of the company the president has been besieged with requests from wage earners and others of limited means who are familiar with the great possibilities of this rich mine to secure a small interest in stock and participate in the dividends which are sure to follow the reopening of the property.

At a recent meeting of the directors the desire on the part of Mr. Riechenbach to comply with such requests was met with much opposition from other parties interested, who insisted on keeping the treasury stock intact; but as Mr. Reichenbach explained that his former success in mining had been made possible by just such small investors, and that each of the present owners now hold stock sufficient to make them wealthy beyond their former dreams, he succeeded in arranging for the sale of a limited amount of the treasury stock at a price and upon terms which he knew would be most satisfactory to his former friends, the small investors. It was determined, however, at this meeting, that not more than 1,000 shares or less than 100 shares of the stock should be sold to any one person, and that the price should be 25 cents a share. The president of the company insisted, and it was so decided, that any amount of stock so purchased from 100 shares up to 1000 shares could be paid for in monthly installments of 2½ cents per share per month, as Mr. Reichenbach explained that it would be impossible for many worthy people struggling for a better living, whom it was the company's desire to benefit, to pay all cash down, while all could spare a few dollars a month, according to their means.

Every care has been taken for the protection of small investors. The articles of incorporation and the by-laws of the company make the stock absolutely non-assessable.

It was further decided at this meeting that these small investors should under no circumstances forfeit any money paid in for stock. That is, if one should subscribe for 100 or more shares, and after making one or more payments be unable to meet an installment, stock for every dollar that had been paid shall be issued to the purchaser.

When this liberal action of the company was made public there was a demand for stock, and already a sufficient amount of the treasury stock has been sold to resume the work, which was started this month.

If there are any readers of this paper who desire to stand in, in a small way, on this wonderfully rich mine, they are advised to write to Mr. Reichenbach, President Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico, 620 Market street, San Francisco, and arrangements will be made to get a few more of them in on this desirable mine.

Maps, pictures, affidavits and information regarding the property will be furnished free upon application.

RETURNS FROM THE MINE

The following letter received by the owners of the Tarasca Mining Company's property from the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company gives the net returns from one of the last shipments of ore from the mine, $1,534.25 after freight charges were deducted. This shipment only included 165 sax, as the letter states:

CONSOLIDATED KANSAS CITY SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY
MEXICAN ORE COMPANY.

HERMOSILLO (Sonora), Aug. 15

DEAR SIR: Conforming to your telegram of the 14th inst.,' please find our settlement sheet No 1,450. covering your last shipment of 165 sax ore. Also our draft, No. 1,335 for $1.534.35 U, S. Cy. in payment of same. And Sonora R. R expense bill for $32.70 Mex. silver. freight paid. We reassayed your lot, but could not find any difference with first results. I will advise El Paso Works to send me the results of their samples,and, if there is any difference. will send you a correction on same. I also send you by mail a pulp sample of lot. Have sent triplicate settlement sheet and M. T. sax to Mr. Cunningham Torres. Please sign and return the two inclosed receipts. and oblige

Yours Very Truly.
MARK M. HANLESS, Act. Agt
Mexican Ore Co

A BRIDGE OF QUICKSILVER

The lust for gold, which has been so potent a factor in the making of the history of civilization, and which is a force so vital in the present, seems to have overshadowed the important part played by the erratic metal Mercury in the drama of human greed. In his "Romances of the World's great Mines", Samuel E. Moffett, speaking of Almaden, in Spain, the greatest producer of Quicksilver the world has known, says, "Almaden has bridged the abyss between ancient and modern history. For antiquity, continuity of production and unbroken profit, Almaden stands at the head of all the mines of the world of whatever kind."

This mine, that seems to have discovered the secret of immortality, was the key that unlocked for Spain the treasure of silver in Mexico. In America were the richest silver mines of the world, but until the application of mercury in the winning of this wealth of precious metal, the waste was enormous, with consequent loss to the world. When the discovery was made that quicksilver, used as an accumulator and carrier would extract the gold and silver from ores in which, it was thought, they were incorporated beyond possibility of liberation, the impetus given the mining industry of the world at that time elevated it to the most important place among all avocations, which position it has since held. Spain reaped the rich harvest that Almaden made possible, pouring the liquid metal from her great quicksilver mine over the ores dug from the mountains of the country given to her by the conquest of Cortez, and taking in return yellow and white bricks of gold and silver, with which she builded an edifice of arrogance.

Thus, has quicksilver been the medium through which has been obtained that immense volume of metal necessary to the commerce of the world and equally indispensable in the arts and sciences. The uses of mercury itself have increased outside of its application in the recovery of gold and silver from their ores, until the demand for paint, medicinal preparations, scientific instruments, etc., constitutes a large fraction of the total consumption.

It was not until twenty years after the discovery of gold in California that mercury was discovered in quantity in the state, and the few gold mines then obtaining the metal from crushed quartz, secured their supply of "Quick" from other sources. Since then, California has been a producer of mercury. Mines have been opened, worked and exhausted, and while some have yielded constantly to the present time, none have approached the record of Almaden. During 1901 two new mines were added to the list of producers. The largest producers were the New Idria, of San Benito County, Napa Consolidated of Napa County, and New Almaden of Santa Clara County, the production of these being about equal. Several of the older producing mines fell off materially in production. The total production of mercury in California in 1901 was 26,720 flasks (76½ pounds to the flask.) The aggregate is made up of the product from the larger and older mines and that from the smaller mines and prospects whose individual yield is insignificant.

In view of the great influence exerted by quicksilver in the past and up to the present, it is interesting to speculate as to the results that may attend the decreasing supply and increasing demand. All available statistics indicate this condition, and it seems probable that the metal may approach that dignity, measured by its market price, to which its function in the past would seem to entitle it.

In California, attempts are being made to resuscitate the older mines, and several new ones, the owners of which are making claims of greater or less possibilities are being enthusiastically exploited. The fact remains, however, that the demand is increasing out of proportion to the supply, and it is to the new mines that we must look for that of the future. The outlook is not rosy.

The Mineral Industry for 1901, states that "The outlook for increased production is not favorable. Many of the older producers are falling off in their output, and no new mines of importance are being discovered, newspaper reports notwithstanding."

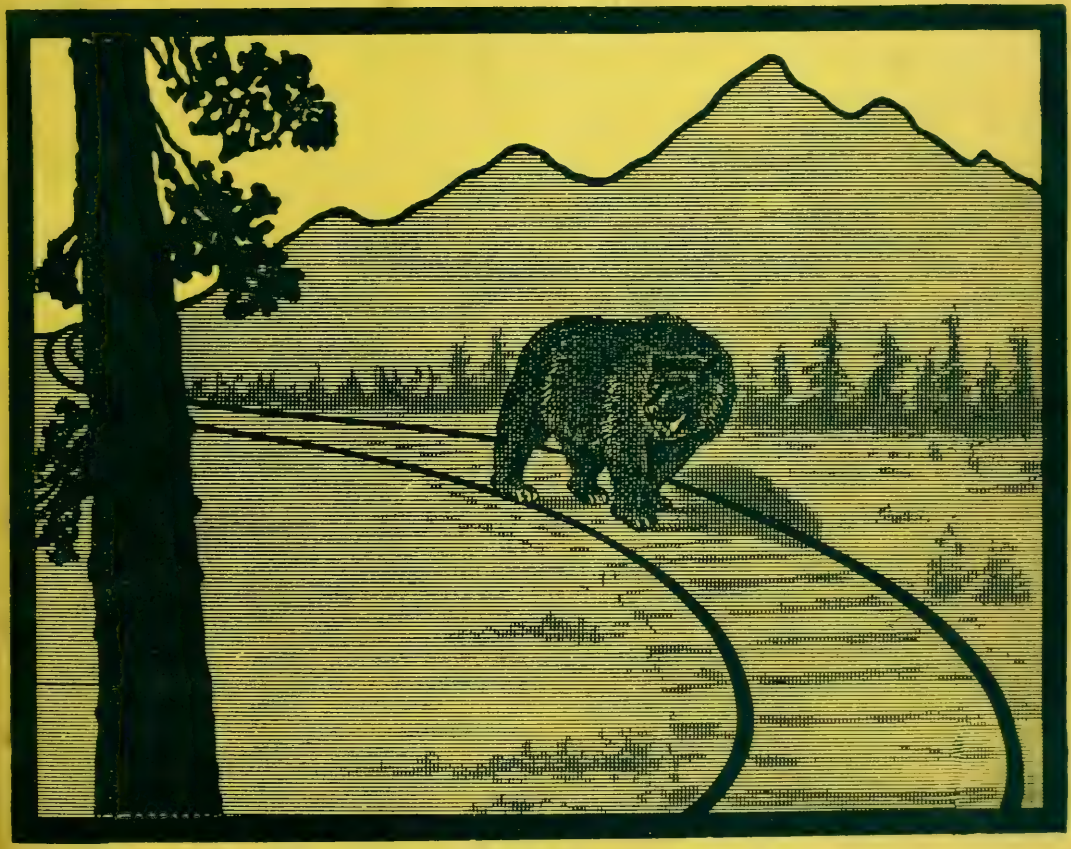
While the above statement is generally true, there is one notable exception to the last assertion. This one cannot be classed as a new discovery, since it was known in the early seventies. From an industrial point of view however, it is quite new. Why such a deposit has never been mined and turned into money, history only may tell. Certain it is, that three miles above the town of Sulphur Creek, Colusa County, California, there is a remarkable exposure of mercury ore in which just enough work has been done to indicate its immense possibilities. The mine is called the "ELGIN" and is owned by the Elgin Quicksilver Mines.

The writer, after visiting the mine, called on the agent of the Company and there learned that steps were being taken to open the immense body of ore in a vigorous manner. The Company states that it shall build a reduction plant of 100 tons daily capacity, for which there is an abundance of ore. The writer takes pleasure in announcing in this article that the Elgin Quicksilver Mines, through its Fiscal Agent, E. H. Wedekind & Co., 137 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California, will furnish reports by competent men, the literature of the Company and all information as to the merits of the mine or its management, or matters pertaining to either, on application at above address.



Out from the Matinee.

Overland Monthly



·March 1903·

San Francisco. Price 10¢


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Voiros alegros.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLI. March, 1903. No 3.

SOME MEXICAN GIRLS

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

THERE is Consuelo to begin with. She is about fifteen, with the delicate oval face of a Madonna. Her father, a Government official of small salary though well connected, is a proud man, reserved at best and humiliated by his comparative poverty. He adores his only daughter with a fierce, absorbing affection boding ill for lovers when it comes their turn. The mother, a delicate, faded little lady, has bent as her husband has stiffened.

Their *vivienda* in Mexico City is almost bare of furniture, but clean beyond reproach. They have one feeble old servant who can totter out on errands and so keep up appearances, but within the shelter of home the little mother does most of the housework.

She also sews for Consuelo. The materials are cheap, the fit and style not professional, and yet—oh, miracle of mother love—the effect of refinement and distinguished daintiness would become a princess. Four times a day she escorts her daughter eight long blocks to and from the Normal School, for Consuelo is still a schoolgirl.

Conseulo herself is unspoiled and unspoilable, docile, affectionate, sunny though not high-spirited, a most lovable bit of girlhood. She is a natural student, loving the dry bones of Mexican pedagogy and craving wisdom even though mixed with sawdust.

"I have to write a thesis," she told me, "on the relation between the intellectual and spiritual nature of woman."

"Dear child," I exclaimed, "what can you possibly know about it?"

"It is very difficult," she answered shyly.

Every once in a while Consuelo is out of school with anaemia, that curse of Mexican womanhood. Given a bedroom without a crack of ventilation, long study hours, almost no exercise, highly seasoned food with scant nutritive qualities, tight corsets, round shoulders, contracted chest, and what else could be expected? The doctor always prescribes tonics and country air; so every afternoon Consuelo and the little mother sit in the alameda for several hours. Thus she lays in a small stock of red corpuscles and her education is resumed. Dear, earnest little woman, may success attend you.

A pale, delicate fairy is Concepcion, with great, mournful brown eyes. She carries herself proudly as becomes a scion of the purest Spanish stock. She has a wealthy father, as all Mexican fathers should be, and an indulgent mother, as all Mexican mothers are sure to be.

Her father spends a hundred dollars a month on her education. Her lady teachers of French, English and various branches appear in rotation. Occasionally Concepcion takes a lesson, but the stars are seldom all propitious at the same time. Usually her favorite servant, an old nurse capable of telling the truth for

her if any such sacrifice were necessary, meets the troublesome instructor at the door and bundles her off as quickly and quietly as possible.

Concepcion's day begins sometime during the forenoon when she rings imperiously for her chocolate. She goes to mass attended by the old nurse and then shopping with her mother. (There is no need of reminding dear mamma that this is the day for the French lesson.) At two o'clock occurs the family dinner, a joyous event, for the members of a Mexican family extract as much happiness from each day's intercourse as though they had not met for a year. After dinner they separate for the siesta. Our girl awakes in time to make a careful, leisurely toilet and take her place with mamma and her older sisters in the family carriage at five o'clock. For two hours they drive up and down the lordly Paseo, bowing and twinkling their fingers at their friends in other carriages.

This is the night for the theatre. As usual the programme consists of several zarzuelas or single act, light operas. When papa steps out to see a friend during one of the long waits, a handsome young man enters the box for a moment's chat. Mamma inquires cordially concerning the health of all his relatives, but Concepcion turns away carelessly to study the occupants of distant boxes through her opera glass. No one would guess that she has his picture hidden under the ribbons and laces in her wardrobe drawer nor that they correspond at the rate of one or two letters a day carried by the invaluable old nurse. Concepcion has a tremor every time dear papa leans back against the big sofa cushion in the drawing-room, because her guilty ears detect the rustle of stored love letters from within. The match is



Mexican Indian Water Carriers.

entirely suitable and the inevitable explosion attended by an irate father and tearful mother will only clear the atmosphere. I fear that Concepcion is only a butterfly, but she is an adorable little mariposa.

Although Angelita is only sixteen, she is a type of old Mexico, the ultra-conservative high church Mexico of a century ago. She lives in an elegant home secluded from the world in the true Mexican fashion. Only the drawing-room windows in the second story command a view of the street. Here behind a curtain, Angelita idles away her afternoons watching the life currents below and dreaming of a "novio" to stand beneath her balcony, dejected, lovelorn, unmoved by storm or hunger, a melancholy human statue for love of her.

She is a most fanatical little Catholic. When not devouring romances, she is embroidering altar cloths, and seldom leaves the house except to visit a near-by shrine. On the occasion of a severe case of smallpox she made a vow to the Virgin that if she recovered without losing her beauty she would walk to church in the dress of the Virgin of Lourdes.

Her face was left without a blemish. People on the street stared at the vision of a beautiful girl dressed in exact imitation of the famous French Virgin. There were the flowing white robes, the rapt expression—nothing was lacking but a halo.

Angelita's ideas of America and Americans are peculiar.

"Is it true," she asked me one day, "that in your country when a street-car is full and a lady enters, she sits down in some gentleman's lap?"

My indignant disavowal of any such custom among us made scant impression.

"I was so informed by a friend who traveled in the United States," she answered calmly, and added: "He says that Americans know not the nature of love, and are incapable of the higher feelings of the soul."

I cannot say that Angelita and I ever reached any high estate of friendship, but we interested each other as foreign curios, and that was something.

Five daughters and a widowed mother constituted the Los Rios family with whom I boarded for a time in the City of Mexico. They are highly connected but poor. One daughter gives a few genteel private lessons, and I suspect that not all the fine needlework scattered about the living rooms is for their own adornment.

One daughter is married—the fact of all others in which the family take the most pride. The other sisters' pain and mortification over their unmarried state is naive and unreserved. The eldest, who is plain and sickly, might be designated



Rebecca at the Well.



A glimpse of Old Mexico. From the painting by Arnold Genthe.



Una Senora Formal.

as past-all-hope; the second, less plain and sickly, as almost-past-hope; the next, who is least plain and sickly, is possible, while the youngest is good to look upon and her name is Hopeful.

Anything poorer than their opportunities for achieving matrimony could hardly be dreamed of. Theirs is an inside vivienda, with no window on any street; so a "bear" would have no chance at all to watch beneath his lady's balcony. Callers would be unthinkable, even if they knew any men to call.

The mother mourned when I left beacause it would be so difficult to find another lady roomer.

"Why not rent the room without board to some gentleman?" I suggested, thinking of the delightful flutter among the poor unhopefuls at such an event.

Her hands came up in horror.

" Impossible, senorita ! With so many daughters to have a man in the house!"

"There is a separate entrance," I urged.

"But this door opening into the parlor!"

"Lock it and put the piano against it."

She was horrified almost beyond the power of speech. I could not smile even to myself. These women, growing old in unprofitable singleness, are typical of a large class in Mexico whose lives are narrow and dreary beyond belief.

There is another type of girlhood having little in common with Concepcion and Angelita, yet well worth knowing. Benita's home is a single room, one of a row of unplastered adobe huts fastened swallow-fashion to a convenient wall. Her father is an Indian "cargador"; her mother spends most of her time kneeling behind the stone "metate" making "tortillas." The soft spat, spat of the thin corn cakes between her mother's hands is the first sound that Benita remembers. This humble home has no furniture but a brick charcoal stove, rush sleeping mats, and the invaluable "metate." The walls are ornamented with a gaudy print of the Virgin of Guadalupe and small pitchers hung in patterns.



Gente Ordinario.

Bronze infants of various ages disport themselves about the dirt floor or blink stolidly at passers-by from the doorway.

Benita is a woman at fourteen and has been out at service for a year. On week days she is a lazy, untidy little drudge in the house of a Mexican Senator. She wears a sloppy, ill-fitting calico waist and skirt adding, a blue "rebozo" well spotted with grease when she is sent on errands. She is not overworked to any serious extent—less because her superiors show her any consideration than because she ambles about her work so slowly as to rest while apparently in motion.



Dus Muchacha Bonita!

Benita is far from being a model servant, and yet the spirit of serving in her is pathetic; it is so dog-like, so utterly unquestioning and uncomplaining. When she has made the last trip between bedroom and kitchen to heat the curling iron for the daughter of the house, about her own age, when finally the ladies have gone for their daily drive on the Paseo, Benita peers at herself curiously in the long mirror before she begins gathering up the toilet debris. The glass reflects a prettier figure than my lady's, for it is free from lacing and straight with exercise. The features are good, though a trifle broad and heavy, the olive skin like satin, the black eyes lustrous, and the head crowned with

glossy, abundant black hair. Altogether, she is exceedingly pretty, this daughter of the people. Is she wondering why she may not wear silk gowns and ride in a carriage? Not at all. No such idea would occur to our little Mexican Cinderella in a hundred years. Envy is a republican vice, a phase of imagination beyond the victims of caste.

Benita's day is coming, however. When the ladies return from the Paseo, Benita informs them that her aunt has been there to say that her grandmother lies at the point of death and so her mother has sent for her. The mistress understands perfectly that Holy Week is approaching and this is a polite fiction, a diplomatic demand for a vacation but she also realizes her own helplessness and the matter is arranged.

My lady in her carriage is not so happy as Benita on Palm Sunday, a transformed Benita in stiffly starched pink calico skirt and blue calico waist kneeling in the cathedral looking out from beneath her yellow palm branch with expression rapt and saintlike. A happy Benita scattering her holiday pennies after mass with the abandon of a queen, a blissful Benita sitting on a bench with her Pedro enveloped in his serape while the band discourses love burdened music from the little park before the cathedral. Truly, bondage and freedom are strangely mingled in Benita's lot.

A SONG

EDITH ELIZABETH DE LONG

Oh, Love!
So dear and dearer yet—
I would the world were gray and cold,
The pendant moon froze in the sky,
The sun were hid with all its gold,
All hearts would chill, all souls outfly,
And there were left but you and I.
I'd come and find your woman's heart,
I'd love it into tune with mine,
A maddening rhythm 'twould impart,
I'd draw your lips like reddest wine.
And Love, our love, because divine
Would lure the sun with all its gold,
And wondrous worlds to sudden life,
The living beat to hearts long cold
And sweet accord from feud and strife.



Coffee picking in Hawaii.

COFFEE CULTURE IN HAWAII

BY J. L. McCLELLAND

THE poets who do not write, frequently drift into agriculture. But they are not likely to fancy the growing of wheat, cane or cotton, or any of the staple products. They will never be carried away with the charms of corn and hog raising, no matter how profitable these industries may be. The coarse farming which yields pumpkins and potatoes never suits them, though the morning lark may sing most charmingly and the amiable pumpkin "among the rustling corn" may remind them of the happy thanksgiving time.

The poet farmer in California delights in oranges and raisins, and long rows of peach and apricot trees, "bending 'neath their loads of luscious fruits." In the Hawaiian Islands he tries bananas and cocoanuts, or diligently investigates the possibilities of raising mangoes and guavas and bread-fruit, and like tropical luxuries until he becomes satisfied that no man of civilized tastes can hope to make a satisfactory living in that sort of agriculture under present conditions.

But when he views the well-kept coffee plantation, he looks no further. It strikes him as the ideal life. The long ranks of beautiful little trees, whether loaded with bright red cherries or snow-white blossoms and deep green leaves, are very charming to the eye. Then, the climate in the coffee belt of Hawaii is almost perfection. The only fault the coffee farmer has to find with the business is that it has yielded no profits during the past three or four years.

Six years ago the price of coffee was abnormally high, and hundreds of small places were opened in the forests, and the business of coffee raising had a great boom. But prices have steadily declined since then. As a consequence, many plantations that once flourished have been allowed to go to ruin, or the trees have been taken up and cane planted in place. For though the coffee lands are supposed to be above the cane belt, yet it is found that cane can be profitably cultivated at two thousand feet elevation. It requires about two years to mature cane at that height above the sea, but the certainty of a crop from the abundance of rain on the high-lands balances the longer period of waiting for returns.

It has been estimated that as much as ten million dollars has been lost in these islands in the attempt to produce coffee. Not but that the tree grows luxuriantly, and produces well in many localities, but the high prices which prevailed when the coffee craze set in are cut in half, and an average of ten cents per pound—the lowest price ever known—is all that is received this season for the cleaned product; and this amount barely pays the cost of production, leaving nothing for interest on the investment.

Nevertheless a few plantations and a number of small farms are still kept up in the Kona district of Hawaii, and several good plantations still survive in the Hamakua district. In fact, the acreage in coffee throughout the Islands must amount to many hundreds, as the amount of coffee exported last year is estimated as nearly 750,000 pounds, besides a large quantity consumed at home.

A fine plantation in the mountains above Honakaa was recently visited by the writer. It represents the elevation and conditions probably best suited for successful coffee culture, being 1800 feet above the sea, and protected from strong winds by the surrounding forests. The country is much broken and hilly. Many of the forest trees are left standing among the coffee fields, as it is found best to furnish a partial shade for the coffee shrub. The yield will be heavier during the first years without the shade, but the trees seem to overbear in the full sunshine, and lose their thrifty growth.

The forest from which the plantation



In the plantation.



On the border of a coffee plantation.

was wrested has a dense undergrowth of ferns and shrubs, with but a thin stand of tall trees, mostly of the variety known as ohia, with a few kukui and koa trees. The ohia, somewhat like the oak, but less spreading, gives a light shade, not dense like the others, and for that reason is the only variety left standing. The others are felled, and while some are destroyed, most are piled in rows, permitting the ground to be cleared just enough to set out the yearling seedlings in rows of ten feet apart, and separated ten feet in the row. In two years the timber and brush between the rows are decayed, and what has not become a fertilizer for the soil can easily be removed.

When the trees have grown three years they are about six feet high, and bear an average of about one and a half pounds of clean coffee to each tree. They are not allowed to grow taller, but are topped so as to throw out strong branches, and make the gathering of the cherries more easy. The five-year-old tree is in full bearing, and yields twenty to twenty-five pounds of the red cherries each year, which is equal to four or five pounds of clean coffee.

The tree may continue to bear at about this rate for several years, when its bearing qualities deteriorate. Whether it could be kept up to this mark for a long time is not yet known in this country. It is probable that proper fertilization would keep up the full yield for many years. Trees twenty-five years old are common, but as they are in isolated spots, and generally neglected, they do not give reliable information for the grower, though they continue to bear fruit.

One peculiar feature of the growth of coffee in the Hamakua belt is that the trees bloom and bear constantly. During the months of September, October, November and December they yield least, and when the price is low it seldom pays to pick the scattering berries of these months. But during the remaining eight months of the year the work of gathering the crop constantly goes on, with the heaviest returns during the four months beginning with April. In the Kona district, on the west side of the Island, the crop is nearly all gathered during August, September and October. But in any case the picking of coffee is not like the harvesting of crops of the temperate zone, where trees yield all the ripened product at one gathering. The coffee cherries must be picked from branches loaded with fruit in all stages of growth, and the field must be gone over about once every two weeks.

The culture of coffee differs from the culture of cane, the staple product of these islands, is in being easily carried on by farmers of small means. One man can attend to twenty acres, except the picking; that is the most expensive part of the work. Pickers are paid fifty cents for each cwt. of red cherries brought into the mill.

Women are the best hands at this work, and can generally gather two hundred pounds each day. The Portuguese laborers often have their entire families in the field, and thus make more money than they ever earned. Children are often employed to gather from the lowest branches, while the taller people pick without stooping. But as in the cane fields the laboring class is a mixed lot, consisting of Japanese, Portuguese, Porto Ricans, Chinese and Hawaiians. I noticed four of these nationalities represented in one small group, working harmoniously together.

All of the work connected with coffee culture in Hawaii could be done by white men, as it is produced in a climate where it is pleasanter to labor than anywhere else in the world during the summer months, and it is almost as pleasant during the rainy season. There are no sultry, oppressive days, such as one might expect in the Tropics. It is never hotter than eighty-two degrees, rarely above seventy-eight, with a gentle breeze, and never, on the coolest January morning, below forty-seven degrees.

In the coffee belt of Hamakua there is never an hour in any day of the year when it is too hot for a white man, or for any other man, to do manual labor. And when we add to this statement the fact that the usual torments of the tropics, viz., harmless reptiles and poisonous insects are entirely unknown, except



Where the berries are dried.



Five-year-old coffee trees.



Unimproved coffee land.

a moderate supply of mosquitoes, one is inclined to ask, "What other land approaches nearer to a paradise?"

The most unpleasant feature is the heavy rain of winter—though it sometimes happens that as much rain falls during summer months as during the usual winter period. But it rains so fast when it sets about it that it soon finishes up its average of eight or ten inches per month, and the water is far on its way to the sea in a few hours.

The soil is too porous, and the lava rocks too broken, to permit of wells, so that to insure a supply of water for washing the coffee beans, and for other uses about a plantation, it is necessary to construct large tanks for containing rain water. For this reason, corrugated roofs are plentiful, often more extensive than are actually required for weather protection, so as to afford surface for catching a large supply of water. Otherwise, in this strange land, where 10 feet of rain generally falls during the year the farm stock would be dying of thirst, and the coffee washing would have to be postponed until the next shower.

In most of the regions that now furnish the world with the material for its favorite beverage, nearly all of the processes of preparing the bean for market are performed by hand labor. But in the up-to-date places in Hawaii they are employing more and more machinery, so that ere long Yankee ingenuity will make it possible to win a profit from coffee culture, even should the price continue low. The bean is quickly removed from its pulp by means of a machine something like a corn-sheller, propelled by a gasoline engine. A washing machine run by the same power cleans off all of the material clinging to the parchment, which is a thin shell fitting closely to the bean. This thin covering, after thorough drying, either in the sun, or, if the weather is damp, in the dry-house, by artificial heat, is removed by still another machine, which also polishes the bean, and completes its preparation for market.

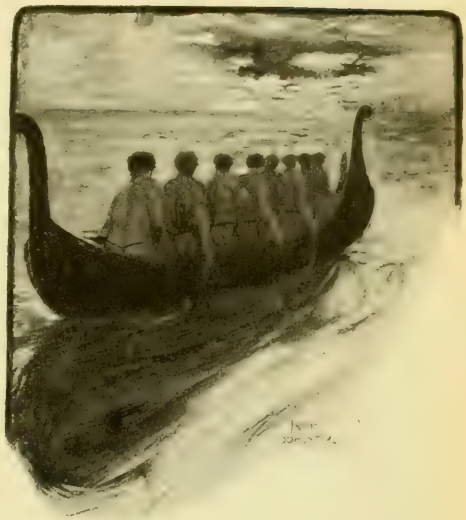
In one of the leading plantations, twelve acres last year yielded twelve tons of clean coffee. Probably no other country in the world could excel this yield. But a thousand pounds per acre would be considered a good average for the entire plantation, which has nearly 200 acres in bearing.

Hawaiian coffee is regarded as equal to the best. A number of varieties are cultivated, namely, the Guatemala, Java, and all Arabian varieties, and another that has been grown in the islands in gardens and door-yards so long as to be called the Hawaiian, though it appears to be an Arabian variety. All sorts do well; there is land enough in these islands, above the belt now devoted to cane culture, to produce half the coffee supply of the United States if the price justified the enlargement of the industry.

If the over-production and cheap prices in Brazil this year should result in decreasing the coffee area of that country, there might be some encouragement yet for Hawaii and Porto Rico to produce a crop which seems so peculiarly adapted to their uplands. If, through Government encouragement or by the natural trade demands, the price of coffee should rise to fifteen cents a pound for the grower, many thousands of acres of land now unproductive would be converted into beautiful homes, and thus might be realized the expressed desire of the President and the Department of Agriculture that small farms might be made to flourish in these new possessions.

POETRY OF THE POLYNESIANS

BY GEORGE W. STEWART



AMONG the ten thousand coral-fringed islands whose shores are whitened by the breakers of that vast ocean rolling between the Orient and the Occident, lie undeveloped mines for the litterateur rich as Pactolian sands. The pioneer prospectors in this little-known field have unearthed many treasures worthy of careful preservation, and located outcroppings that indicate the existence of extensive leads of hidden wealth. And when these shall have been worked, the world that has been charmed with the German Nibelungen, the Finnish Kalevala, the Ramayana and Mahabharata of the Hindus, and the Eddas of the Scandinavians, will read and admire and be amused by the story of the ancient gods and mythical heroes of the island world, whose exploits were not less wondrous than those recounted in the poems or collections of verses named, and, indeed, bear a close resemblance to them.

To many it may appear presumptuous to claim the existence of anything like poetry among a people who have been commonly regarded by those unacquainted with them as a few degrees removed from the brute creation; but in the eastern groups of the Pacific, inhabited by the Polynesian race and extending from Hawaii as far south as New Zealand, songs have been sung by native poets that are worthy an honored place in any library of verse.

The Polynesians are superior mentally as well as physically to a majority of the dark races that have not advanced (until recently through contact with Americans and Europeans) beyond the savage state, although in some respects, as measured by the standard of our civilization, they have reached a level below which there is little possibility of descent. And if they are capable of more advanced thinking than we are wont to meet with in the rude chants of barbaric people, yet their legendary poems seldom possess the elevated ideas that make the songs of other and better known ancient nations so attractive.

The style and tone of poetic compositions are indicative of the intellectual condition of those by whom and for whom they are written or recited. The versification of European poets centuries ago evinced a loftiness of thought and beauty of diction only possessed among a people of advanced mental culture; while the best of the latest Polynesian efforts are similar to the oldest extant which that people brought with them in their journeyings from their early home on the mainland of Asia, whence they spread eastward and northward and southward until no habitable islands remained to be peopled. That there has been no improvement is not surprising. Surrounded at all times by the same influences and not enjoying the benefit of intercourse with people differing from them in speech and habits, few new words were acquired; and, as thought in its development cannot maintain a

faster pace than the growth of the language used to express and embalm it, new ideas and evidences of progress are wanting.

The earliest Arabic poetry is not unlike the Hawaiian in quality and manner of expression; but with the acquisition of greater knowledge by the Arabs during the Middle Ages, their romance and poetry attained a high degree of excellence. In later years, however, they have lost the proud intellectual position they once occupied and their poetry has suffered from their retrogression. The poet is also influenced by other properties of the language that is made the vehicle of his thoughts. If it be pliant and smooth-flowing, there is a constant desire to employ it in the most musical forms; but if it be rugged and rebellious, ideas cannot be portrayed in pleasing colors, and a great stimulus to poetic composition is wanting. The language of the Armenians, for instance, is harsh and unpleasing, and although possessing a literature rich in philosophical, historical and theological writings, it is lamentably poor in poetry.

The Polynesian dialects, if less rich than the Arabic, are not fettered by the harshness of the Armenian, and are well adapted for song. The people, too, are of a poetic temperament, having a natural fondness for rhythm of utterance, music and motion—that triumvirate or trinity of nature so powerful at once in expressing and ruling the emotions. Lovers of poetry as well as poets are born, not made, and where there are none of the former there must necessarily be few of the latter, in conformity with the prosaic but immutable law of supply and demand.

And where poetry does exist it cannot be suppressed. The Arab casts a spell of enchantment over the burning sands of the desert; the Norseman sings of the snow and the frost; the Polynesian whereso'er he may turn, is met with a theme for song. Every plain, inlet and stream, every mountain peak or other landmark, is associated with traditions of gods and famous warriors, and every island and intervening channel has been the scene of numerous battles and thrilling exploits. Nature, too, has been prodigal in the distribution of charms about his native islands, "where every prospect pleasing is." Every swaying tree, every sigh of the wind, every foam-crested wave, every angry breaker, emits a note of music and suggests a poetic thought. He breathes the air of poetry and sings because he must.

From time immemorial these Pacific Islanders like the Gaels, the Cymry, the Anglo Saxons and various continental peoples, had their bards who composed and chanted poems in honor of their chiefs and beautiful women. By them, also, were preserved the ancient songs and traditions, and the genealogies of the chiefs, which were recited on public occasions. These were learned by rote and passed down with the greatest care from generation to generation. It is astonishing to know the number of long poems that some of them learned in this way and were able to repeat correctly. Kekauluohi, one of the wives of Kamehameha I of the Hawaiian Islands, possessed an extraordinary memory and was selected by the king as a repository of ancient lore. Many historical and other songs have been saved in this manner from the fate that threatens the race whose emotions and passions were once swayed by them. What is preserved and reduced to writing would fill a number of large volumes and enough has been put into English to discover some of its peculiarities.

Several of the American and English missionaries in the Pacific have made the history and customs of these people a study and translated hundreds of their legends and chants. The largest existing collection of these traditions and meles pertaining to the Pacific Islands, gathered by the late Judge Abram Fornander, is fortunately in possession of the Hawaiian territorial government, where it will be carefully preserved.

Translation from the Hawaiian (the following remarks are confined principally to the meles, or chants, of the Hawaiian Islands, but will apply in nearly every particular to those of other Polynesian groups) into English is attended with much difficulty, so great is the difference in the construction of the two languages. While the Hawaiian



Where the waves sing to the Samoan.



Thanksgivings sung to the God of Food.

is deficient in words representing ideas that can only be produced by greater cultivation, or expressing abstract ideas, it is exceedingly rich in specific terms admitting of delicate shades of meaning that cannot be correctly represented in English. This is particularly true of the verbs which, in their moods, tenses, numbers and persons, admit of nearly 3,500 forms, some of which it is impossible for the foreigner to learn to distinguish between, without long and careful study. In the use of the verb, the formation of words from the radical —usually a dissyllable—and in certain peculiarities of construction, the language resembles the Hebrew. Some of the ancient legends also read like the Hebraic.

Words and syllables in the Hawaiian or other languages or dialects of Polynesia end in a vowel, and two consonants never occur together. The syllables are short, containing usually but one or two letters, and never more than three—a consonant and two vowels. Many words consist entirely of vowels, and short sentences without a consonant are sometimes met with. This would render the language unpleasantly guttural were it not for the frequent recurrence of liquid sounds. The only consonants in the Hawaiian alphabet are h, k, l, m, n, p and w.

By its flexibility the language is well adapted for poetic composition, and the license allowed Hawaiian poets is not less liberal than that accorded to our own. For the purpose of modifying the meaning, or for the sake of euphony, words may be formed by the reduplication of either the first or second syllable of the root, by prefixing other syllables to the words thus formed, by doubling both syllables of the root, by prefixing or suffixing certain syllables to the same, or by the insertion of one or more letters (sounds) in some words. Words are also abbreviated by the omission of the initial vocal letter (sound) and in other ways. In the meles many words occur that are not used in conversation and combinations are permitted that are not elsewhere to be met with.

Hawaiian poetry does not conform to our grammatical rules prescribed for versification, or to styles formerly in vogue in Europe. It is not alliterative

like that of the early Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian or Tamul, nor does it rhyme like the oldest existing specimen of Scottish poetry. There is no regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity, and, unlike our ordinary blank verse, the lines have not a corresponding number of syllables; yet it is readily distinguishable from prose. It is measured by sound and not by feet, and being invariably chanted, in tunes adapted to the style of composition, is not lacking in music and rhythmical pulsations.

Alliterations are frequent but not methodical and are due more to the small number of sounds in the language than to the design of the composer. Occasionally we encounter perfect rhymes, or find several successive lines of iambic, trochaic or other measure, but their occurrence is purely accidental. A good line is recognized by the composer, however, and is sometimes repeated unaltered or with slight change of form; or may be made to occur at intervals as a refrain.

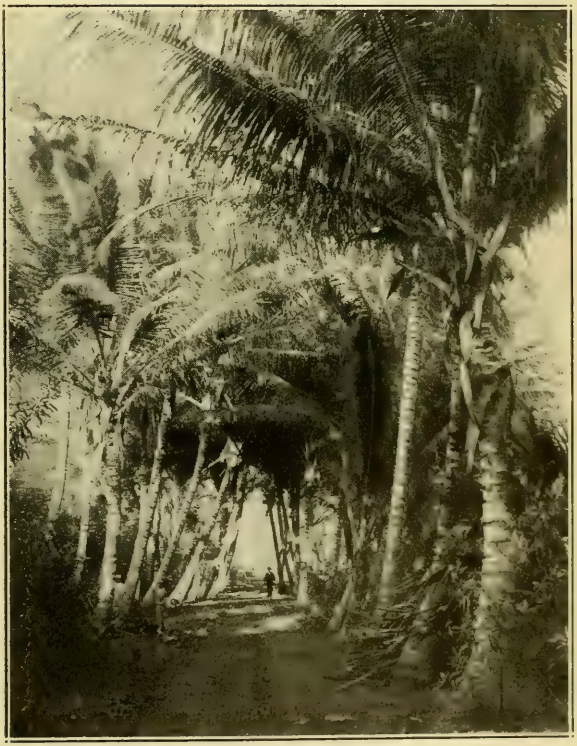
Although possessing a love for musical language, the Hawaiian is unable to appreciate rhyme or metrical precision. If the thought expressed be poetic and be poetically expressed he desires nothing more. Even those of the present day who have had the benefit of an English education and are familiar with a number of hymns and songs translated into their own language, see no beauty in rhyme, and songs they have themselves composed to popular foreign airs have lines of unequal length, necessitating in singing the prolongation of certain words in some and rapid enunciation in others. Even the late King Kalakau, who had read extensively in English and wrote his own language gracefully, was not an exception. The first stanza of one of his popular songs, writen in both languages, reads:

"Be still my puuwai
E nae iki nei,
Hanu malie nahenahe,
Sweet Lei Lehua."

A stanza of a prize hymn to the tune of "God Save the King," composed by the late King Lunalilo before he ascended the throne, is as follows:

"Ka inoa kamahao
Lei nani o makou,
E ola e!
Kou eheu uhi mai
Pale na ino e,
Ka makou pule nou,
E ola e!"

A hymn, formerly the national anthem of Hawaii, composed by Queen Liliuokalani, sister of Kalakau, is similar in respect to rhyme. And yet none of these is devoid of poetry. The following is



A stranger's footsteps heard.



The new man in the old ways.

a translation (not literal) of the verse from Lunalilo's hymn above. (Translated by Rev. L. Lyons.)

"Royal, distinguished name,
Our beauteous diadem,
Long life be thine;
Thy wing spread o'er our land,
From every wrong defend;
For thee our prayers ascend—
Long live our king."

The haku meles, or poets, have always been highly honored in the Hawaiian Islands. The sole occupation of many of them was the composing and chanting and preservation of meles, and in some cases the office was hereditary. There were several classes of meles—songs of war and adventure, laments, love songs, etc., but there seemed to be reflected in many of them the unhappy social condition of the people, for, throughout Polynesia owing to frequent wars, the oppressive regulations of the priesthood and the tyranny of the chiefs, it might have been truly said,

"Pleasures are
As birds which light and fly."

The brief existence of peaceful periods is well expressed in the following extract from a dramatic song composed in Mangaia, an island of the Hervey archipelago, wherein reference is made to the "behest of Rongo," the god of war.

(This and other selections from Mangaian compositions occurring in this review are from William Wyatt Gill's "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific" or "Savage Life in Polynesia.")

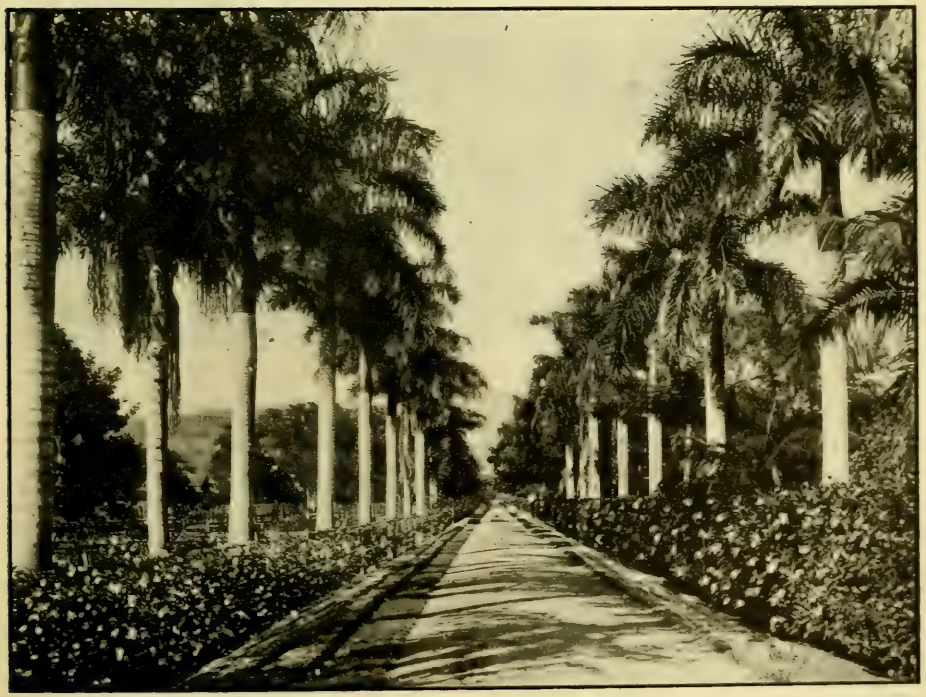
"An end was put to the dance, Tautiti,
By the warlike behest of Rongo.
Alas, Thane! author of all our amusements;
Those pleasures all came to an end;
For Miru's dread oven forever burns
In the shades!
She devours all who go down."

The muses' natural form of expression is one of joy; but if joy be crushed it will make itself heard in lamentation, and Polynesian poetry, so far as rendered into English, is almost an unceasing wail; and when it does take a lighter vein it is too often sensuous, lewd and debasing.

Some of the poets when composing

would select a retired spot where, secure from interruption, they could clothe their ideas in musical phraseology. Most of the chants composed in this manner were short and often excellent. Some of the best, exhibiting the purest poetic spirit, were composed by women. Few long ones, however, were the product of one person. The famous prophecy, "Haui ka Lani," foretelling the overthrow of Keoua, a Hawaiian chief, by Kamehameha, eight years before the event took place, consists of several hundred lines, and was composed by a chief named Keaulumoku. Joint authorship was common. The "Inoa o Kualii," an epic of more than six hundred lines, was composed by two brothers and chanted by one of them within hearing of two armies immediately before a battle. Another method of composition described by the late Hon. Lorrin Andrews (Islander, Honolulu, 1875, p. 35) was for the poet to summon a few of his poetic brethren, and after announcing his subject and explaining the manner in which he proposed to treat it, recite what he had composed, line by line, or thought by thought, the others acting as critics. Every thought approved by all would become a part of the mele. Each was revised in this way, approved unaltered, rejected or amended, the sense and words being carefully adjusted to what preceded. They then assembled from time to time until the mele was finished; and each had it thoroughly fixed in his memory and was able to repeat it verbatim. A stranger method was for a chief to gather about him a number of other chiefs, noted warriors and composers, propose a subject for a mele and appoint each one to furnish a line or idea, which was subjected to the criticism of the others. And in this manner, not unlike the passage of a long bill by sections in any legislative body, they proceeded until the whole was completed.

As an instance of the remarkable rapidity with which some of them memorized these meles, as well as showing the estimation in which compositions of the highest class were held, the following incident, related by Mr. Fornander of the



Toward the palace of the King.

visit of Lonoikamakahiki, a Hawaiian chief, to Kakuhihewa, chief of Oahu, will serve. (Polynesian Race, Vol. II, pp. 118-119):

"After Lono (name abbreviated from above) had left his royal host in the evening and retired to rest, he got up and went down to the beach to sleep in his canoe, where the cool breeze of the sea would fan and refresh him. While there, another double canoe arrived durin the night from Kauai, having on board a chiefess named Oʻhaikawiliula, bound to Hawaii on a visit. Lono quick ear and retentive memory soon caught and correctly retained the whole of it.

"His expected sleep on the beach having been thus interrupted, Lono returned to the house and slept soundly till late in the morning.

"Kakuhihewa, having enjoyed an uninterrupted night's rest, rose early next morning and repaired to the seashore for a bath, according to the custom. He there found the canoe of the Kauai chieffess just getting ready to leave. Saluting the stranger, he also inquired



Twentieth Century Polynesians.

accosted the stranger, inquired the news from Kauai, and in course of conversation learned that a new mele or chant had just been composed in honor of this chiefess's name; that it was only known to a few of the highest chiefs on Kauai, and had not yet become public. Prompted by curiosity and a natural bent for acquiring all sorts of knowledge, Lono entreated the chiefess to repeat the chant, which she complaisantly did, and Lono's the latest news from Kauai, and received the same information that Lono had received during the night, of which fact, however, Kakuhihewa was ignorant. Having repeated the chant to Kakuhihewa, and he having committed it to memory, the Kauai chiefess made sail and departed, and Kakuhihewa returned to his palace much pleased with the opportunity of puzzling his guest, when he should awake with the latest news from

Kauai. When Lono finally awoke and made his appearance, Kakuhihewa challenged him to chant the latest mele from Kauai. Without hesitation Lono complied, and recited the chant correctly from beginning to end, to the great discomfiture and perplexity of Kakuhihewa."

The opening lines of this chant are beautifully smooth and musical, and will be given here, that the reader may have an idea of the Hawaiian style of composition. The vowels are sounded as in French, and each one is in a separate syllable. In pronunciation the accent should be placed on the penultima. There are numerous exceptions to these rules, but it would be impossible and is unnecessary to give examples here. The lines read:

"O ke alialia liu o Mana,
Ke uhai la no.
Ke uhai la ka wai;
Ke uhai la ka wai a Kamakahou.
Wai alialia,
Wai o Mana.
Mehe kai la ka wai,
Mehe wai la ke kai;
Mehe kai la ka wai o Kamakahou."

The English translation is as follows:

"The salt pond of Mana
Is breaking away.
Breaking away is the water,
Breaking away is the water of Kamaka-
Salt is the water, [hou.
The water of Mana.
Like the sea is the water,
Like water is the sea,
Like the sea is the water of Kamakahou."

In the above will be noticed the transposition and repetition of lines, which practice is common throughout Polynesia, and often the effect is quite pleasing. Sometimes one or more words are changed without affecting the sense, as in the following, nunulu and nonolo being synonymous terms for the chirp of a bird:

"I ka leo o ka manu-a-
E nunulu mai ana-a-
E nonolo mai ana-a."

Translation:

"Heard is the voice of the bird-a-
The twittering from its throat-a-
The warbling from its throat-a."

Numerous examples like the following might also be furnished:

"The scattered islands are in a row,
Placed evenly from east to west;
Spread evenly is the land in a row," etc.

Words frequently are repeated in a single line, as:

.. "The rain flies—flies with the wind."

Again with the use of "that" and "this," common in oratory as well as in poetry, occur repetitions such as

"The altar, the altar of that one,
Hakuhakualani is my father;
The altar, the altar of this one,
Hakuhakualani is my mother."

And the following, alluding to a battle:

"That was a chief, this was a chief—
the stake was the island."

Rhymes, such as

"He henua hiwaoa me Aheetai,
He henua hiwahiwa Aomai."

"A beautiful country far from Aheetai,
A beautiful country is Aomai,"

from a Marquesan poem, are sometimes encountered, but as previously noted, are accidental.

There seems to have been no one who earned the appellation of "The Poet of the Isles," yet there were many famous bards whose meles are still held in high repute. The style of composition has remained the same from the earliest times; modern composers imitate but do not excel the ancient; and except that a few words used in the oldest chants have become obsolete, there has been no change in the poetic dialect.

There is a suddenness or abruptness to Polynesian poetry, both ancient and modern, that causes it to appear broken and jagged in reading, like many of the

best known specimens of Oriental verse. The compositions of all barbarous or savage peoples are similarly sententious and elliptical, but in cantillation this unevenness is materially modified. The oldest chants of the Islanders do not differ greatly in style from the best of the most ancient that have come down to us from Eastern nations.

Their poems are redundant with figures, many of them bold and beautiful. Their composers frequently introduce allegory and metaphor, and similitudes are common. The metaphysical conceptions of some of the older poets are striking, and all possess a strong love for the miraculous. They are frequently luxuriant in description and exhibit touches of true pathos. There is also manifest a love of and intimate acquaintance with nature and natural phenomena, and though graphic in their descriptions where such are personified or compared figuratively with their heroes, yet there has not been found one Hawaiian poem, however short, addressed to the seas that surround them, the volcanic peaks that tower above, the verdurous valleys that nestle between basaltic ridges, the palm that beautifies the beaches, or the stately koa of the forest. (In this regard the compositions of some of the more southern groups are in advance of the Hawaiian.) Nor have they odes to the emotions or passions, although frequent allusion to them, with faithful portrayal, occurs in the meles.

To one unacquainted with the customs and folklore of the Polynesians, many passages in their chants appear ambiguous. And even to many intelligent Hawaiians the meaning is clouded, owing in great measure to what were figures and allegories being accepted literally, after the lapse of time. And although not fully understood by later composers, references to such passages are incorporated into more recent chants and their real meaning thereby hidden. Often these parts which appear obscure on first reading, when understood are the most beautiful. Much confusion arises at times from the names of their heroes. The Hawaiians are given names of objects, events, and physical peculiarities, as is common among most uncivilized peoples. Some of these are odd enough and others are poetic. Noted personages frequently have a number of epithets, and advantage is often taken of this to make a play on words. These are sometimes ironical and sometimes humorous, but usually in praise—and always misleading when not understood.

To appreciate fully the beauties of the meles of the Polynesians, it is necessary to possess some familiarity with their history, mythology, traditions and habits. But the same may be said of the compositions of any other people. What, indeed, would be to the reader the grandest epic in our own tongue without a knowledge of ancient mythology (Hebraic, Grecian and Egyptian) and of prominent personages and events in the history of the world? No poet is more given than Milton to straying from the beaten pathway in search of rare treasures hidden away in secreted nooks; and he is never grander than when he soars away from his theme to make a striking comparison.

Composers of the Hawaiian meleinoas, or name song, and mele koihonuas, usually laudatory of some chief, have been much given to coupling the names of their heroes with famous men of an earlier day, and the giving of a local habitation to events of a remote antiquity some of which occurred elsewhere. The introduction of such persons and events frequently results in the perpetration of anachronisms mystifying to the most careful student of Polynesian lore.

No less confusing are references to local customs which often are not understood by others than those resident among the people of whom the composer was one. The lines from a Mangaian lament,

> "Slices of Maratua's ears
> Announce all new possessions."

sound strangely enough and are without meaning to the reader.

Maratua was the person selected to be sacrificed when peace was declared after a war, and according to custom his ears were severed from the head, the right ear representing the north side of the

island of Mangaia, and the left the south side, and these were divided into as many pieces as there were districts for sub-chiefs.

Many such passages are encountered.

Like Homer the Polynesian poets bring the gods from their abodes above or beneath the earth or from the sea to perform, or enable favored personages of this sphere to perform, prodigies in their battles, games, or other contests. Their mythology resembles in some respects that of ancient Greece, and the stories told of their traditionary heroes are not more ridiculous or less entertaining than those of the cultured Athenians.

Proud of their race, its history and their illustrious rulers and legendary characters, and devotedly attached to their island homes, they love to glorify each in their meles, by the recitation of which they are often deeply stirred.

They are children of Nature and chant Nature's language in her own music. As the waves are the amanuensis of the winds and carve their records upon the rocks, so the Polynesians, not less impressionable, have the music of the winds and the tides—as heard on the coral reefs in the forests and mountain clefts—graved into their souls and give it expression in the songs of their ever-beautiful isles. In listening to their cantillation we hear the roaring of the distant waterfall, the moaning of the winds, the wild rage of the billows, the murmuring of the rivulet—increasing and diminishing in volume, rising and falling, as wafted to us from a distance, and falling again until subdued to a mere breath.

One of the earliest forms of composition was the prayer, and many of such as chanted by the priests have been preserved. The following prayer to Lono, of particular historical value to students of Polynesian religions, is an excellent specimen of one of these ancient Hawaiian offerings:

Prayer to Lono.*

*Polynesian Race, Vol. II, p. 355.

"Strangely lofty indeed is this heaven,
This very heaven which separates the seasons of heaven:
Trembling is the lowest point.

* * * *

Extended be the sacred worship of Lono,
Extended through Kahiki and worshiped.
Budding are the leaves of Lono,
Changing is the image of the god,
Changing within Maewa-lani;
Sounded has the shell in Papa-ia-mea.
Silent are the heavens;
The eyes of Lono have been seen by Kahiki;
Extended be the rays of light.
The leaves of Lono are falling,
Doomed is the image of Lono to destruction;
Standing it falls to the foundation of the land;
Bending low is the glory.
Covered is the god by the heaven;
Fastened up is that heaven.
Covered is the god by the shell of the earth.
Squeaking is the voice of the Alae inside of Kanikawi;
Cracking is the voice of the thunder—
Cracking inside of the shining black cloud.
Broken up are the mountain springs from below,
Passed away has the god, he dwells in the clefts;
Gone is the god, he dwells in obscurity;
Passed has the god Lono, he dwells in the mire.
Sounding is the voice of the shell-fish;
Sounding increasingly is the voice of the snails,
Sounding excitingly is the voice of the birds;
Cracking is the voice of the trees in the forest.
Here is your body of a bird, O Lono!
Whirling up is the dust in the sky,
Flying are the eyes of Lono to the altar of Hoomo
And he dwells here in the land.
Growing is the body high up to heaven;
Passed away are the former blustering winds,
The first-born children of Hinaiaeleele.
May I be saved by you, O Lono, my god!
Saved by the supporting prayer!
Saved by the holy water!
Saved by the sacrifice to you, O god!

Here is the sacrifice, an offering of
(prayer) words."

Reference has been made to the use of refrains by Polynesian poets. These were used more often and more methodically in the southern groups than in Hawaii, the subdivision of compositions into stanzas being more perfect there and more common. A number of refrains recurring regularly as the closing lines of successive stanzas, are here given as fair samples from Mangaia:

"Our garments are mourning weeds and
flowers."
"Grief fills thy widow as she turns (on
her pillow)."
"My wife became a tower of safety."
"My home was where the laurel tree
grows."
"Never more will Iva be seen."
"List to the southwest wind awaking."
"Fell the fair palm soaring above all
others."
At Araata; now the tribe of Teipe
mourns."

The above is from a lament over the death of a chief. And the following refers to the need of a friend's protection, the use of the word "shadow" as here given being common throughout Polynesia:

"O for a rock under whose shadow I
might rest."

A leading occupation of the men of all the Pacific Islands was war, and most of their celebrated poems are devoted to the exploits of their heroes and tribesmen, to their principal battles and to the results of their conflicts. It was considered a great honor to be killed in battle. The spirits of those who were not slain in war were supposed to enter the dominions of Miru, or Milu, in netherland. The following lines are from a lament for a Mangaian who did not die a warrior's death, censuring the god Tane in whom, apparently, the deceased had placed his faith:

"Oh, my god, thou hast failed me!
Thou didst promise life.
Thy worshipers were to be as a forest,
To fall only by the axe in battle."

Quite similar are these quotations from Maori laments. (From the Maori Mementos, by Charles Oliver B. Davis, from which other quotations for this review have been made):

"If thou hadst fallen in battle on account
Of Rotua, then no lamentation would be
made."

"Hadst thou fallen on the battle field
At Tauranga, when Te Mara and
Ihumounga were discomfited, lo,
It had been well with thee and us;
Thy passage to the grave would then
Have been as smooth as these fine
Mats on which we lie."

A Mangaian poet well explains the unsettled conditions in his own island, and throughout the Pacific archipelagoes as well, in a single line:

"Mangaia ever belongs to the bravest."

And a Hawaiian poet describes with like conciseness the constant dread of war in which the people lived:

"Start not at the rustling of the leaves
Lookest thou behind thee for a lurking
foe?
Ah! how timidly thou turnest around."

The relentless pursuit of the tribe of Teipe after defeat in battle is referred to by a Mangaian poet as follows:

"Teipe is as a defenseless bird, flying
hither and thither."

Another composer of the same island, referring to the fickleness of Rongo, the god of war, describes a change of rulers thus:

"Long and peaceful was the rule of
Mautara,
Enduring five sacred lustrums.
Like a tall palm was the priestly sway.
His descendants, Potiki

And Ngara, reigned three lustrums apiece
Then Rongo willed
That those who had been chiefs should be slaves."

A Maori laments as follows the death of one who fell fighting for his land of Moerangi:

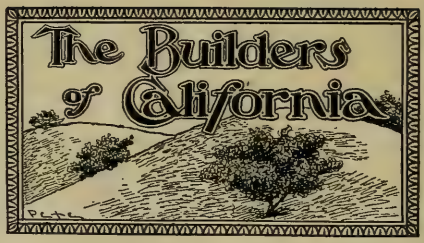
"Where are the spears which thou so
Fondly nursed on yesternight?
The garments which were fastened
To thy heart-strings—who loosened those?
Is Moerangi a ship on board of which
Thou sailest to thy death?"

A Hawaiian poet tells the result of a battle in the lines:

"The ghosts are crowded together. They are dead,
Flown to the pit of oblivion, to the pit where regret
Cometh not."









Franciscan Period

By Morrison Pixley

THE Builders of California have done great things for the world, but the greatest of their works has passed almost unnoticed by the historians of the age, who give more glory to the man that kills than to the man that builds.

It is to these last that belongs the credit for closing the circuit of Christianity about the globe. They were the men and here is the place where was welded the last link in the chain that had been slowly extending for eighteen centuries Eastward and Westward from the manger in Judea.

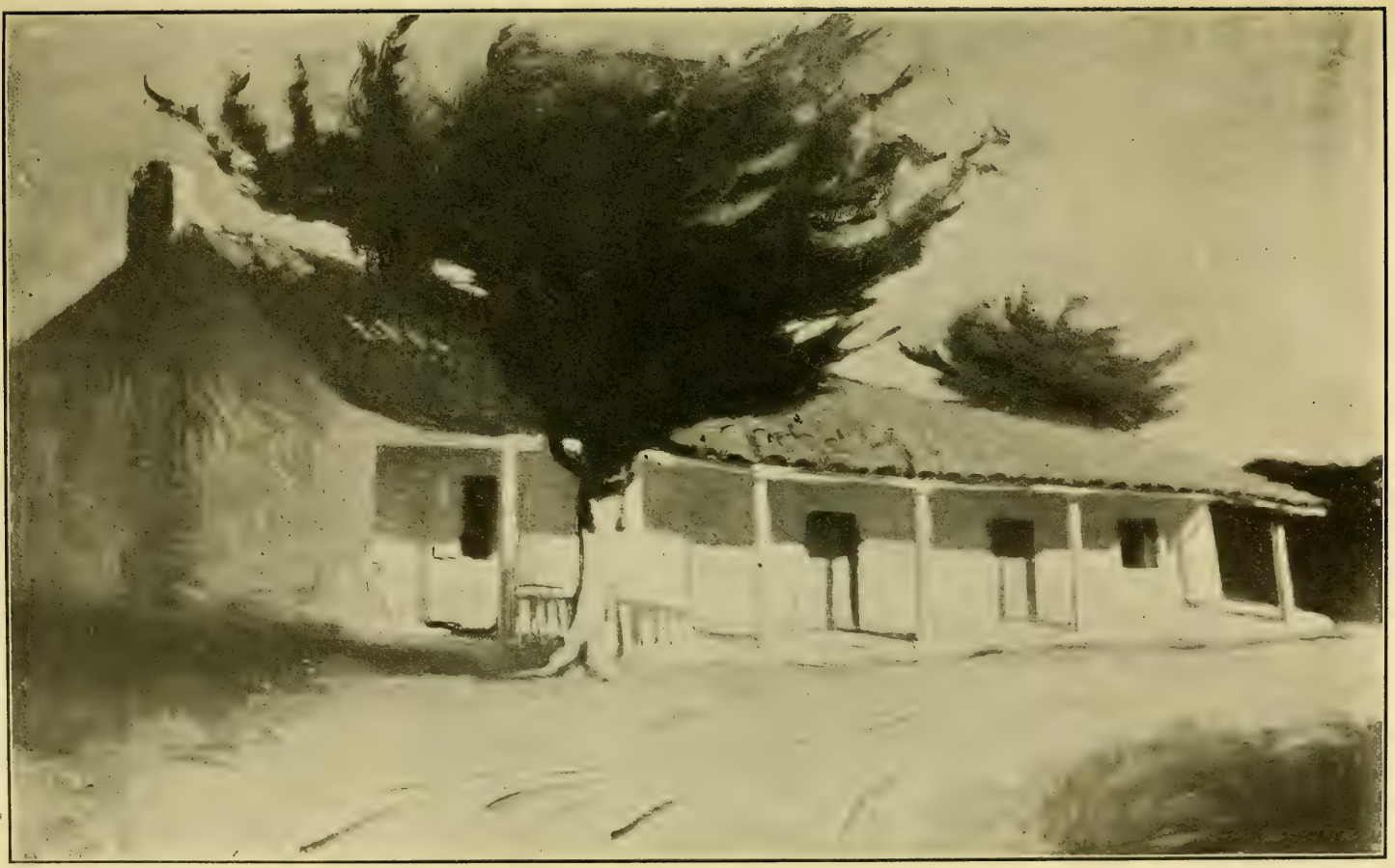
The events which led up to this, occupied the whole of what may be called the Mission period in Californian history, and the accomplishment of it marked the end of that era, which was coeval with the downfall of Spanish dominion on the North American continent and the beginning of the American pioneers incursion into what is now California.

Things went slowly in those early days. During the whole of the seventeenth century there was no move of any great importance connected with California. The various ports of the two Californias, Lower and Upper, which were usually mentioned collectively, were more or less occupied by pirates, who fished for pearls when business was dull, and at the season of the year when the Philippine galleons were due, made it their business to levy toll upon as many of them as might have been dispatched. There is little doubt that many of the vessels of the various crowns so mysteriously disappearing in the Western Sea and charged up to shipwreck account, had merely hoisted the black flag, made a home port of some Indian rancheria by the sea, and piled their gains until tired of lotos eating in the land of afternoon, they returned home with a Sinbad's tale of wealth from the Indies.

The ranks of the Californian corsairs were greatly enlarged when the Dutch discovered their way around the Cape Horn route and so avoided the Spanish defenses of the Straits of Magellan, which had been vainly supposed to guard the South Seas. Thus the sixteen hundreds were the high-days of piracy in the Pacific, for there were no cables, no men-of-war, and no laws of man, except that he might take who had the power and he might keep who could.

Were it not for the rapid succession of races on the California shores by which the nationality of the population has been changed three times within the century, there would now be floating countless tales of buried treasure in every cove or by every head that landmarks the Coast, from the place where Drake careened his vessel, "ballasted with silver and gold," and made mysterious diggings and excursions to the interior to the Gulf of California, whence came "the most valuable pearls in the possession of the court of Spain."

The first step toward colonization was the work of the Jesuits in Baja Califor-



La Casa Abandonata. From the painting by Charles Rollo Peters.

nia, where their Missions were the first successful settlements. Two friends, Fathers Salvatierra and Kino, devoted their lives to the enlightenment of this inhospitable peninsula. Salvatierra endured starvation and persecution at the Mission of Loreto, while Kino foraged on the mainland for supplies that he shipped over to the peninsula to make existence possible. Among the most notable of these were the first horses and cattle, which considerably multiplied on the peninsula, and three-quarters of a century later supplied the stock that was driven to Upper California, and whence came the vast herds of horses and cattle that made the principal wealth of the Spaniards of California in the days of Dana.

The Californian Indians, as observed by these first missionaries, were in very nearly their primitive state, which as nearly approached the condition of Nirvana as humanity has achieved. They had no government or other relation of organized society, no church, no family ties, no personal property, no home, no property in severality. Or to put it another way all men were of one family, all the land and all the property was common, and every one was at home everywhere. There was no poverty, for the fruits of all the land belonged in common to all. Their bodies, inured to the weather, needed no protection, and when night came on they slept where it overtook them.

The methods of the padres were those which were bound to succeed. Perhaps the best sample of them was the Padre Juan Ugarte, who succeeded Salvatierra, and was the first to put the missions of Lower California on a self-supporting basis. In the building of the church and dwellings he was architect, master-workman and strongest hand. Carpentry, masonry and brick making were his trades. He was farmer, stockman and sheep herder. He was wool clipper, comber, and master weaver. All of these and many things more by day. At vespers he was priest and catechist. He was teacher of languages and of deportment.

A time came when the ships of the Spanish navy, which brought their supplies across the Gulf, went to wreck and ruin, and the Spanish Government, its wrath slowly rising against the Jesuits, would not supply new vessels. Ugarte sent to Mexico for a shipwright, and together they looked over the desert peninsula for materials for their ship. There were none at hand. Two hundred miles away the Indians took them over the mountains to the nearest available timber. It had been a rugged, hard road for men alone. To get out ship timbers? The shipwright laughed scornfully! He knew his business, and he could build no ships under such conditions. Not he, indeed, and he was master of his trade and not a miserable jack-of-all-trades. Ugarte did the rational thing, dispensed with the technical master of the craft, cut a road ninety miles over the rough, took in his Indians and tools, hewed planks and hauled them with his oxen to the shore, built the ship, trim, stanch and seaworthy, the handsomest, they said, that had been seen in the Western Sea, and named her "El Triunfo de la Cruz."

By royal mandate, the Jesuits were expelled from Lower California in February, 1768, Gaspar de Portola, who afterward discovered the Bay of San Francisco, being the officer sent to disposses them. Fifteen had died on the peninsula, fifteen were left to go, mourned by their Indian converts. By slow and painful stages they were at last conveyed to Cadiz by their brethren of Mexico, many dying of hardship by the way.

Such is the reward of chastity, sobriety and unflagging industry. As they were treated, so the Franciscans who followed them were dispossessed upon the secularization of the Missions half a century later. Rather interesting it may be to some, the fact that the "Pious Fund," which has recently been the cause of international contention between the United States and Mexico, and arbitrated at The Hague, was started by these same Jesuits of Baja California. The origin of the Pius Fund was this: Salvatierra, obtaining license to found the first Mission of Lower California, set about raising funds for its support. The money when obtained was invested in Mexican

farms, the rents of which were to go to the support of the Mission. So for each new mission a new sum was raised, usually about ten thousand dollars for each one, or a hundred and fifty thousand for all. By appreciation of property and other gifts, the amount of the Pious Fund of the Californias, as it came to be called, increased to nearly half a million dollars at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits, and this sum and its interest was then turned to the building of and support of the Missions of Alta California,



Franciscan Period.

when the Franciscans, under Junipero Serra, commenced their peaceful conquest of the north. On the secularization of the Missions, the fund was left dormant until the recent proceedings brought it to light.

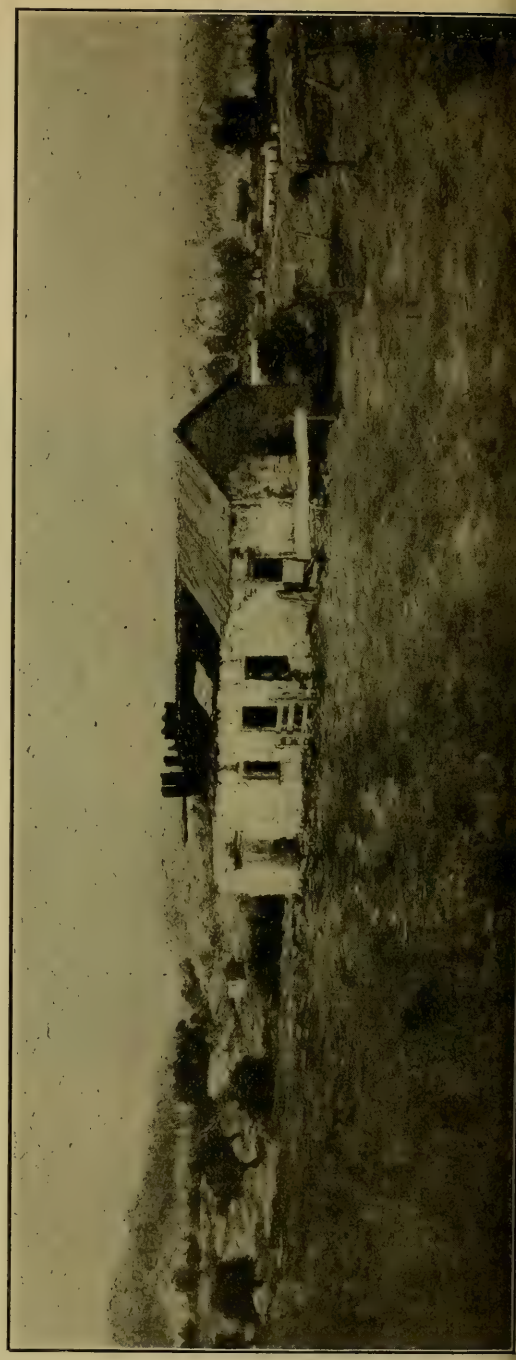
The Franciscans who succeeded the Jesuits in the Missions of Lower California, and extended the work through the present State, were happily chosen, for it was in church building that their order began. Francis of Assissi was a gay youth of the twelfth century with wads of wealth from his father's plenty. There came a war between the people of Assissi and those of the neighboring Umbrian village of Perugia. Francis was captured, and for a year immured within those old walls, whereof the foundations were laid by Etruscan masons before the days of Rome. Meditation in solitude made him a man, and having escaped, he was one day praying in a ruinous church, when he heard a voice, as from the crucifix, calling upon him to repair the falling walls of the house of God.

Francis answered the call, gave his property to the church, gave his strong life and his hearty will with it. Others, tired of the riotous wealth that flooded Italy in those days, seeking to lighten their burdens and free their minds, by poverty, chastity and useful labor, joined him. The order grew, and they built colleges and churches by the thousand. Franciscan monks sailed with Columbus on his second voyage and advanced steadily and far ahead of the sword of the conquerer, which they needed not for protection. And the church that Francis built at Assissi yet remains, "one of the

most curious and interesting in the world, being in reality three churches rising one above another, partly built against, partly embedded in a stony steep, the lower one cut out of the solid rock." Now the churches of the Franciscans in California crumble as they will; unheard is the voice from the crucifix.

All of the preceding had taken place, and yet no foot of colonist had crossed what is now the boundary of the present State of California. Its tens of thousands of inhabitants had seen no stranger save when Drake and some of the early Spanish discoverers or pirates had made short stays in its harbors. Though many of the myths had been brushed away concerning the fabulous wealth of the Seven Cities of Cibola, which were supposed to lie somewhere within its confines, there was still much of mystery hanging over, which dissipated slowly in those days when miracles were yet happening in this Western world.

It was, therefore, with all the feelings of true discoverers and adventurers bound for an unknown land that the first Franciscan expedition left from Mexico. This was the flower of nearly two centuries of Spanish efforts to take possession of what they knew to be a valuable country, but had found no way to colonize. The success was due to the joint efforts of two men who had apparently two mottoes between them: "I can" and "I will"—Galvez, the Visitador-General of the Crown to Mexico, and Junipero Serra, who had been appointed President of the Missions of Nueva California. Serra had for some time been a sufferer from an injury to one of his legs; the hurt had turned into a chronic ulcer, and would cause him pain for every motion that he made until death, yet he, like one possessed of the vigor and wholeness of youth, walked and rode up and down the Californias as though the mules were Pullman coaches and sandals were luxurious carriages.



It was fortunate that the first expedition was well supplied with the fruits of Salvatierra's work in Baja California, for that gave them a convenient method of outfitting a land expedition with flocks and herds to be driven overland to San Diego, while the heavier freight and all articles which could be transported by sea, were taken in two ships from Mexico, the two expeditions meeting at San Diego harbor on the first day of July, 1769.

In the half century that followed, an empire was developed that was in many respects ideal, in some unapproachable in its perfection, and in nothing so lacking as is usual with most specimens of organized society.

The missions were, to begin with, conducted on an honest basis, their fabrics were made for wear, the buildings for service; beauty was usually a secondary consideration, but it sprang to place as it does in a homely face that is honest and true. Nothing was done on the competitive plan, nothing was done for self. Mission blankets, mission furniture, mission products of all kinds became models for imitation.

Immediately upon the founding of San Diego, Portala set out for the north to establish a settlement at the port of Monterey, which had been spoken well of by Viscaino in 1603. He twice passed the Point of Pines, stood upon the beach and the hills of Monterey looking in every direction for a good port, recognized nothing, passed on to the north, where he "came to" several vast arms of the sea, stretching far inland, in a most extraordinary manner," still found no port, and returning to San Diego reported a total failure. What Portala expected a port to look like, may not be guessed by one of this day, but then it must be remembered that he was a soldier, and probably thought "every one to his trade—mine is not finding ports."

So it remained for Serra to head another expedition by sea, which had no difficulty in locating the port of Monterey, finding there not only the old oak with branches overspreading the beach and springs of water beside, where Viscaino had held chapel, but also a cross erected by Portala, with a writing buried at the foot stating that he could find no Port of Monterey.

The Mission and Presidio of San Carlos de Monterey was founded June 3, 1770, but there being no soil suitable for tillage and the exposure being northward and bleak, the following year Serra removed the mission to the bank of the Rio Carmelo, where was built his own home mission, which has since been the delight of every artist who has had the felicity of being able to reproduce its charming outlines and surroundings. It must, of course, be understood that the first structures that were used as churches had no such architectural pretensions as the buildings which were afterwards built with the aid of hundreds or thousands of eager neophytes. Galvez, the Visitador-General, and the heads of the Franciscan college of San Fernando, were so pleased by the success of Serra in founding San Diego and Monterey, that they immediately made arrangements for the establishment of five new missions with two missionaries, and a fund of one thousand dollars for the starting of each, and that four hundred dollars be given for the traveling expenses of each missionary, besides supplying various vessels, vestments and ornaments, together with the bells which were the special gift of Carlos III, the King of Spain.

The general public of Mexico as well took enthusiastic interest in the work of Serra, and the bells of the cathedrals rung through all the city in celebrating the reception of the news. When it came to casting the bells for the new missions, there was a very pretty custom observed by the people. Those who wished or could afford it, threw in coins of copper, silver or gold, articles of jewelry worn by ladies or spurs of silver worn by the cavaliers, so that the silver-tongued bells might ring to the heathen, carrying more than the mechanical clang of brass.

Following upon the establishment of Monterey came San Antonio, San Gabriel and San Luis Obispo in the order named. It was at the latter mission that the peculiar half-cylinders of hard burnt clay were first made and used as tiling for the roofs. Previous to that time a heavy thatch of tules or else flat rushes had been used to shed water, but these having been repeatedly set a-fire by flame-tipped arrows, fired by the Indians, the improvement was made as a protection against conflagrations.

In 1773 Serra was compelled to return to the City of Mexico, for the withdrawal of Galvez as Visitador-General to attend to more important duties in Spain, left the Californias without a friend in the

vice-regal staff, and changes had been contemplated which would have caused the downfall of the growing Mission system. Serra was successful in his embassy, and returning to California, again turned his attention to the founding of new missions, San Juan Capistrano being started by his own hands, while Santa Clara and San Francisco were being forwarded with the new supplies that had resulted from his visit to Mexico. The principal points in the chain of missions being thus marked, were often delayed or sometimes completely wrecked, it was necessary that the settlements should, as soon as possible, be made independent of the parent country for their necessities, and as for luxuries, these might with more patience, be awaited.

This was the greatest task that confronted Serra, the problem of how to make each mission band of untaught children of the forest, capable of supporting themselves under the changed conditions resulting from the necessary adop-



A modern festival at an old church.

tion of pueblo life. That he was successful is proven by the high tide of prosperity which was reached in the early part of the last century when the missions of California were possessed of nearly one million head of cattle, eight hundred thousand sheep, seventy-five thousand horses, ten thousand mules, and thirteen thousand hogs, figures which are dry enough of themselves, but translated into beefsteaks, mutton chops, horse-back rides and sausages, they tell a tale of plenty that is not to be equaled on earth to-day nor often before.

Serra conceived the grand plan of a complete series of links which should place each within a day's foot journey of the others, so that the traveler should be able to rest every night under the hospitable roofs of the friars and find food for himself and his horse furnished without price, for money was in those earlier days of the missions merely a curiosity, and without use, as there was not a store nor factory in the Californias, and the pay of missionaries and soldiers was sent from Mexico in the form of merchandise. As the ships from San Blas

Hides and tallow were the principal forms of hoardable wealth, and it is related of one of the friars of orders Grey, that being unwilling to trust the produce of his mission to the ordinary courses of trade, he caused subterranean chambers to be excavated and lined with masonry, wherein he annually poured the year's melt of tallow, until he had shiploads of solid fat, as good and as safe from a financial standpoint as cash in the bank. From rawhides were made shoes and rough clothing for the men, saddles, harness, chair and bed bottoms, table covers, wainscoting, screens, fastenings for the rude oxcarts, and tires for the huge wheels which were sawn from a single section of a tree, lashings to secure the timbers of buildings, cords, ropes and twines, and hundreds of other things which only an Indian race, used for generations to depending upon buckskin could invent.

So preservative and salubrious is the climate of California that the rawhide lashings may be seen in place holding the rafters of the old Mission Dolores in San Francisco, as well as in other places where "restorations" have not destroyed.

The Franciscans, coming from Italy and Spain, had a better knowledge of agriculture and horticulture adapted to the climate of California than any of the immigrants from rainy countries are apt to acquire. They knew at sight that irrigation must be practiced to insure the most profitable results, and so they lost no valuable decades in fruitless experiments of flying in the face of nature. Near each settlement were rich bottom lands over which was conducted the water of a near-by stream, and here was raised Indian corn, pumpkins and Spanish watermelons, deep green without, deep red within, beans, peas and minor vegetables; on the mesas, outlying, were fields of barley and of the hardy Sonora wheat, which ripened surely even in dry summers. Orchards of various fruits and of olives and vineyards, gratified the palate or cured from scurvy the ill-fed mariners of a storm-tossed ship. Mission olives and mission grapes have never yet met their equals for fineness of flavor, and the quality of oil and wine made from them first christened the name of California as the world's superior in these lines. There were also in the patios bushes of Castilian rose, which in this climate is the rosiest of all roses, and yields the precious attar as abundantly as the gulestans of Persia. Each mission was provided with one or more grinding mills composed of a shallow circular stone vat, some feet in diameter, in the center of which was a vertical shaft carrying a horizontal axle, at either extremity of which were two stone disks twenty or thirty inches in diameter and from four to six inches thick, which rolled round and round the bed of the vat as the verticle axle was rotated by oxen attached to an arm fastened to its upper extremity. In these mills were ground olives for oil and cereals for breadstuff.

Santa Inez, founded in 1804, was the last of the chain of missions from San Diego to San Francisco, and it completed the conquest of the coast as far as the Spaniards cared to venture, until 1812, when the Russians coming from the misty northwest, founded what is now known as Fort Ross, near the mouth of the Russian river, and aroused Spain to danger from a new direction. Nothing was done, however, until a frightful mortality of some sort seized upon the Indians of the Mission Dolores, and the Mission San Rafael Archangel was founded in 1817 partly as a sanitarium for hastening the convalescence of numerous sufferers and also as a check to the advance of Russian colonization, although nothing but the most friendly relations existed between the two sets of colonists. Thus was completed the girdle of Christianity about the globe. In its entire significance the most stupendous event in history.

In 1823 was built the last of the Franciscan Missions at Sonoma, although San Rafael still remained the most Western. Shortly after came the Revolutionary wave up to California and then secularization. The Mission Church of the Franciscans at Sonoma is now used as a barn. The old Greek Church at Fort Ross is used as a barn. So in the end as in the beginning the manger marks the terminals of Christianity.



A Gringo in the Mission. From the painting by Aug. Humborg, Munich.

Monterey Before the Gringos Came

BY RICHARD L. SANDWICK

IT is hard for the stranger to realize as he looks on the old tile-covered adobes of Monterey, small, many of them scarcely more than huts, that these houses once sheltered the proud owners of nearly all the valuable land from Sacramento to Santa Barbara. Yet such was the case. Families who held large ranchos as far off as Santa Clara or San Luis Obispo had also their city houses in the old capital. Many of the old families still live there under the same tile roofs, descendants of the Castros, the Vallejos, Abrigos, Soberanes, Sotos, Estradas, and others, who measured their lands by the league and owned all the cattle on a thousand hills.

These were the good old times before the Gringos came. Life was easy, money plenty, and amusement was the serious end of existence. It has been my good fortune to know some of those that lived this life, and to get from their lips the story of the fun that then went round.

The number of holidays and feast days was surprisingly large. Every Sunday was a fiesta, and the birthdays and weddings that intervened added still more to the merry-making. The children of a fairer skin that each year visit now this region in hundreds, going out to discover Point Lobos, Cypress Point, Midway Point, Pebbly Beach, Moss Beach, and the rest, and to write home glowing descriptions of them, little realize that these places were the scenes of picnics and *merienaas* long before their parents were born.

On such occasions it was customary to send the ox-wagon or carita, with its wheels of solid wood, out to one of these places in the early morning, carrying good things to eat, tamales, tortillas, enchilades, chiles rellerios, panoches, and azucarillos. Later, the gentry came mounted on horseback. Often the young caballero had his sweetheart on the same horse in front of him. Sometimes a platform had been erected in a shady place, and there the young folks danced to the sound of guitars. Instead of the ground-squirrel that now half-timid, half-saucy, creeps up to share the picnickers' lunch, sometimes a giant grizzly stalked from the woods and loomed up on his hind legs to look at the feasters; for this wooded peninsula was full of bears. Or perhaps a mountain lion, screened by the dark foliage, lay along the bough of some great cypress and eyed the feast.

There were clam-bakes and mussel-bakes on the beach just as now. A hole was dug in the dry sand and filled with hot stones; then the stones were taken out and the mussels put in and kept there till they opened and were cooked to a delicious turn. But the mounds of mussel shells you find on the shore out toward Point Pinos lighthouse were made by the Indians. I have dug into some of these further down the coast, to the depth of six and eight feet, and have passed through the ashes of many an old campfire, held in the same spot year after year in the seasons when acorns were scarce, and the Indians came down to live off the sea, as now the Chinese do.

But to return to Monterey and the good times there. The world has never seen better riders than the old Montereyans. Most of the sport among men was on horseback. There was the colear or tailing the bull. I have talked with those who saw that done on Alvarado street, when that street was scarcely more than a bridle path, for the Spanish of early California were not road builders. One such scene was described to me as follows:

At the end of the street by the plaza, Governor Castro had a stone corral. At the entrance to this, on each side of the gate, a mounted vaquero had taken

his stand. The bull was driven out of the enclosure. When he had run a short distance from the riders a signal was given and they galloped down the street after him. The one that reached the animal first, seized his tail, turned it around the pommel of his saddle, and guiding his horse a little to the side, threw the bull completely off his feet. Quick as a flash the vaquero leaped from his horse, and with a short rope tied the bull's legs together and left him helpless on the ground. So skillful were the vaqueros at this that the contest was usually won by him who had the best mount, and could reach the bull first.

Then there was the cock race. A rooster was buried in the sand, only the head above ground and that well greased. A half dozen horsemen raced to get it, bending low from the saddle, and he was judged victor who succeeded in pulling up the bird by the head, or, if it stuck too fast in the sand, in pulling the head from the body.

Spain seems to be the only country that has handed down the sports of the Roman amphitheatre. The bull fights are no doubt survivals of the gladiatorial shows that once delighted the populace of Rome. There were bull-fights in Monterey in the olden times such as are known in Spain and Mexico. But more frequent, as affording greater amusement, was the bull-and-bear fight. A grizzly was lassoed by two or more vaqueros and dragged to the scene of combat, and the monarch of the herd was brought to give him battle. I talked with an old lady who saw one of these fights from the rear porch of the old Pacific House in 1847.

The beasts were within the stone corral, still partly standing, and were fastened together by a long chain. They thus interfered with one another enough to provoke a fight. The leading citizens and their families occupied the porch of the adobe hotel; the rabble lined the fence-tops.

The bull began the fight by charging the grizzly with his horns. A blow from the grizzly's paw did not stop the onset. In a moment they were rolling over each other in the dust. But the bear finally, though badly gored, got his teeth fastened into the bull's neck, and the bull was pulled to his knees. His tongue hung out. This was what the bear wanted. He got his claw into the mouth, pulled the tongue out still further, and then bit it off. With this the bull gave up the contest, and soon after both animals were dispatched.

The people in Monterey still remember Augustin Escobar, the hunter, who encountered and slew a bear with his knife in the woods where Pacific Grove nŏw stands. It is said that this man was afterward induced to fight a bear for the delectation of the people at a fiesta in Monterey. With only a knife as a weapon, he rolled his serape or heavy cloak about his left arm and shoulder as a shield from the terrible claws. The crowd got the worth of their money; for not only was the bear killed, but Escobar carried to the end of his days, two ugly claw marks down face and chest that made him interesting, if hideous. These sights must have been degrading and it is a source of pride to know that our government put a stop to all such shows in the early fifties.

In the evening the dance was on. There were many young people; most of the families were large and numbered a good round baker's dozen. You will cease to wonder at the number of rooms added on to make up the long, rambling adobe known as the Abrigo House, when you learn that twenty-one children from one father and mother once lived in the place. The custom house was a favorite scene of public dances. Sometimes the dancers danced alone, sometimes in pairs or companies. A shower of silver dollars fell at the feet of the senorita who could do *el son* well. Then there was *la bamba*, danced with a glass of water on the head; the contradanza was a general favorite, and also the dance in which cascarones—egg-shells filled with perfume or tinsel—were broken over the heads of the dancers. The American waltz came in under Governor Alvarado and though the priests threatened excommunication if the dancers persisted in dancing it, and even though they went so far as to nail this edict against waltz-

ing to the door of San Carlos Chapel, that was all the good it did. The young folks continued to waltz, nevertheless, and their children's children waltz still in Monterey though not in the old Custom House.

Speaking of the church, an interesting ceremonial took place on Good Friday. On this day a straw effigy was made by the padres in the likeness of a man, and called Judas Iscariot. This was tied to a bucking broncho, and the horse was followed by the crowd, who pelted the image with rocks. If it failed to go to pieces under this treatment, they took it off at last, and burned it in the middle of the plaza. With it, all the bad luck of the coming year vanished in smoke.

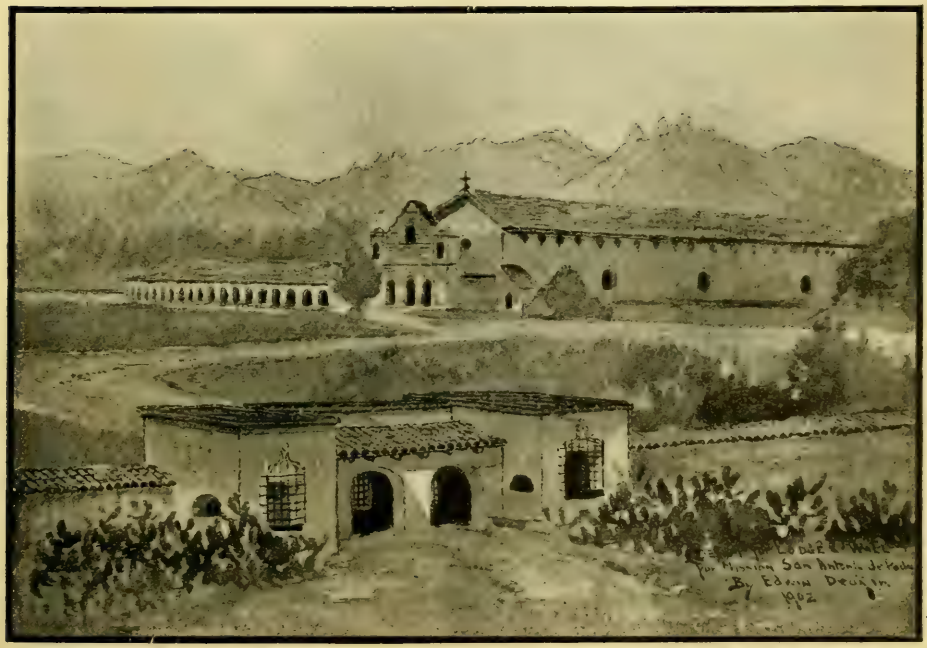
It is a pity that California was provoked to war with the Americans. If Larkin and Sloat had had their way, it might have come into the Union without the firing of a single shot; but the ambition of Fremont did not permit it. One incident of this time I cannot forbear repeating as it was told me by Mrs. A. G. Lawrey, an interested party.

Every one who has visited Monterey has noticed the old brick house by the whaling station. This was built by Mrs. Lawrey's father. There during the war, the wife of Commandante Castro used to come and sit on the doorstep, and visit with the American family; but she never entered the door. The general had exacted from her the promise that she would never enter an American door while he was away fighting Fremont.

"You like the Americans so well" said he "that I've a mind to bring you a string of American ears to wear instead of pearls as a necklace."

When Mrs. Castro told the Dickinsons this story, General Castro and his command were already fleeing in panic toward the Mexican border, and she prayed the good Virgin that her husband might bring his own ears back in safety to Monterey.

It is fortunate for the traveller that the wheels of progress have not turned fast enough at Monterey to grind out all that once stood for Spanish life in California. And surely no place on the continent can better repay a visit than this interesting and historic city, which Stevenson loved, and styled—the Old Pacific Capital.





Curios that pass through the mails.

Uncle Sam's Postal Morgue

JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

AMONG the objects of interest visited by sight-seers at the national capital is the new post-office building, a vast structure nine stories high, occupying a whole block on Pennsylvania avenue, not far from the Treasury Department. The entire ground floor of the building is devoted to the postal service of Washington City. A glass roof covers the central part of this basement floor, but the walls of the edifice rise eight stories higher, enclosing a grand interior court on top of the glass roof, while a second roof, arched and made also of glass, covers the whole, producing a fine architectural effect. The building is modeled upon the style prevalent in Cuba and Porto Rico, the court being filled with magnificent palms and other potted plants.

The entire upper portion of the edifice is arranged for the use of the post-office department, which deals with the mails of the entire United States, the Postmaster-General himself, having his office in one of the rooms. Perhaps the most interesting bureau of this department is Uncle Sam's postal morgue, otherwise known as the Dead Letter Office. Thither are sent, from all parts of the country, the waifs that go astray in the mails and remain unclaimed after every means has been exhausted by the local postmasters to find their owners. On arriving at the office the bags of defunct mailing matter are deposited in one big, general opening room. In the old building formerly occupied by the Post Office Department there was a gallery above this room from which visitors could look down upon the work in progress. The bags containing letters only are dumped be-



Interior Court of Post Office, Washington, D. C.



In Museum of Dead Letter Office.

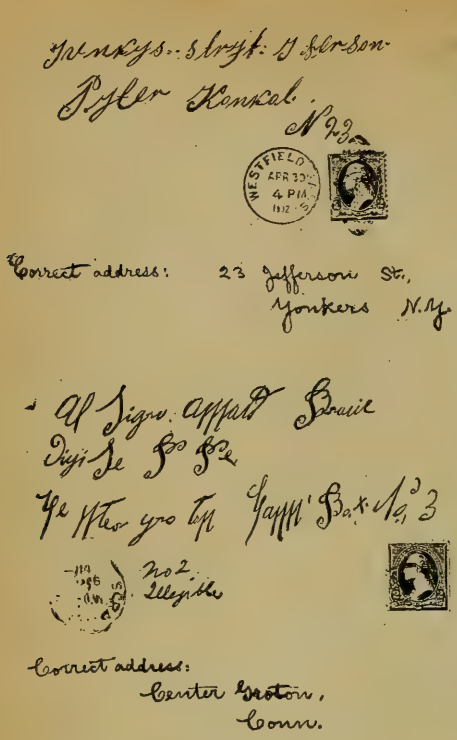
side the sorting table, where by expert hands they are quickly sorted, classified as foreign and domestic and tied up in bundles of a hundred each, to be distributed among the clerks who have charge of the opening.

Some six million letters pass over this table each year, more than 20,000 of which bear no addresses whatever. The rest have vague inscriptions of a most puzzling character. The envelopes are next slit and their contents searched to see if they contain money, checks, or negotiable notes, a record being kept of all letters with valuable inclosures. Every effort is subsequently made to identify either the sender or the person addressed, and in this manner the office is able to return most of the money found, although the unidentified remainder aggregates some $3,000 annually, and is turned into the United States Treasury. It seems hard to believe also that at least thirty thousand unredeemed photographs find a resting place each year at the Government postal morgue. But the most interesting part of the room to the curious is the corner where packages are opened. Such queer things are evolved from the brown-paper wrappings. Handkerchiefs and books are numberless; cheap jewelry is also extensively represented and scarcely any small article in common use can be named of which a sample has not been uncovered in the course of dead letter examinations. But when it comes to petrified frogs, coffin plates, electric bells, and razors, the imagination finds itself taxed to suggest greater absurdities that could be sent as presents through the mail. If no clue to the ownership of this heterogeneous assortment can possibly be discovered inside the packages, they are carried to a big store room in the building to remain two years, at the end of which period the whole mass is looked over and made up into new bundles of a miscellaneous description prepartory for the annual auction sale, held each winter to rid the office of burdensome accumulations.

The bundles are so prepared as to make the contents of each, value about sixty cents; and as the bundles number several thousand, it is not astonishing that the sum realized by the Government at the end of every auction amounts to about $3,000. Quite a crowd assembles to attend the sales, drawn thither by various



The new Post Office Building, Washington, D. C.

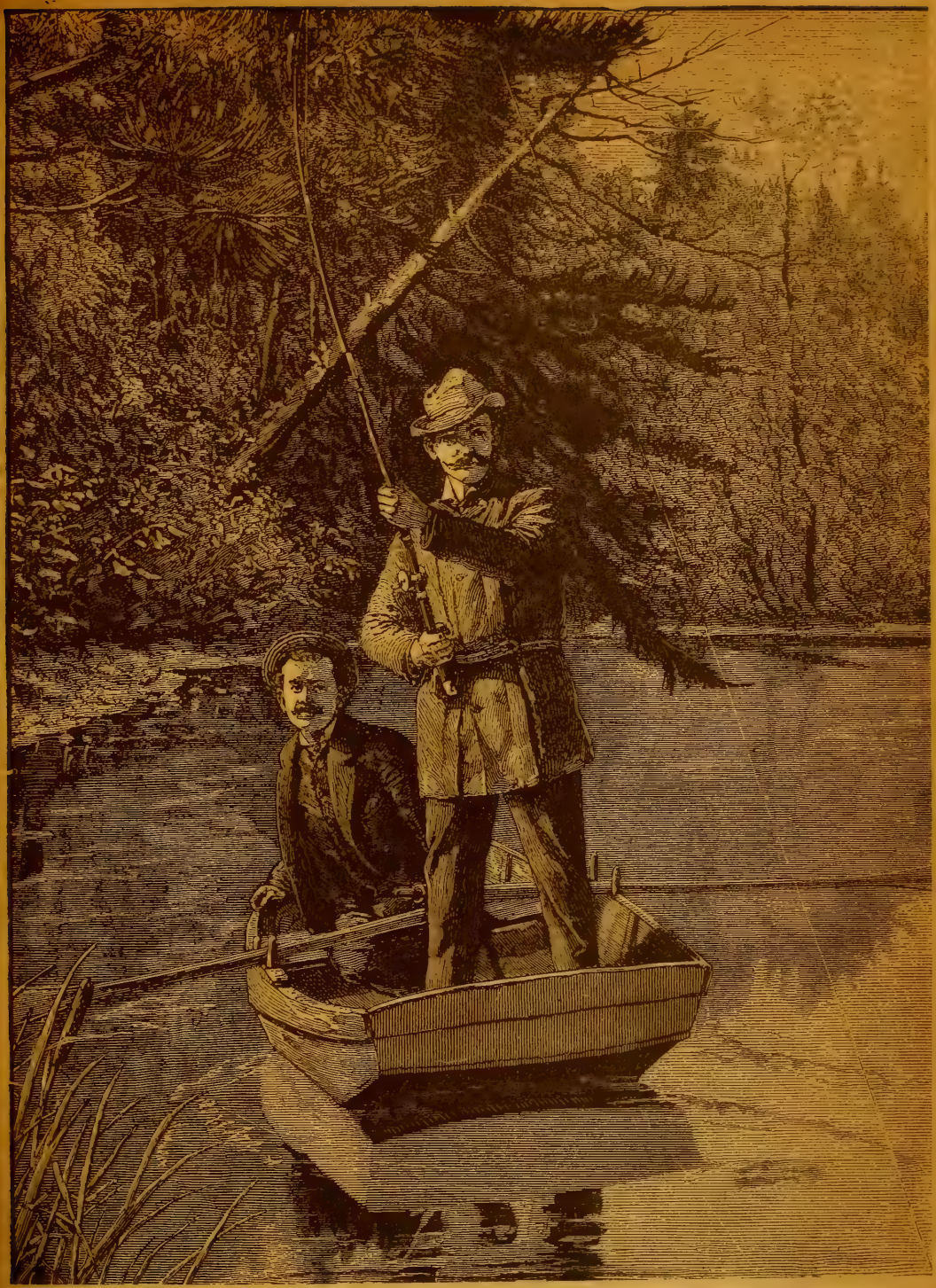


Modern Hieroglypstics.

motives. Some come merely to gratify their curiosity; others have looked over the catalogue of articles to be disposed of, published in the newspapers prior to the auction, and have seen something which they particularly coveted; others are simply actuated by the bargain mania, and bid for the mysterious packages with the keen enjoyment of a lottery. Very funny are the experiences of those opening the hidden treasures they so blindly purchase. A damaged vest, three cheap handkerchiefs, two neckties and a harmonica is one awardment; a picture book, a hawk trap, a damaged toilet case, some music and a pack of cards, are the enviable surprise gifts to another buyer, while a curling iron, a note book, three tooth brushes, some crochet yarn, and a pair of side combs are the acquisition of a third party. In another package are found a dozen gold-plated frames for spectacles.

But not all of the articles which drift into the Dead Letter Office under the comprehensive title of merchandise are disposed of to the public. The nicest books are kept for the Library of the Post Office Department, while the most peculiar specimens of gift-making through the mails are preserved in the museum of the Bureau. Most conspicuous among the curios adorning these shelves may be noted a doll made of corn husks, a doll's chair made of feathers, a white silk parasol, a box of raisins, a ham, an old tin kettle, a lady's bustle, an assortment of pistols and knives, a souvenir gondola marked "Venezia," some wedding cake in a tin box, a bird's nest with eggs in it, several stuffed birds, a coffee pot, a large chopping axe, a gilded horse shoe marked Billy, a bunch of Chinese fire-crackers, two or three umbrellas, a human skull, a washboard, a common brick, a toy skeleton, and the model of a sewing machine. Some of these articles never reach their destination because of insufficient postage. A notable instance of this delinquency is a big cocoanut bearing the distinct address of a gentleman in New York. The history of this eccentric relic, which has ornamented the shelf of the museum many years, states that the party in question was notified of its detention, but on hearing that the amount of postage due for its delivery would many times out-value the cost of several cocoanuts, he preferred to leave his property unclaimed. Among very singular objects are a toy alligator standing on its hind legs, another one coming out of an egg, a life-sized monkey made out of cocoanut fibre, some wooden forks with curiously carved handles, recently arrived from the Philippine Islands as presents or specimens; a mouse trap with a hideous ogre mouth to admit the tiny rogues, and an old love letter written on a thin wooden plank two feet long and a foot wide.

The occupation of opening defunct packages is not always a harmless and amusing one, as is witnessed by a jar containing snakes preserved in alcohol, these innocuous reptiles having arrived in a perforated tin can. The sensation of their advent was only equaled by one other exciting occasion at the office when an ordinary-looking package addressed to



When the finny world's alive.

From the painting by R. F. Zogbaum.

a lady was discovered to conceal a loaded pistol. But the circumstances preceding the tragedy this weapon might nave wrought, have never been revealed. Another favorite incident, of a less startling nature, which is told to visitors at the museum, declares that a gentleman actually claimed a set of false teeth, that he saw on one shelf as his own, and proved his right by showing that they fitted his mouth exactly.

As a monument to the cleverness of its employees, the Dead Letter Office keeps in the museum, framed in glass, a number of samples of execrable penmanship, on the backs of envelopes, which has actually been deciphered and the enclosed contents despatched to their correct addresses. Whenever an address is disciphered and sent to its place of destination, the postmaster is requested to return the empty envelope to the office as an acknowledgment of its receipt, and it is almost inconceivable by what ingenuity so many letters are verified and set a-going once more after having been pronounced dead. Some quality akin to inspiration seems requisite to correct the mistakes in spelling and supply insufficient addresses, especially when many of the blunders are committed by foreigners. The mischievous story which asserts that a letter once arrived at the office having no writing but three words arranged in the following order:

Wood,
John,
Mass.

and falling into the hands of a specially gifted clerk, was made to read:

John Underwood,
Andover, Mass.

can scarcely be regarded as a fabrication when compared with actual facts. For example, a letter directed to

Lobestyjan Gerwouker,
Tantomas,

and pronounced "illegible," was turned and twisted by one of the women expert clerks until it evolved the name of town and State as Taunton, Mass.

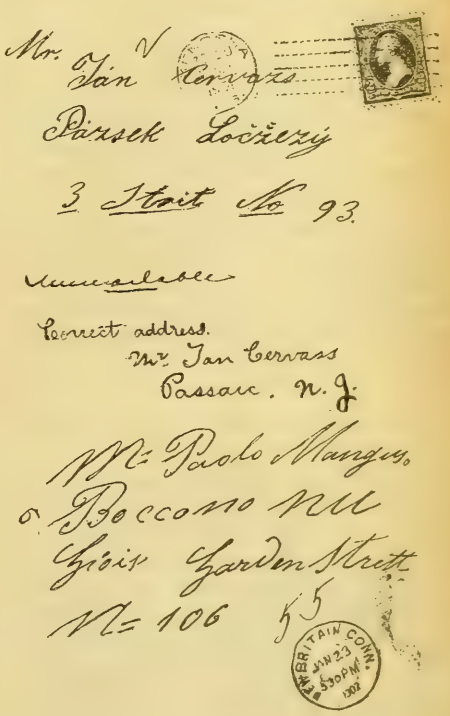
Another example of hieroglyphics successfully interpreted is furnished by:

M. farangesco Napoletano,
Stater Naielande,
Nerbraiti Sechem Street,
No. 41.

the missive being finally delivered to Mr. Napoletano, at No. 41 Second Street, New Brighton, N. Y.

Woman's reputation for guessing correctly or her intuitive genius, seems to be recognized in this section of the Dead Letter Office, for the experts here are women.

"How did you know where to send this?" asked a visitor, taking up an empty envelope which bore nothing on its back but a slip cut from some circular



A puzzle not Chinese.

representing a wreath of flowers surrounding the printed name, "F. B. Mills."

"I don't know," said the woman clerk, laughing. "I just happened to remember that there was a florist of that name at Rose Hill, N. Y."

A similar case to the one last mentioned was a communication addressed to:

Mr. Chase & Bro.,
New inGlan, N. Y.

which was promptly re-directed to

Messrs. Chase & Bro.,
The New England Nursery Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

It would be impossible to credit the stupidity of persons when attempting to communicate through the mails, but for the testimony of one's own eyes. The Dead Letter Office has a letter bearing no other direction than "The Famous Maryland Carpets," but through the cleverness of the clerk into whose hands it fell it was sent to Julius Hines & Son, the leading carpet merchants of Baltimore, Md. The ingenuity of the office is baffled, however, when the letters mutely request it to, "Please hand this to some hay dealer." At Christmas time several thousand applications to Santa Claus are registered, but the experts have not yet found a way of communicating with that venerable myth at "the North Pole," or in "Fairyland." More tangible objects are the foreign scrawls, such as Teol, Mass., which they manage to decipher as Haverhill, Mass., and Iksvil, Long alot, which is rightly guessed to mean Hicksville, Long Island, N. Y. Recently a freak letter was forwarded from Chicago to Uncle Sam's postal morgue because on the envelope was pasted the autograph of an artist, well-known in New York, which had been clipped from an illustration in a periodical. The office expert recognized the signature and forwarded it to "Henry Mayer." The envelope was returned with a complimentary note from the artist in testimony to the competency of the Dead Letter office employees.

Attempts at smuggling through the mails stop the delivery of many foreign parcels and letters, the parties to whom they are being addressed being notified that upon payment of the customs dues their property will be transmitted. If they fail to respond the articles are finally added to the collection at the Dead Letter Office Museum. Chinese silk handkerchiefs skillfully folded inside of letters are frequently arrested by our postal detectives, this method of smuggling being constantly watched for.

The present Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office, who has held this position for the past fourteen years, is Mr. D. H. P. Liebhardt. It is to his courtesy that I owe the illustrations for this article.



SHORT RAILS.---A True Tale of a Runaway

BY L. R. ANDREWS

"ON th' rollers!"

In response to the hoarsely bawled orders of Pat Mahoney, foreman of the steel gang, eight huskies standing on the right side of the iron car grasped one of the 90-pound rails thereon and slid it rapidly on its base sidewise toward the edge of the car onto the two rollers which projected slightly above the metal-shod cross-beams on which the rails rested.

"Rail out!" came the next order from Mahoney.

Four men paired off two and two in front of the car, seized the end of the rail with heavy tongs which they carried and walked briskly forward drawing the rail along on the rapidly revolving rollers. As the rear end of the rail reached the front roller Mahoney, who was watching it closely, called out: Down!"

The four men, who were on the alert for this order, stooped quickly and dropped their end of the heavy rail, which struck the tie-plates with a resounding clang, quivering for a second or two like an animate object. All hands now grasped the head of the rail as Mahoney, stooping down, placed a quarter-inch iron shim on the end of the rail already laid and sang out: "This way, hard!"

Under the impetus of the brawny arms the rail shot back against the shim with a thud. "Good iron!" shouted Mahoney; "let her ramble!"

All hands now shoved the car another fifteen feet ahead, for the track was laid with broken joints, and again at Mahoney's order, "On th' rollers!" the gang on the left side of the car ran their rail out and dropped it. Immediately behind the rail car on the right side, big Terry McGovern with a wheel-barrow full of angle-bars and bolts, threw down a pair of the bars with four bolts to match at each joint. A man seized the bars and fitting one to each side of the ends of the rails, shoved the bolts through the holes from the outside, slipped on the nut-lock and quickly screwed up the nuts.

Mike Malloy, on the opposite side of the car with a barrow of track spikes, laid one each side of the rail on every tie.

Close behind followed the spiking gang, two men with a track guage and heavy mauls, and one man with a big wooden lever, which he inserted under one of the ties and using a block of hard wood as a fulcrum, raised the tie to the under side of the rail and held it there while the spikers drove the spikes home on the opposite side of the rail.

"Sure, Mahoney's in good voice this marnin'," remarked Terry McGovern, as the foreman's musical intonations of his regularly repeated orders rang out.

"Aw, g'wan! he's chuckin' a bluff; dere's de super comin' up de grade," responded Malloy, who jocularly referred to himself as "Engineer of th' spike train. "Sure, wasn't he runnin' an Oirish lokymotive wid wan dhrivin' wheel an' two sthartin' bars?"

"Right ye are, me buckoo," said Terry, as he looked ahead and saw a slight-built man in a gray suit who walked with quick, nervous steps in the direction of the gang.

"Sure, I kin warble a few meself this marnin'," said Malloy.

"More power to ye, Moike; give us a few bars," said Terry.

"What'll ye have?" asked Mike.

"Give us:

"'A jint ahead and a cinter back,
An' Jerry go ile th' kyar.'"

"No; that's an octavio too high for me bronnikle chubes, but bedad, I'll give ye th' Brakeman's Lamint."

"So do," said Terry.

"Here goes," responded Mike as he spat on his hands and grasped the "startin' bars":

"Oh, they fired me out on number Tin,
'Twas then me thrubbles did begin;
Th' Con struck me wid a couplin pin
Whilst windin' on th' thrain."

"What's 'windin', Mike?" asked Terry.

"Sure, ye must hev railroaded on th' canal," said Mike, with fine scorn. "Sure, windin's brakin'; windin' th' chains on th' Armstrongs, d'ye moind."

Somewhat abashed, Terry subsided, and Mike resumed:

"Oh, the engineer sent me to throw the switch—
I let eight cars off into th' ditch,
Th' hind shack told me I'd never get rich
Whilst windin' on th' thrain."

Terry's curiosity again got the better of him. "What's a hind shack, Moike?" he asked.

"Oh, ye flannel-mouth far-downer, ye pie-faced cumalye! Sure, anny schoolboy knows a shack is a brakesman. 'Shackle 'em on' is dooced English, ye know," said Terry, as he regarded his fellow-worker with derision not unmixed with pity, born of his own superior knowledge of railroad lore.

"To —— wid th' English! Give us another bar," said Terry.

"Sure, I wint back to couple 'em on,
I gave the signal to let 'em come;
Says I: 'Slack ahead back, yez hev me t'umb!'
Whilst windin' on th' train."

"More power to ye, Moike, 'tis a fine barrowstone voice ye have, but where did ye get so wise in th' railroad bizness?"

"Sure, me son Jamesey's a fireman on th' Umpire State Express bechune Skinneckteddy and Scowwhairy."

"Choke off that hot air, an' hurry up wid those spikes!" roared Mahoney, who wished to impress the Super. with his discipline.

"Let her ramble!" shouted Mike in response, dropping his voice to a harsh growl in an aside to Terry as he shoved the barrow along: "Sure, Pat's makin' a grand-stand play fer th' benefit av th' boss."

"Ah fergit it!" responded Terry, as he broke out in a rollicking stave in an undertone:

"Sure, me heart's clean broke, Lord knows it is,
Since Paddy first jined th' gang;
Kims a-rowlin' home in th' marnin', boys,
Gives th' doors a divil av a bang!"

High above the din of the spikers' gang, the jangle of the angle-bars, and Teddy's refrain rang out Mahoney's "This way, hard!" "Good iron!" as the iron car rambled along.

J. B. Fowler, Superintendent of the Sierra Division, under construction, walked briskly up the grade. Six miles above him, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, towered the summit at Eagle Pass. The newly-laid track wound in and out like a huge serpent, hugged the side-hills, crossed and re-crossed the rushing mountain torrent, here diving into a tunnel, there spanning a canyon on a spidery trestle, clinging to its narrow bed hewn out of the solid rock which towered above and below to unscalable heights and depths. He could see the smoke of Number 73, the big mogul engine, at the summit switching out cars of material for the front.

For two miles below him the grade wound down the mountain without a tangent in the whole distance long enough to key up the rods of an engine on. The sun shone bright and clear up there, while below, in the valley, a thick sea of fog rested on the top branches of the swamp oaks, which hung full of the graceful Spanish moss.

The sloping sides of the mountain around him were covered with a heavy growth of timber. Gigantic redwoods towered stately skyward above scraggly, dwarf manzanitas. The smooth red limbs of the madrones contrasted sharply with the rough bark of the gaunt bull pines scattered here and there. The thick, glossy foliage of the live oaks cast a dense shade. Fir and sugar pine abounded, and the mighty monarchs of

the forest, undisturbed for centuries, looked down in dismay at the pigmy invaders who laid keen axes at their roots to blaze the way for this smooth and shining contrivance of man-kind, who built it for the purpose of converting these same monarchs into prosaic, but profitable timber, lumber, ties, shakes, shingles, lath, tanbark, wood and other marketable products.

The point where Fowler met Mahoney's gang was at the mouth of a cut which opened on to a short, deep fill, curving sharply to the right for several rail lengths to where the grade crossed the stream on a pile bridge. The carpenter's gang were laying caps and stringers on the piles in mad haste to keep ahead of the track-layers. At the bottom of the fill, straight ahead to the left of the bridge on a little plateau by the river, stood the tents, bunk-houses, shanties and kitchens of the contractor's camp. The cook and his assistants were busily engaged in preparations for dinner, stopping occasionally to stir the contents of the two great Mulligan cans in which a savory mess was stewing.

The curved cut sloped to a 60 degree angle up the bank on the left side. Ties were strung along the grade to the bridge in readiness for the rails.

"Hello, Mahoney," said Fowler, "how are you making it?"

"Good marnin', Mr. Fowler," responded Mahoney turning quickly in apparent surprise, as if he had no suspicion that his superior officer was within a hundred miles. "Sure, we're up an' a-comin' this marnin', sir; we'll do our four thousand feet ag'in dinner if th' bloody bridge gang do be givin' us th' right of way."

"You're making good progress; I'll hurry up Feenan's gang a bit," said Fowler, turning as he spoke toward the bridge, but suddenly stopped in his tracks as there pealed down from the Summit an unearthly, blood-curdling blast from a whistle, like the scream of some monster in a death-struggle.

All hands turned aghast toward the Summit, from which the sound of the whistle continued to come; now in long agonizing wails, then in short gasps of horror, rising and falling, first distinct and clear, then muffled and faint.

"Hell's broke loose at the Summit!" said Mahoney as he stared with bulging eyes toward the Pass. Suddenly around Stoney Point a mile below the Summit shot an engine, plunged into Redrock tunnel, flashed into view a minute later as she emerged, and vanished in Mud Cut.

"No, it's the 73 that's broke loose!" said Fowler in low, even tones, "and if she stays on the iron she'll be here in less than three minutes. She will go over the bank here into the camp, or over the bridge into the river—either way some one is bound to get hurt. Here, boys, grab those ties, lay 'em up the side of the cut on the left there! Mahoney, reverse those rails so the curve leads to the left—get 'em down on those ties—lively now, boys!" he shouted.

His ringing orders electrified the men. They grasped his meaning at once, and sprang to work with desperate energy. Every second counted. Fowler was everywhere.

"On th' rollers! Rail out! Down! This way, hard! Good iron! Let her ramble!" Mahoney's orders came with the regular swing of a pendulum and the force of a pile-driver as the men reversed the 30-degree curved rails and laid them up the incline of the cut. Fowler's purpose was to overcome the momentum of the run-away engine by heading it up the steep slope where it could do no harm. He looked up the track.

"There she comes around Blue Slide!" he said, as the big engine flashed into view on the side of the mountain two miles away and disappeared around a curve. "Lively, boys!" he shouted a moment later as the 73 whirled around Hazard's Point and bore down on them like a whirlwind, her whistle still shrieking her requiem.

"Off with the rail car, boys, and hunt a hole!" shouted Fowler as he helped tip the iron car off the track and sprang far up the side of the cut on the right. Quickly the gang followed him to places of safety and turned to watch with breathless interest the mad flight of the monster plunging toward them like a meteor.

Over the rough surface of the track laid on the uneven roadbed the 73 rocked, swayed and rolled from side to side, threatening every second to pitch from the rails.

Even as they looked, the headlight and stack loosened from their fastenings by the terrific rolling jerks, flew off on either side of the boiler, tearing up a cloud of dust and gravel as they struck the roadbed, following a second later by the bell, which crashed into the ditch and whirled over and over with a "clang! clang!" of harsh, protesting alarm.

Suddenly the cab wrenched loose, and as it sailed through the air and tumbled, a mass of splinters, down the bank into the raging torrent, the astonished spectators saw the figure of a man standing on the swaying foot-board, hanging with a death-like grip to the reverse lever.

The whistle rigging fetched away with the cab and the unearthly scream no longer awoke the echoes. In silence, save for the roar of its own wheels, the strange object bore down on the cut, a cloud of yellowish smoke trailing out of the smoke-box where the stack had been.

Fowler started. "She's in the forward motion and working steam!" he ejaculated.

"She'll find a couple of short rails a few jints ahead!" hissed Mahoney.

On came the 73, struck the reversed curve, reared like a hunter taking a fence, ran off the ends of the rail into the soft clay of the cut, where her drivers spun until they were almost buried from sight.

The man at the throttle wiped his hands on a piece of waste, turned, and nonchalantly surveyed the Superintendent and Mahoney's gang clinging to the opposite side of the Cut.

Without any emotion perceptible in his voice, Fowler asked: "What's the matter, Joe?"

Joe Blackburn stuttered.

"Her t-throttle s-stuck, and I c-couldn't reverse her!" he said.

A TIMID ZEPHYR

OHN THRELFALL FARE

A timid zephyr rock'd by swaying trees,
And foster'd like a babe upon the breast;
Gained strength with time; and soon a sturdy breeze
He grew: a romping breeze with freedom blest.
And in his freedom 'twas his wont to climb
The towering hills, their peaks to gambol round;
And like a school lad in his youthful prime;
He sprang from crag to crag with joyous bound.
And he wax'd great; became a blustering gale;
And in his strength rush'd on unto the sea,
And lash'd her in his might; till in travail
She moan'd and groan'd in woeful agony.
Aye! agony. For from that heaving breast
Came surging forth the sob of the opprest.

Two Roses Better 'an One

BY MRS. M. KEATINGE

IN the wild mountains beyond Round Valley, California, lived Jess Rantz and his wife Clarinda. Queer customs abound in this region, where cattle thieves and half-breed Indians jostle against the primative mountaineers. Here, less guarded by the ethics of the more civilized world, occasionally, under stress of circumstances, a wife is bought or exchanged. Clarinda had enjoyed her own sunshine from this traffic, but she was not thinking of that now.

"Jess, your buckskin breeches are nearly gone." Mrs. Rantz sighed, and laughed shrilly, hiding the touch of wistfulness in her face.

"They've done many a good turn," Jess answered thoughtfully, then cackled a little egotistical laugh and shook his head till his small gold ear-rings danced merrily. The long gray beard on his chin accentuated the sharpness of his features, but his kindly blue eyes softened the effect. "Guess they won't last much longer, Clarindy," he suggested, sitting down on the rough stone steps that led up the pathway through the garden.

Mrs. Rantz huddled up against the flowers on the steps near her husband, a smile of satisfaction hovering over her face.

"'Pears like it's a pity you haven't got somethin' else to wear instead of the old buckskins, Jess."

"You're always botherin' about these buckskins, Clarindy," he said, crossly, knocking a fly off his nose.

"Goodness knows they're old enough," she said softly.

"Leanin' onto eight years," Jess meditated, ruminatingly, replacing his tobacco in his trouser pockets. "I've worn these pants, more or less night and day, what with huntin' and ridin' after cattle."

"Must ha' taken several deer-skins to make 'em, Jess—made without piecin' as they are."

"Lige killed seven deer and tanned the hides himself, he told me, and Samanthy made the pants. Nobody could beat her at sewin'," Jess declared, giving his trousered leg a slap.

"I believe I could ha' got them out of six skins," Clarinda pleaded.

"Oh, but Samanthy got a vest, too, out of the seven skins. She said she 'lowed to do the square thing by me and set me up in clothes for time to come, since I'd agreed to the bargain o' the skins Lige had offered if I'd give her up to him."

"Wasn't the vest pieced, either?" Clarinda asked jealously, her lips trembling.

"Not a piece in the whole suit! Samanthy was a good wife, even after she took a notion to Lige. I needed clothes badly, and Lige was willin' to pay a good price for Samanthy." Jess twisted his long whiskers into a queue and chewed the ends, while now and then he heaved a sigh and appeared to gaze off into a far-away world that Mrs. Rantz had no part in.

"You can't wear the buckskins much longer," she said, recallingly, a gleam of satisfaction again creeping into her eyes.

"Fact is, I've been thinkin' how badly I'm needin' new ones." She saw the indecision in his glance as he looked her over, and she cried in quick alarm:

"You're not thinkin' of sellin' me for some new ones, Jess?"

"No-a!" he replied, looking away, and refusing to meet her eyes.

She rose and went up the path and down the steps to the spring. The water gurgled into the trough where the teamsters stopped to water their mountain-tired horses. She took the wayside dipper from its iron post into her trembling hands, caught the water eagerly from the faucet and moistened her dry lips. The color had gone from her face. She forced the water down her throat, and hurried up the steps again and down the path to her husband.

He had not moved, and seemed barely

to notice her, his meditation and tobacco apparently engrossing him.

She gathered a flower and awkwardly put it in her hair, as she used to do when she was a girl.

"Is it as easy to get a divorce as it used to be, Jess?" she inquired, brokenly.

"Pretty nigh, Clarindy." His manner was abstracted.

Her lips trembled, but she said nothing.

"Lige's a mighty fine hunter, and his word is as good as the buckskins." Jess still ruminated with his tobacco.

"He's not thinkin' of takin' somebody instead of Samanthy?" Clarinda asked, puzzled and relieved at once.

"No-a," Jess stammered in a way that frightened her again. "Truth is, I need the clothes mighty bad, Clarinda. Deer's gettin' scarce. Never was much good at huntin' myself, anyway. It's no light matter to refuse buckskins that'll last for, say, eight or ten years. They're valuable property, and I always did know how to manage Samanthy," he declared. "Lige thinks she's too hot-tempered," he added with a defensive shrug of his shoulders.

"I don't—understand!" she said pathetically.

Jess reddened under his bronze skin, and blurted out: "Lige wants me to take Samanthy back. He offered me another seven buckskins to close the bargain, and thinks Samanthy will be willin' to make the breeches and vest same as before." He stammered and looked at Clarinda thoughtfully; he noticed the rose in his wife's hair and saw the wind tossing the curls away from her still youthful face.

She did not look at him, but presently turned away and went down the steps again, and stood dejectedly playing with the water in the trough.

He watched her toss the sparkling drops in her slender hands, while the wind again toyed with the curls about her face! the rose lay caressingly in her dark tresses. The color in her face paled and deepened by turns, and her lips trembled. He went down the flower-bordered walk and joined her beside the trough.

"I was only tryin' ye, Clarindy," he said, shamefacedly.

Heavy tears fell from her lowered lashes, as she looked at him doubtfully, then followed him slowly into the house.

There was a sound of wheels, and they turned mechanically to the door, thinking that it was one of the mountain teams stopping at the roadway watering trough. But, alas! It was Samanthy and Lige descending from their wagon. Samanthy looked triumphantly at a new buckskin suit that she held across her arm.

"Just finished them to-day, Jess," she called out cheerily. Then she glanced at Clarinda and took a better survey of her face. "You told her about the arrangements, as you promised," Samanthy reproved Jess. "Now, look here, Clarindy," she said remonstratively, "you're not goin' to take it hard? Lige, here, has most pestered me to death. I'll be glad to get back to Jess."

Lige gave his hair a careful toss with his hand, looking admiringly at Clarinda; then by an adroit movement stood beside her. "Samanthy makes a fellow's hair stand on end when she gets riled, and a fellow never knows when it's comin' on," he said, plaintively, looking first at Jess, then at Clarinda.

Jess in the meantime was longingly eyeing the new buckskins that Samanthy held on her arm. They looked soft and comfortable, like creamy flannel. "You always was great on tannin' skins, Lige," he said with an admixture of admiration and regret. He glanced at Clarinda and saw the look in her face, the rose in her hair, the curls about her forehead. "The buckskins are so soft and nice," he pleaded, looking into her eyes. "These old ones are getting stiff."

Clarinda stood still, growing whiter, but no word escaped her. Lige looked at her appealingly, but she seemed not to see him.

"Jess Rantz, is it the buckskins only that you are thinking of?" Samanthy began sarcastically, a danger signal in her voice.

"Don't, Samanthy," Lige nervously begged; "he might change his mind if you——"

Jess had given a start and drawn

nearer to his pensive wife as Samanthy's harsh voice shivered the air.

"If you could tan the skins, Jess," Clarinda said softly. "I'm not a bad shot—I might kill enough deer—if—you wouldn't mind if they were pieced a little——" she hesitated.

Samanthy suddenly perceived that she stood alone. She stared in dismay at the two men standing beside Clarinda. Jess held Clarinda's hand. "It's a mean trick of you, Jess Rantz, puttin' him to all the trouble o' killin' the deer and tannin' the skins for nothin'," Samanthy declared. Lige began to tremble as she looked at him. "You haven't got the bill yet, Lige," she said, menacingly, "and I don't mean that you shall." She hustled him unceremoniously toward the wagon. "You'll live to wear these buckskins yourself. I hope the dead deer will haunt you to your dyin' day," she fumed. "I always did think it more than wicked to kill the mute, innocent creatures for the vanity of dress. I'd as lief deck myself up like an Indian in dead birds' feathers." She floundered up over the high wagon wheel and settled herself on the seat, gave a glance of scorn at Jess and Clarinda, who stood on the porch under a canopy of roses, looking with compassion at Lige. "Climb up here, you everlastin' deer hunter." Samanthy looked at Lige in a way that made him hurry. "Like to change me for a meek-faced creature, would ye? I'll put an end to your huntin', and I'll see to it that you don't escape me for many a year to come."

The frightened Lige gave the lines a flicker, the wagon lurched over a stone and the horses went off at a pace suggesting that they had caught the infection of Lige's fear.

Clarinda murmured a word of relief, raised her hand, and caressingly touched the roses overhead; her eyes filled with a pathetic smile as she looked at her husband.

Jess gathered a flower, pricking his unaccustomed fingers with the thorns.

"I always liked you best, Clarinda," he apologetically pleaded. "Two roses 's better 'an one," he said, softly, arranging a rose in her hair.

The sunlight danced through the rose leaves, the branches stirred by the breeze pattered on the roof. Clarinda's gentle sigh floated away with the music of the wind.

WASTE

DOROTHEA MOORE

Blossoming side by side, the weed
Is strangely like the flower. Indeed
If I should throw the weed away
I'm fearful of what God might say.

THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

FLORENCE RONEY WEIR

IF any one had asked Mrs. Bow what she came out to see as she stepped from the door of her cabin with a shawl pinned over her head she would have answered that she came out to see the mountain, as she had come out every morning for the past sixteen years.

The morning was certainly beautiful, and the mountain, rosy as a newly awakened child, loomed to the southeast, but Mrs. Bow was looking searchingly in a northwesterly direction, where a narrow trail led to the plateau below.

Mrs. Bow was a wiry little body of sixty, but her piercing black eyes possessed a squaw-like power acquired by years of peering, now at snowy peaks, now into the dim recesses of the valley.

She turned at last and plodded up to the clearing from which point of vantage she was in the habit of viewing her beloved Rainier. She loosened the shawl, and a smile of satisfaction played about her sunken mouth.

"Just as pretty as a picture!" she murmured, "How can folks be contented to stay where there ain't any mountains."

The east grew red, and the mountain blushed like a rose. A caressing wind wound Mrs. Bow's scant draperies about her old limbs. It was a crisp wind, but Mrs. Bow enjoyed it. It was laden with the fragrance of cedar and the cool, life-renewing breath of eternal fields of snow.

The woman took the shawl from her head and laid it across her arm, and a red akin to that on the mountain-side crept into her wrinkled old cheeks.

"I can't do it and I won't! Not for no man livin!" she declared, and with this ungrammatical declaration of independence hurried down the hill and into her cabin.

She lit her morning fire in the little cook-stove, and presently the odor of coffee stole out and mingled with the odor of cedar.

"Mornin', Mrs. Bow," said some one from the doorway, and Mrs. Bow started so nervously that the pancake lifter rattled against the yellow sides of the earthen bowl of batter.

"Why good morning, Mr. Walden, walk in, and set down."

"Did I scare ye?" apologized the intruder, accepting her invitation and helping himself to a chair.

"Why, no, but not expecting any one so early——"

"I told ye I'd be over early. I want to know what you intend to do. I want to git home before the rainy season sets in. They say the rainy season out here is a fright."

"Mr. Walden, it is the nineteenth day of November, and you haven't floated away in rain yet, have you? Well then."

She placed another blue plate, an old-fashioned knife and fork, and motioned her guest to sit up to the table.

"Them's awful good pancakes," he admitted, "but they don't taste as good as they would back where there is a little frost in the air. It ain't healthy to eat buckwheat before it gets to be good, stiff, freezin' weather. If you do it'll give you the itch."

Mrs. Bow sighed. It was hard to suit this old man. Perhaps it was just as well that she had finally made up her mind not to marry again so late in life. He had been coming to her cabin regularly now for three weeks because his son was away in a logging camp, and his son's wife did not get up until nine o'clock; and Mr. Walden said if he could not have his breakfast until the time of day when he usually began to think about his dinner, he would rather not have any breakfast at all. Mrs. Bow, who was an early riser, had invited him to take his breakfast with her, and it had proven a most comfortable arrangement for both. For a natural-born housekeeper to get breakfast for herself alone is at best a dreary task, and it afforded

Mrs. Bow quite as much pleasure to cook Mr. Walden's breakfasts as it did Mr. Walden to eat them. He had spoken enthusiastically of the buckwheat cakes he had been in the habit of eating at this time of the year back in Wisconsin, and she paid a boy four bits to make an extra trip up the hill with a sack of buckwheat in the hope of surprising and pleasing her guest. And now he insisted on having his cakes served with an accompaniment of frost as an appetizer. Well, let him go back to Wisconsin, where such a tonic was not rare; for her part she would not have been willing to satisfy his demand for a hard frost had it been in her power to do so. Why, there were roses, both red and white, blooming happily in her yard, and shy-faced pansies and daisies. Let this frost-hungry man go back to his farm in Wisconsin and break inch-thick ice in his cattle-troughs, and leave her to her roses and her mountains.

Mr. Walden finished his eighth pancake with a grunt of satisfaction and beamed across the table at his hostess in perfect content. She was a fine, capable, common-sense woman, the only woman he had met since his wife's death whom he deemed good enough to become that wife's successor. Her pancakes tasted like Mary's, she fried sausages just as Mary used to fry them. He was desperately sick of living with his sons. They had such foolish wives. He wondered whatever possessed smart boys like Joe and John to pick out such women. The one in Wisconsin danced and attended cinch parties and made no secret of the fact that "grandpa's" room would be more acceptable than his company. Joe's wife, here in Washington, was worse still. There was a houseful of noisy children, breakfast was always late, and Mrs. Joe had but one topic of conversation the year round, and that was the superiority of the Far West over the Mississippi Valley. In Mrs. Bow's home he had found the only real comfort he had known since coming to Washington. He liked her, and had invited her to go home with him and live where cornfields spread gently over pleasant slopes and nothing more forbidding than an occasional clump of bur oaks, or a cluster of oat stacks intervened between the gazer and the setting sun. These Western mountains were so oppressive in their size, so defiant in their unconquerableness. To a prairie man they said: "Here we hold forever in your sight acres of soil which no man, no matter how industrious, could ever hope to plough, which no man, no matter how hungry, would ever dare to plant. We, the free, the changeless!"

Mr. Walden had come this morning for his answer, and he consulted his watch. If Mrs. Bow did not take too long to formulate it he could go home, notify Joe's wife, drive Joe's horse and cart into Seattle, and get back with the minister in time to allow of the ceremony taking place that night. With a little judicious hurrying Mrs. Bow could probably dispose of her simple household effects, pack her clothes, and they might be enabled to start for Wisconsin on the Overland the next afternoon at four o'clock, reach Sparta, Wisconsin, four days later, which would be Wednesday; get Bill Hanks to take them out to John's; his wife could stay at John's until he went to the old place and warned the tenant out; it might take the tenant forty-eight hours to move, and it would take forty-eight hours more to replace his own furniture, which was stored at John's, and there he would be back in his home, the dinner frying comfortably on the well-tryed old stove, his wife moving about an orderly kitchen, while he sat by the west window and gazed out over the mellow field filled with stooks of corn —no, no, he had forgotten the time of year in this unnatural country. There would probably be snow and a bitter wind driving across the prairie. So much the better. It was healthier, and the warmth of the kitchen fire would be the more acceptable for it.

"Almira Bow, will you have me? And if so, how long will it take you to git ready to be married; when can we start for home, and have you got a satchel big enough to take what you need, or shall I bring up another one when I go to town for the minister?"

Then the blow fell. Mrs. Bow had decided that she could not leave her home (shanty, Mr. Walden called it in his in-

dignation), her roses, nor her mountains. It seemed incredible to the old man.

"Can't leave your mountains!" he repeated, indignantly. "Well, as I can't seem to see my way clear to paying excess baggage on two or three ranges of mountains and takin' 'em back to Wisconsin to please you, I suppose it's all over between us and we never can git married at all."

Mrs. Bow nodded and fumbled for her handkerchief with a trembling hand.

"I wanted you because you are so like my wife used to be," sighed Mr. Walden.

"And I wanted you because you are so different from my husband," returned Mrs. Bow.

Mr. Walden knew this to be a compliment. Poor Mrs. Bow's wedded life had been a failure.

"And yet you'd let Mount Rainier separate us?" accused the old lover.

One of Mrs. Bow's toil-knotted hands held her handkerchief to her face, the other stole toward Walden's shoulder. der.

"Stay here with me," pleaded the woman.

"I can't do it, Mrs. Bow; I can't abide this country. It smothers me. Go out and look around and all you can see is hills hangin' right up in front of your face and eyes like blankets. I want to see a twenty-acre field of corn once more!"

"And you are willin' to let a twenty-acre field of corn separate us?"

"I've got to. Good-bye, Mrs. Bow."

"Good-bye, Mr. Walden."

They both sighed, and Walden sagged towards the door, his mouth twitching with emotion. At the door he stopped, his hands in his pockets, his eyes bent on the floor. The woman sat with her face covered, and thought of the lonely years stretching out before her when the wintry smile of this old man's visits should have faded from her dull life. Would the stately greeting of Mount Rainier, or an occasional November rose. compensate her for the loss of the human companionship she coveted?

But the same instinct which would have actuated a girl of seventeen was present in the woman of sixty. She had said, and she could not retract. She wondered why he was still standing in the door. Perhaps he was going to relent. She hoped so, but she feared not. He was a stubborn old man.

"Almira, I've got an idea."

Her heart jumped, and she uncovered her face to listen.

"We like each other first-rate, and we could be happy together what little time we've got left to put in down here, and it is a shame to let a lot of old-fogey notions spoil it all. You are awful foolish about this country, and I'm awful foolish about Wisconsin, I s'pose, but I'll tell you what I'm willin' to do if you will agree: We will both advertise our places for sale at the same time, mind you, and the one who gits a chance to sell first will go to live in the other one's country, and the other one's house, and say no more about it."

It was a way out. Mrs. Bow consented after a reasonable hesitation. Together they wrote out the advertisements, one for a Seattle paper, with the understanding that it should be held until sufficient time should have elapsed to allow of the other one reaching Wisconsin and being inserted in the Sparta papers.

When Mr. Walden was gone, Mrs. Bow went about her work with a light heart. After all a mountain, no matter how beautiful, is rather an unresponsive friend, and Mr. Walden was a good man—the very man she should have met and married in her youth and been happy with. And she felt she had the best of the bargain. According to Mr. Walden's account of his Wisconsin farm it was a bit of perfection that buyers would snap at the moment it was placed upon the market. And who would care to purchase her hillside patch of ground. Surely the chances were in favor of her acquiring the man and retaining the mountain.

"Still," said Mrs. Bow, "one can't be too cautious about this matter."

Meanwhile Mr. Walden went chuckling down the path with a mind full of guile. He would outwit that sharp little old woman and take her back to Wisconsin with him whether or no. Through an agent he meant to buy her ridiculous lit-

tle place himself the very next day after the advertisement appeared. He would make the arrangements with the agent the day he inserted the Seattle advertisement. The only trouble was that all this foolishness would take time. It would probably be close to a month before he could seat himself by the west window and watch the snow across the field. He paused under a towering spruce to calm his exuberance before he met the penetrating eyes of Joe's wife. He did not want Joe's folks to know just yet.

He concerned himself unnecessarily, however; Joe's wife was still in bed, and remained there for an hour after his return. He had plenty of time to tear the advertisement designed for the Wisconsin paper to bits and scatter them behind Joe's barn. What would be the use of sending it? Mrs. Bow's place would be purchased so soon after its advertisement that it would only be an unnecessary expense to have this published.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Walden, in giving his instructions to his agent, "you had better wait a week after the ad. comes out before you send in word that you will buy the place. For certain reasons no one must suspect that it is me a-buyin' it."

The agent assured Mr. Walden that his commands would be obeyed to the letter, and in the letter they were. Just a week from the day the advertisement appeared a letter reached Mrs. Bow announcing that a party had decided to purchase her farm at the price stipulated. But unfortunately for Mr. Walden's plans the letter came a day too late.

Mrs. Bow stopped at Joe's on her way home from the grocery. She had also been to the post-office, and was, according to custom, distributing mail all along her route. She found Mr. Walden in the garden alone, and she handed him a business-like looking letter bearing the Wisconsin post-mark. Her face showed excitement.

"It's about the farm," she said "do read it. Perhaps your farm is sold."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Walden. "How could that be? My hands are all garden mold; open it up and read it, won't you, Mrs. Bow?"

And Mrs. Bow read the following:

"Mr. B. Walden—Dear Sir: Having seen your ad. in the Sparta Times offering your farm for seventy-five dollars an acre, I hereby accept your offer and enclose the papers which it will be necessary for you to sign in order to complete the deal. The money has been placed in the bank at Sparta subject to the return of the papers duly signed. Hoping this will prove satisfactory I am,

Yours truly,
JOHN DATON."

Mrs. Bow clasped her hands in delight.

"Ain't it lovely, Ben?" she said softly. "It's all settled now, ain't it? All you have to do is to sign these papers and your money is waiting for you in the bank. You can have 'em send it right out to Seattle."

Despite the soil on his hands Mr. Walden took off his hat and scratched his head. There was no other way to relieve his bewilderment.

Mrs. Bow suggested that he sign the papers immediately, and as she found she had forgotten to get soap at the grocery and must go back after it she would just as lief take the papers right down to the post office and get them on the way for Wisconsin at once. And Mr. Walden's bewilderment was such that the deed was done and on its way to the post office before he fully recovered his senses.

When Mrs. Bow was gone he strolled out behind Joe's barn and hunted carefully about for bits of torn paper. He found a few, but the rain had washed away all traces of the words which had been written on them. Then he scratched his head once more and pondered.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bow went gaily after the soap, and as she went she murmured: "I always knew Brother Ely's money would come in mighty handy some day, and it has. It has bought Mount Rainier for me. It was nice of John Daton to attend to the business so promptly. It was a mean trick to play on Mr. Walden, and I hope he will never find it out, anyhow, until he has lived in Washington long enough to feel that he wouldn't take the State of Wisconsin as a gift if he had to live there. That won't be so many years."

Twice or three times after he was married and settled snugly in his wife's little cottage Mr. Walden went out behind Joe's barn and turned those enigmatical scraps of paper over and over hoping to discover how he had made the mistake which had caused his well-laid plans to miscarry.

For he never doubted that in some unaccountable manner a mistake had been made and his farm offered for sale in the Spartan papers.

"Benjamin," said the contented Mrs. Walden, "I love that old mountain. It seems as though it belonged to me."

"Humph!" responded her husband, as he reached for another buckwheat cake, "you're welcome to it, I'm sure. As fur as I'm concerned I'd ruther have a hole in the ground."

OFF THE LINE

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY

BY CARLOTTA REYNAL

THEY were nearly stranded, so nearly so indeed that they were almost frightened, and felt that a great deal depended upon their forthcoming concert at Manildra.

Hugh and Beatrice Gilespie had married for love, and precious little else had followed. Love is all very nice, and we all like it, but love alone won't pay landlords' bills nor buy new frocks nor take adventurous Bohemians, like the Gilespies, around the world first-class, and give them the fame and thrilling experiences that they longed for.

No! Cupid is a dear little fellow, and sends his darts hither and thither regardless, and makes sweet sunshine in lonely souls, even while the sunshine may be mellowed by the aftermath of sorrow; but—Cupid never claimed to be anything but idyllic and loving; Cupid nearly always is woefully poor. He can't help it, but, ah me! if only he and the mercenary god, or devil, could oftener combine forces, how much happier would be humanity, male and female.

Hugh Gilespie, when he married the celebrated New York mezzo-soprano, Beatrice Crane, had money in prospect, but after four years, Cupid, still alive and fascinating, always the mercenary God held aloof—far, far aloof!—and the money remained in—prospect.

Beatrice Crane had nothing but her beauty and her voice, but these thus far had been enough to satisfy her big, straight-limbed husband, and they had laughed at poverty, smiled through disaster, and ventured where older and sadder feet had feared to tread.

Two years after a flattering and successful concert season in London, they went to Sydney. All their money was used on the trip, with its thousand fascinations, and they landed in Sydney almost penniless.

But Cupid was with them, warming their hearts, if not their pockets, and Cupid laughed at fear when brown eyes and grey met lovingly day after day.

They experienced some slight success in Sydney, singing acceptably many times and winning many laurels, until came the plague, the Federation festivities, the Show, the Queen's death, the Duke and Duchess of York, and—Sydney was dead for professional singers, because everybody sang at these auspicious functions for nothing! For love, some said, but this is where Cupid was foolish.

"Start off on a concert tour your two selves," whispered a wiseacre with a threadbare coat. The idea possessed them. "Go up the Western line," continued the wiseacre. "Go to Orange, Parkes, Forbes and Dubbo or Bourke. Fine towns; sure to succeed; get local talent to assist you."

They went up the Western line, these

two young married lovers, with Cupid making sunshine in their hearts and faces, but oh! the rude awakening!

At Orange they were warmly received, the leading papers coming out loud in anticipatory notices of their talents and appearance. But the night of the concert it rained. When it rains in Australia there is no doubt about it; it rains hard, and this was a night when Pluvius let himself loose. It blew, it poured, it billowed on the sidewalks. Only six people came to the concert. Of course, it was heart-breaking, but still they smiled bravely and squeezed each other's hands. Hugh thought savagely how much the people had missed by not seeing his Beatrice's loveliness, and Beatrice thought disdainfully what simpletons those country girls were not to wet their feet to see and hear Hugh.

At Parkes they ran against a circus, a good circus, too, which spoiled them. At Forbes two more circuses.

Said Hugh desperately: "What the deuce is the matter? All the shows in creation seem coming up the Western line."

"It is just show-time," said a Forbesite. "You should get off the line—some little places where the sideshows don't go."

"We will," said Beatrice.

They went back to Orange, and thence to Molong, a quiet town, rich in natural beauty, and, more to the point, rich in a few wealthy squatters living a short distance out. Desperately hard they worked up their concert in Molong, and every circumstance seemed favorable.

The night was beautiful, and Beatrice smiled happily as she uncovered her snowy shoulders and puffed her hair high upon her head.

"It's a sure thing this time, old boy," she said to Hugh. "Just stick this pink rose in for me, and I'm ready."

But just as they started for the hall, where Hugh had been working like mad the entire afternoon, a police officer appeared upon the scene.

"Excuse me," he said to Hugh, "but have you a license to use the hall tonight?"

"A license!" stammered Hugh. "No, I never have one. I engaged the hall three days ago, and never heard a word about any license."

Beatrice tapped her pretty foot impatiently. "Do hurry," she said, "it's nearly eight o'clock. We can't get a license now, at any rate."

The officer blocked their way with exaggerated importance. "You can't light up the hall until you obtain a license," he blustered.

Hugh grew very white and calm, a sure sign of red-hot wrath.

"Where can I get one?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, you'll have to write to Sydney to the Chief, and he'll give you permission to use the hall, if your show is first-class. We've had such a lot of poor, low-down——"

"You fool!" muttered Hugh. "Take me to your Sergeant, and be precious quick about it."

So while poor Beatrice shivered with nervousness and dread, Hugh stalked furiously into the police station.

"Show me your code for licenses," he demanded of the slow, red-faced Sergeant.

After five minutes' fussy search the page was opened to him: "A license is required in all cases by circuses, shows and traveling theatricals."

Hugh read it swiftly. "I thought so," he exclaimed. "Not a word about concert people. We are not a circus nor a show nor a theatrical troupe. Read our hand-bills and notices. Now, you dummies, I could get you into a big mess for this if I liked. You have ruined my concert. Not a light in the house, and after eight, and all the gaping townsfolk watching me come up here with an officer. Don't you see what you've done!"

The Sergeant was profuse in apologies, and tried to atone by sending men to ring a bell through the streets and call the people out.

But the concert was a failure. All the rich squatters had gone home, shaking their heads doubtfully over the dark hall, and the more dubious rumor that Hugh Gilespie had been taken to jail by a police-officer. If the rumor had put it the other way about, that Hugh Gilespie had taken the police-officer to jail,

it would have been more correct, for certainly Hugh got there first.

Flushed and dismayed they stood in the dim little room behind the curtain, peeping through to count their audience.

"Only fifty!" wailed Beatrice. "Oh, what an outrage!"

"Damn them!" said Hugh, with intense feeling. "I'd like to show them up for this."

"Never mind," exclaimed Beatrice. "Here comes the law and order of the place, the Sergeant, that wretched officer, and two more. We'll just show them what we can do."

Sure enough, there they were, and indignation gave our artistes courage, and bravely they delivered their programme.

Perhaps they had never sung better, and none applauded louder than the discomforted Sergeant and his men.

The next day, very poor and disheartened, they went to Manildra.

"Where on earth is Manildra?"

It is a weeny town right in the "Bush," hills encircling it, wild, desolate bushland far as eye can reach on every side. Sheep and dairy farms make its wealth, and these lie miles out from the small settlement. There is one hotel, Westphallen's, one grocery shop, one makeshift postoffice, one little hall, one of everything, in fact. But warm hearts are there, and those farms in the distance are rich and prosperous.

"It's lovely here," said Beatrice, as she stood on a hill opposite the hotel, and looked up and around. Quiet and sad the interminable "bush" spread out in all directions, its silence fearful and awesome. The tall eucalypti towered above her, and the wild rabbits and hares fled swiftly to the tiny creek beneath them to drink. Bright-hued rosellas and parrots, and wonderful red birds made brilliant spots of color in the distance, and above all the blue sky stretched in limitless space.

"I think we shall succeed here," sighed Hugh, lazily content.

"Something tells me so, too," said Beatrice, and as though to relieve the tension she carolled forth a witching phrase of melody.

"You darling!" exclaimed Hugh, and thereupon indulged in a real, good, old-fashioned hug.

That afternoon, acting upon Mrs. Westphallen's advice, the Gilespie's procured horses from the "handy" man of the town, and visited the different stations round about. These Australian stations, if prosperous, are marvels and wonders to the travelers. Right in the heart of the "bush," after riding mile upon mile through underbrush and monotonous solitude, up and down frightful stony hills which only an Australian pony knows how to take, you come across a wide clearing of cultivated land. Long, level paddocks, filled with splendid cattle; a broad roadway; numberless fences; a porter's lodge; a flower-bedecked driveway, and finally the house. The luxury of most of these houses is amazing. Not the pampered, hot-house luxury of the modern Eastern cities, but quiet, simple taste and elegance.

Everywhere the Gilespies were met with warm-hearted hospitality from warm-hearted people. In one or two instances they were confounded by the ignorance displayed by some of these "backwoods folk," but nearly always the master of the station was an educated city man, ranching it because he liked the wild, free life.

At one comfortable home, after being hospitably entertained and presented with several wallaby skins, a tangle-headed girl went ahead to let down the fences. She had a pretty face and eyed Beatrice adoringly, but her first attempt at conversation was a distinct revelation of ignorance.

"Have you seen the 'Dook?'" she inquired timidly, but with repressed eagerness.

"The Duke of Cornwall and Yorke?" asked Beatrice, carelessly. "Oh, yes, I've often seen him in London."

The girl's face flushed with excitement.

"Oh, what is he like?" she cried breathlessly. "Has he two legs and two arms, and is he made like other men?"

Our adventurers gasped. She evidently meant it for an honest question. What pitiful ignorance!

Beatrice replied very gently: "Yes, the



A fair exchange is no robbery.

Duke is only an ordinary man, like my husband ('Thanks, awfully,' muttered Hugh) and he is called a Duke because he belongs to the Royal Family. Soon he will be called the Prince of Wales, which means that he will be King of England when King Edward VII dies. The Duke is short, rather stout, and not particularly good-looking, but very nice and kind in his manner."

The girl had listened hungrily, and now shook her tangled head in disappointment.

"I thought likely he would be different," she said, dejectedly, "with perhaps only one eye in the middle of his head (like the giant in my book), or else with only one leg, or three arms (like Great Britain), or—something queer about him. What's the use of being a 'Dook' if he's the same as all the other Cockies?"

When they left this child of nature she was still grieving over her disillusionment.

Their ride had proved encouraging. All the masters and farmers promised to come to the concert, and there was no hint of any other attraction to mar its success.

"I've known people to make a clear £100 here," said Griffiths, the storekeeper, to Hugh. "It all depends upon getting it talked about, and all the youngsters and their girls ride in. They don't get much enjoyment, and they are mostly pretty well to do about here. Of course, they like circuses better than concerts, but we ain't had a circus here for months now."

Hugh inwardly groaned. "Don't talk circuses to me," he exclaimed. "Why, we met all there are in Australia, I should think, on this trip."

Griffiths laughed.

"Well, you're safe enough this time, I think," he said, "and to-morrow bids fair to be fine. Moonlight, too, which is all the better."

Griffith's weather prognostications proved quite correct, for the next morning dawned fair and clear.

After breakfast Beatrice stood outside the door, looking away off down the road, drinking in the pure sweet air. Suddenly she started, and shading her eyes with her hand, stared steadily straight ahead.

"Hugh," she gasped, "what is that big white thing over there coming along the road?"

Hugh gazed in positive terror. "Bee, it's a circus, sure as death, and it's coming here!"

Silently they watched the slow moving caravan, now plainly in sight. It undoubtedly was a circus! One white-topped wagon with red wheels, and three men on horse-back following. Not a very imposing outfit; in fact, there was something mournful and dejected in the whole affair, but nevertheless a circus it was, and country people love circuses, good, bad and indifferent. Fascinated they watched it approach. For a minute it disappeared in a hollow, then over the top of the hill the white-topped wagon labored into view. Finally it halted near the hotel, and the three men on horse-back halted too.

The driver alighted and stood with his hands in his pockets, a short dumpy figure moodily looking around him.

"Isn't he ugly", whispered Beatrice vindictively, "I hate that man!"

Even then Hugh could not help smiling. It was such an unreasonable remark, and therefore so womanly, and therefore so like Beatrice.

At an nod from the "ugly" man, the three on horse-back jumped from their horses, hitched them to neighboring trees and opened a door at the back of the wagon.

"They are going to pitch their wretched tent!" cried Beatrice. "Can't we do something to stop them?"

Hugh shook his head slowly.

"No, my dear girl, nothing less than a cyclone will stop a circus and even then I believe that clown would turn sommersaults. We're in for another "bloomer", as these delightfully cultivated colonists say!"

When Hugh grew nasty and bitter it was a bad sign.

Beatrice locked her lovely arm in his: "Now what do people see in such a thing as that, she said, "Only a wagon with a canvass top, and four wheels painted a painful red. Where is it's fascination?"

"It's not the wagon, my dear", replied Hugh, still studiously polite and serious another ominous sign, "it is what is in the wagon."

Simultaneously with his words, a tiny red figure shot out of the wagon, like a bullet from a gun, and went whirling down the hill in a succession of frightfully rapid somersaults. In less time than it takes to tell it, the same small figure reappeared on the brow of the hill.

"It's a girl!" gasped Beatrice.

Hugh laughed and shook with nervous glee.

"I told you so", he replied. "The people like what is in the wagon, not the wagon itself, and that freak shot out and went careering over the hill like the scarlet imp himself."

So again they laughed with their hearts much heavier than their coin.

By ten o'clock the big white tent was up; the wagon denuded of its top, drawn by two white horses, three men at the back filling the air with circus music, and one small girl in front perched up high and dressed in spangles and a crown, had paraded the town, and now all the small boys in Manildra were collected in a delighted, curious, awe-struck group on the "Circus-grounds."

"It's wonderful", mused Beatrice, shaking her head sadly, "They will get the people and they are vulgar; while we —well, I do think we are artists and no one will come."

Hugh saw that, despite her brave effort she needed comfort, Cupid told him this, and he gathered her close, kissing brow, cheeks, lips, and hair until she, all rosy and laughing, pushed him away.

"You old goose!" she cried, but she liked it all the same.

If it had not been for Cupid that day certainly their courage would have faltered. In trials like theirs, Cupid, when in sincere and faithful mood, is wonderfully wholesome and helpful.

Griffiths went to see the "Circus man", and asked him to put off his "show" a night. The "Circus man" smiled broadly, winked one bad eye knowingly, but emitted only one expressive word:

"Nit!"

Griffiths retired.

All day the activity on the Circus ground continued. A real live lion was led down to the creek to drink, and the excitement was better than a week's advertising.

That afternoon Hugh was so cross that he shut himself up in his room where he couldn't see "those Circus people"; and Beatrice, knowing it would be kinder to leave him alone, went over across the hills, and sat, disconsolately, on a big stone.

Perhaps she cried. Most girls would in her place. But her reverie was rudely broken. Suddenly a small red figure appeared at her very feet, rolling (it seemed to her) down the hill. At her startled cry the red imp stood up and a very sweet, ringing laugh went echoing through the trees.

It was the circus child.

Beatrice looked steadily into the small, dark lovely face. What a bewitching face it was, to be sure! Soft and brown, bright yet sad. Eyes of a midnight glory; sensitive mouth made for kisses, with strange, hard lines about it; bronze hair falling like ruddy gold, and a flashing smile disclosing pearly teeth. What contradictions were here, and what possibilities for good or evil; she could not have been more than eight or ten.

Beatrice spoke first.

"Do you always go through the woods by somersaults, my dear?" she inquired gravely.

The child laughed with delight. She placed one small, brown hand on the ground, the other on her hip, and went flying, hand over hand, around in a circle so swift as to be dazzling.

"Don't do any more of those things," said Beatrice. "Sit here by me and talk."

The child accepted her invitation by jumping over her head on to the ground in front, where she sat motionless.

Beatrice breathed a sigh of relief. "How long can you sit still?" she asked.

"For hours or for days," answered the child in sweet, serious tones. Beatrice loved her in that minute, why she never knew. With swift intuition the woman and the child understood each other.

"Tell me all about—everything," said Beatrice.

And the child told her.

"My mother is very sick over there," she began, nodding towards the big white tent. "Dad ran away from us, and if it hadn't been that Bill (he's the boss) wanted me badly for my tricks, we should have been on the road. Mother used to do tight-rope and rings beautifully, but she's—she's sick now, and can't do anything but cry. Bill bullies her a lot, and then she gets still, but I hate him when he makes her like that. Mother don't like me to do this life. She says I ought to go to school, but I must work for her sake, now she's sick. She says dad will come back, but Bill says he never will. I think Bill knows. The show is no good. Bill has failed everywhere and lost horses and his best performers. He's only got Jinks (the clown), himself and me now. I do the tight-rope and the rings and ride "Black Hester" through the fire. That's all." A little unconscious sigh completed this jerky recital.

Beatrice listened spell-bound. A Bohemian like this had never before crossed her path.

"You poor little thing," she exclaimed. "What a life for you!"

"Oh, I like it," said the child, "when mother is well. Now tell me who you are," turning the tables with amusing frankness.

"I? Well, I'm a singer. I make my living singing at concerts. We, my husband and I, are to give a concert here to-night, but I think all the people will go to see you." This with a bright, sweet smile.

"Sing now, lady!" said the child.

Amused and interested, Beatrice sang the whole of the "New Kingdom." All the passion and tenderness in her, and there was a great deal, thrilled into her glorious voice, as she watched the child's face. Wonder, mystery, sorrow, sympathy in turn swept that Gypsy face. A great, unchildlike sob greeted the close of Tour's matchless song.

"It's beau-ti-ful," she sobbed; "it's like birds and brooks and the rain. I can't bear it!"

Brokenly the words came, and before Beatrice could stop her, the small red figure had fled.

* * * *

"Hugh, dear," said Beatrice, after she had told him all about her interview with the child, and after he had apologized for being nasty and cross. "Hugh, dear, it always does us good to get out into the sunshine when we are sad and to hear of other people's lives. That child haunts me. Somehow, I'm almost wishing they could succeed to-night. She's such a beauty, and seems to bear that entire circus on her shoulders. I must go and see her mother in the morning. Poor thing! What a dingy, shabby life it is, behind the scenes!"

Hugh agreed, and their own troubles seemed paltry beside the half-revealed tragedy of these strollers.

* * * *

It was seven o'clock.

Although the Gilespies were quite certain that no one would patronize their high-class concert, while that fascinating circus band beat and shrilled through the town, still they were ready, and Cupid was bent upon mutual cheer. A forced gaiety was the result, and conversation upon any subject save their own concert.

Said Beatrice, thoughtfully: "That child's face will go with me to-night. I wonder——"

What she wondered will never be known, for a low knock on the door interrupted her.

"Come in!" called Hugh, and the circus child stood in the room. But what a change in her!

Beatrice had her arms around her in a trice, drawing her onto the sofa, and pressing the white face, with the red, piteous bruise across one cheek, close to her warm heart.

"What is it, dear? Tell me. There, don't tremble so! No one shall hurt you here."

Hugh quietly handed his wife a handkerchief wet with cold water, with which she gently bathed the child's injured face.

"Lady," the soft voice began, "mother is terrible ill to-night; she is screaming with pain, and she keeps calling for me.

I can't play, lady, when perhaps she is dying. I told Bill, and begged him to postpone the show, but he only swore at me, and then when I told him I could not do my part, he struck me with his whip. Jinks, he's the clown, wouldn't play either, and they are having a fearful quarrel. Oh, lady, mother is so sick, and I don't know what to do, so I came to you."

Her great eyes were swimming in tears, and she trembled pitifully.

Hugh began putting on his overcoat over his dress-suit, and there was a look of concentrated rage in his face that meant serious trouble for somebody.

"Wait here a minute," he said, and shot out of the room, returning in a few moments with something in a liquor glass, which he made the two frightened girls drink.

"I've sent for a doctor," he said, calmly. "Now I'm going over there to horsewhip that cur!"

But both Beatrice and the child interposed.

"No, dear," pleaded Beatrice, while the child clung to his arm in terror. "Think of the sick woman. Let us help her first."

* * * *

The scene around the tent was sordidly dramatic. A crowd of men and boys had already congregated outside, while within the tent was a fair audience of women and children, eating "lollies" and drinking ginger ale. But behind, in a smaller tent, dimly lighted, two men were glaring angrily at each other, while over in the corner a pale woman lay upon a cot, moaning.

Jinks, the clown, grotesquely painted, was speaking.

"No, it ain't no use, Bill. I won't go on. I've had enough of your brutality, and now to-night's affair has put the clapper on it. You're a scoundrel, and I know more about you than you'd care for me to tell. Now, keep your hands off me. I'm no kid for you to bully."

Into this came Hugh, Beatrice and the child.

Said Hugh to the clown: "Go tell those people to go away. There is no show to-night. And you," he said to Bill, "do as you are told or there is a rope waiting for you. Get out of here."

The clown gladly obeyed the stranger's command, and Bill, coward at heart, faltered in his bluster as he met the young artists's steady eyes. He shrank out of sight, and out of this story.

Beatrice was beside the sick woman. In her glistening evening gown, with snowy throat and shoulders bare, there she knelt, divine pity in her lovely face.

A sudden mist blurred the scene a moment for Hugh. "Bless her," he whispered.

The sick woman's weak voice filled that tiny tent.

"I'm done for," she said, quietly. "I've not been a good woman, and to-night Bill's child will be born, but her father—patting the child's hand which lay in her own, "her father was a gentleman. His name——" Here her thin voice faltered, and she clutched Beatrice's hand tight in an agony.

The doctor, who fortunately was passing through Manildra on his way to Cumnock, entered the tent, and Hugh gently drew his wife away.

The woman's eyes followed her, and Beatrice answered their mute appeal. Putting her hand on the child's dark head she looked straight into the mother's dying eyes, and said, low and distinctly:

"Don't fret. I will care for her. Nothing shall harm her. I must go now, but I will return."

Outside she clung to Hugh. "Oh, isn't it dreadful. We can't sing to-night, dear, while that poor woman is dying."

"We must, my darling," said Hugh, gently. "The hall is packed, and we must do our best. Besides, we can help that little child if we sing."

Yes, the hall was packed, and they sang as never before. Each saw that dismal tent, behind which was terminating a wretched tragedy such as their sheltered lives had never known.

Beatrice's eyes burned with unshed tears very often, making her smile all the sweeter.

Theirs was not exactly a select audience, but it was an appreciative one. In the front seats were the farmers and their wives, young, giggling girls and

their admirers, and at the back the rougher element, the boys and men from the butter factories. But there was one quite unexpected and undesired guest present, who made his appearance when a soft and soothing duet was being given. This unannounced and non-paying member of the audience was a black snake about a foot long. The Gilespies had become absorbed in their duet, standing close to the edge of the stage, when the snake suddenly appeared in the middle aisle, creeping quietly toward them. "Music hath charms," sings the poet, and perchance this particular snake was charmed, but his enjoyment was brief. A rough man sitting five or six rows back quietly got up, put his foot on the snake's head, and resumed his place.

Fascinated, the singers had watched this little impromptu performance and continued their duet but the finale utterly upset them, and they both burst out laughing.

The audience howled with delight, and whistled and stamped so long and so loud that they had to reappear and repeat their duet. They now venture to assert that this was the only time one of Franz Abt's composition has been rendered with snake accompaniment.

Afterwards Beatrice said to Hugh: "That snake has gone to snake-heaven, if there is one, for it positively saved me from disgrace. If I had not laughed soon I must have cried."

Griffiths fairly beamed on them at the close, when he handed in their receipts.

"It was glorious!" he exclaimed. "All the circus people there, and everybody worth having in Manildra, and, my word, but you can sing! I never heard anything to compare with it."

All this praise being honest and well-meant, was very pleasant, but when Griffiths heard the story of the circus child and her mother, his jolly face clouded with ready sympathy.

"Tut, tut," he said, shaking his head, "it's a bad job. I think we've had that Bill here before to-day. Let us go and see what can be done."

So out from the sunshine of success they went to where lives were in ruins, and where the great shadow waited for its prey.

* * * *

It was over. The forlorn white-topped wagon, with its more forlorn contingent, had vanished as silently as it had come.

But upon a clean bed in Westphallen's Hotel lay a young woman and a new-born babe, both dead.

The tender finger of death had touched that cold, calm face pitifully, and the peace denied to it in life now rested eternally (let us hope) upon it.

Beatrice and the child, creeping softly in, placed pure white flowers in the quiet hands, and the child dropped burning tears.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "I love you so!"

Said Beatrice afterwards when the mother and her baby lay at rest in their unknown graves:

"Whatever the woman was, she made her child love her, and she could not have been all bad!"

* * * *

One week later. The tour up the Western line, and off the line, was over, and they, with the child, whom they had renamed Manildra, were resting in Sydney at the Arcadia. Cupid dwelt with them, grown even tenderer and more unselfish, for sympathy and human kindness ever bind his links closer and weld them deeper.

By tacit consent neither Hugh nor Beatrice had consulted over the future of their little waif, but each had watched her anxiously through the week. Her recent loss had temporarily obscured her mischief-loving spirit, and she was subdued and quiet, her great eyes following Beatrice like the eyes of a faithful dog, and her quick mind always alert to anticipate her slightest wish. They dressed her suitably and her beauty was remarkable. The new, refined life enchanted the child, and gradually she cast off her sadness as children can, and the dark eyes began to sparkle.

One morning she heard a street band playing under the windows. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes glowed, she clinched her little brown hands tight, and stood poised to leap and dance.

Beatrice watched her. The child glanced at her, and her arms fell to her sides. "No, not any more of that for me," she said, quietly. Beatrice kissed her.

This little scene dwelt in Beatrice's mind all day:

"We must decide upon her fate," she whispered to herself. "She needs schooling to fit her for a certain and talented future. I wish—

She wished that the hard-headed mercenary god would put in an appearance. Strange to relate he did!

Two days latter Hugh came fairly bolting into the room, and picked Beatrice up in his arms, to Manildra's delight.

"O, Hugh, you crazy fellow! Drop me this instant!", panted Beatrice. "Whatever is the matter?"

He sank into a big chair breathless:

"My dear wife", he began with dignity, "You had best sit down and have your salts handy, for the skies have fallen! I mean Aunty Jane has died (God rest her soul) and has left me all her money. A fortune, darling"—growing excited—"the loveliest place in all New England for our home."

No need to dwell upon this scene. Tears and rapture; foolishness and more rapture, and then a quiet realization of things.

The God of Love and of Money had combined forces, and the story of struggle was over.

Beatrice looked at the child and then at Hugh. She hesitated:

"Dear," she began, "Shall we"—Hugh interrupted:

"Dear," he said, a warm, glad light in his eyes. "Shall we keep and treasure this little waif as our own?"

Beatrice smiled up at him, "Yes," she whispered.

"We will", said Hugh, and kissed Manildra, the circus child tenderly on her brow.



CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by Florence Jackson.

The Citizen and the Industrial Outlook.

Beginning with a lengthened exposition of the "Industrial Situation," Bishop Potter *first defines the relation of employer and employed in the past, when, as he reminds his readers, "servitude in whatever form, whether military, ecclesiastical, or civil, brought with it considerable immunities, back toward which, in freer ages, people of larger freedoms and more absolute personal liberty might easily look with longing and regret." From this he leads on to "the age in which you and I are living, and which many men think is least of all an age of freedom." In speaking of the Middle Ages, the writer says: "They dismissed out of their common life a great deal that was primitive and elementary, but there survived features of the earlier family life, which to have lost, as we have certainly, and I fear irreparably lost them, is to have sustained a deprivation, I had almost said *depravation* (the italics are mine, but the word may be noticed as indicating the trend of the author's argument) which is incalculable." Quickly passing on to the formative era of guilds and unions, and finding the analogy between the employees of that era and of this, Dr. Potter makes a clear statement of a point whereat many have hedged: "Out of our present situation it has come about that there has been begotten a sullen class hatred which is quite as acute here in our own republic as under the most despotic forms of government, and whose menace threatens not only the relations which bind together certain industrial interests, but the whole social fabric." From this sentence may be inferred the main stand made by the writer in the subsequent chapters, dealing in turn with the working man, the citizen and the consumer, the citizen and the capitalist, the corporation, the citizen and the state. However detailed and minute the Bishop shows his knowledge to be of each individual's and each class's relation, it is yet evident that he does not and cannot regard it really from the standpoint of one who has been of the "masses," who has known the want of work, and felt dependence upon the pay given for that work. No imagination, however fertile, can give the explorer such knowledge of an unknown country as he gains by actual passage through that country, and sympathetic as the reverend writer is with all classes and conditions of men, he cannot be, to the working man, wholly fraternal, even when he entreats him in italics, "to recognize the responsibility of the consumer," and this only through the impediment of never having been a working man. His view point has been earnestly, conscientiously acquired, but it is not the view point of one taking bearings from a forced stand, although it is admitted that "almost the worst enemy to the progress of human society is the spirit of caste "and the influence of it in our own time has made the separation of social grades definitely mark out the "working class." Nevertheless, the volume of scholarly essays (occasional careless editing or diction possibly the fault of stenographic copy, is forgivable) is instructive and interesting reading.

* "The citizen in His Relation to the Industrial Situation." Yale Lectures by Henry Codman Potter, D. D. L.L. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.80.

A Record of Personal Observation.

The sub-head of Ernest Hamlin Abbott's "Religious Life in America" describes the character of a second book of ecclesiastical and semi-

secular essays, and beginning with "The Workingman and the Church," the spirit of the last mentioned volume seems to have been also striven for in this—for the "Church and the Workingman" is the title of the following essay, and the "Religious Tendencies of the Negro" is the title of another chapter, of especial interest because the attitude of the colored man towards his spiritual leader is lucidly set forth. Mr. Abbott gained the material for these essays in a tour he made for the purpose, of all the Eastern, Middle Central and Middle Western states. It was during that tour that he visited in Baltimore the colored rector of an Episcopal congregation, and from this man learned that "the existence of white ministers over colored congregations encourages the already too great characteristics of dependence in the negro race"—that "colored people under white supervision feel irresponsible, and often prefer white supervision in order to be relieved of responsibility." Coming as far West as Colorado, the writer declares that the American who goes from the East to Colorado is in the same category with regard to judging of religious standards as is the Italian who comes from Southern Italy to the States. "In the country of his birth he is expected by everybody to conform to the observances of the church. In his adopted country he finds many who conform to the observances of other churches, and some who conform to none at all." * * * In Colorado an outwardly respectable life, it is safe to say, is not any disadvantage to a man, but it is hardly safe to say that it brings any immediate visible reward. * * * The result is that, according not only to what is heard of, but also to what I saw in Colorado as in no other region I visited, open, unshamed violation of common morality exists side by side with genuine, courageous and single-minded religious faith and life."

The volume is a comprehensively and interestingly written statement of conditions as the writer saw them, from which he gathers what he feels to be sufficient warrant for declaring that the "future religious life in America will be marked by tendencies toward a religion less dependent upon intellectual hypotheses and therefore less timid of intellectual change; toward a faith less dependent upon the external bulwark of literalism; toward a less materialistic interpretation of life; toward a religion more ethical in character." While some of the arguments in the "satis superque" might inspire to opposition, the dispute with the author must be left to the individual reader, who will enjoy the clear diction and coherent grouping of Mr. Abbott's ideas.

"Religious Life in America," by Ernest Hamlin Abbott. The Outlook Co., New York. Price, $1.00.

Camp Fires in the Wilderness.

The experiences of sportsmen in field or camp are pretty much the same the world over, so that this little volume, which gives an "Account of Travels and Adventures in the Wilds of Maine, New Brunswick and Canada," will be found useful to many hunters in many climes. For the author has given the most practical directions as to means of supplying personal wants and securing the greatest comfort in the wilds. He tells his readers of his own choice in articles of clothing and equipment, but the selection leaves the reader with many helpful, suggested ideas to be worked out for special and individual liking. Under "What to Take" are noted clothing, especially foot-wear, bedding, camp supplies, camp utensils, food, medicine and tackle. In the chapter on food, several recipes are given for dishes that may be easily prepared, and an added list of small necessaries is meant to jog the minds of the forgetful who would leave behind the screw-driver or the corkscrew.

The exploration of the Great Lakes brings the traveler Westward, and a knowledge of how to build a log cabin may be needed by campers West as well as East of the Rockies. The book is by E. W. Burt, and is published by the National Sportsman Press, Boston, Mass.

Mingled Motifs.

It is a pity to have bound within one cover verses of such divers motif, not to speak of quality, as those that go to make up the little volume

of Black Hill Ballads, by Robert V. Carr, sent out by the Reed Publishing Company of Denver, Col. The contents are divided into three parts, the first, and by far the largest, of which is made up of doggerel ditties in vernacular that has neither originality nor force. While there are two or three of these that show a pathos the reader sympathizes with chiefly because of the evident personal note, the writer has, perhaps unconsciously, given them, they are, for the most part, pointless fancies uttered in a diction for which there is no excuse, and therefore they offer no interest as an apology for their being. They give one that sort of dreary feeling with which at some time or other one may have regarded a tramp, whose very being raises a wonder as to why—why—why, he exists. The second and third parts of Mr. Carr's book show a very different spirit, even though one of the daintiest songs "To the Only One," is spoiled by careless diction in the third verse and in "L'Envoi." Of the harmonious and pleasing lyrics, "Just Yesterday," "Dreams You Dream," and "Floodsong of the Mountains," win especial attention, while "You Went Away," showing the most finished work in the collection, is a little gem. At the same time, the character of songs as Ballads of the Black Hills is more thoroughly displayed in the short epic, "Onjinjintka: An Indian Legend." In this and "The Western Trail," a Sioux version of the conquest of the prairie, occur the strongest phrases found in the whole book. The lines are:

"The Western Trail."

In the beginning the great spirit
Gave the prairies rare gifts:
The mirage, the warm rains of springtime, the grasses and the flowers;
The buffalo, the village by the river, and the children basking in the sun.
Happy were we then, O my people!
But from the East a white warrior came, and with a mighty arrow wounded the prairie;
And the grasses and the flowers withered, and the herds and villages melted away—
Melted, O my people! as the snow melts before the Chinook.
In time the wound healed, but a scar was left—a long white scar across the prairie's breast.

Letters of an American Countess.

What would have seemed to be a thoroughly worn out medium for story-telling, autobiographical letters, is again given to the reader who would learn of the doings of an American Countess, and another correspondence, quite one-sided, and, it is to be hoped, wholly imaginary, is thus laid bare. One of the virtues of this bound collection of letters is its brevity: but the quality usually supposed to be the great recommendation for close abbreviation is lacking—wit there is none, although there is some good sarcasm which will perhaps scarcely reach the appreciation of those who will read the work through. Taking for her theme the results that may be expected by any who become entangled in the workings of a marriage bureau, the "Countess herself," as the author is called on the title page, tells the story of an American heiress who captured a Count through a foreign marriage syndicate. There is a claim made that such a syndicate was shown up some time ago by one of the largest American papers, and that this story has its foundation in fact.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.

New Literature of an Old Race.

Perhaps nothing that has been written and published in the modern methods of self-expression through literature so marks the spirit of the times as the fiction that is now put forth, showing the Jewish character in the light of its own interpretation. While protest against exposition of race peculiarities has been made by some few of that people which for ages has shrunk from displaying its emotional nature, the influence of the age has been too strong to wholly prevent it from giving the same expression of the mental and spiritual being, that has compelled other humans to voice the woes and joys of their lot. "In the Gates of Israel," a volume of short stories by Herman Bernstein, re-

printed from magazines and papers in which they have appeared, such objections as have been made against an exposition of Hebrew idiocyncrasies would hardly be advanced. The writer deals respectfully, even reverently, with his subjects, and in a measure interests his readers. Chiefly, however, the interest would be felt by those who are students of human nature or of social conditions in a class, of which personal knowledge is difficult to gain. The themes are tense, but treatment of them is not of the kind to carry the reader out of himself. Written in a disconnected way, the incidents roughly joined or following each other without any apparent sequence, some of the tales read like bad translations from bad French that apes a Zolaesque style. But others are more original. "A Jealousy Cure" is an old fancy more successfully worked out than is usual with hackneyed subjects, and in this case the result is a pleasing surprise to the reader. "The Marriage Broker," in the scheming for the union of two people, gives the contrary side to that shown in the "Letters of the American Countess," and here we find the pathos in a comedy rather cleverly delineated. Never were the manoeuvres of a managing British mamma more forcibly set forth than are those of the Jewish shatchen. Entirely pathetic, but with an elevating motive in its development, is the story "Alone," which shows the forlornness of a working girl whose solitary state drives her to seek the shatchen's aid while yet treasuring the memory of an early love that has always seemed to be idyllic. Disillusionment comes when she finds in the parti the matchmaker presents to her the lover of her youth, whose standard of character, as she believed it to be would prevent his seeking a mate in the way he is now doing, her dowery being the bait held out. Braced to self-dependence by this disappointment, the girl resumes the burden of work which no longer seems terrible to her.

Quite forcible are the delineations of character, such as that of the aged Cantor and of his old wife, who "never knew the meaning of desires, inclination, love, hatred, passion, jealousy. Soheh Rioke understood only such things as hunger, thirst, sleep, faith in God." Through these tales an insight can be found to a wider comprehension of the people who are spreading themselves over the whole breadth of this Republic.

Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

Ghetto Stories.

In "The Spirit of the Ghetto," by Hutchins Hapgood, we have the Jewish nature shown in different phases and environment. The author has striven to give that side of the Hebrew character, little known by many, wherein intellectual and spiritual attainments are more esteemed than commercial success.

The colony of Russian and Galician Jews who live in that part of New York known as the East Side,form, the writer tells us, the largest Jewish city in the world, and in spite of the squalor and dirt to be seen there, these being the direct result of poverty and not of choice, there is to be found, in many a push-cart vendor and sweat-shop worker, a scholar of such learning and spiritual aspirations as is seldom surpassed by graduates of American universities. The ability to reconcile the spirit of their religious and patriarchal home life with the wholly different spirit of American living is not so singular nor so eminently Jewish as the author seems to suppose. This inclination to harmonize all the conditions of an environment may, one can believe, be traced to a universal widening of intellect and of moral appreciation, that now demands the frank, even eager, recognition of all the forces that have called forth the highest emotions man is able to experience. We see this now in the increasing willingness to admit factors in self development that once would have been regarded with reluctant admission or even with shame—such forces as poverty, ignorance, misfortune in a past to which a more prosperous present hates to feel attached.

If we learn to know the Hebrew better through these essays of Mr. Hapgood we cannot fail to find also his weak with his strong points. In the description of Zauser, one of the Ghetto poets, the man's manner of life as described induces the

wonder, that those who are at all able to feel rhythm can be content not to see it also, live in it, and the squalid and stolid surroundings, not always necessary even to poverty, become the more inexplicable. Possibly this is what Mr. Hapgood says the Jew calls the practical American out-look, which wants everything swept and garnished. If in the "practical" there is a demand for fine and complete harmony, then blessed be the practical. And if, as the author of "The Spirit of the Ghetto" says, "these Jews" are at once tenacious of their character and susceptible to their Gentile environment, when that environment is of a high order of civilization," we may hope that the elevated spirit of their intellectual leanings will combine happily with their development into more pleasing personalities as they adopt the new world methods of material comfort and beauty.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., Publishers. Price, $1.50.

The Coast of Freedom.

Once more an historical novel. And why not, since history can supply that element which is, of all things, the one the story-teller needs—the element of the marvelous so surely found because fact is stranger than fiction. Adele Marie Shaw, who announces that she tells the story—"A Romance of the Adventurous Times of the First Self-Made American"—in collaboration with her brother, Albert Judson Shaw, although his name is not allowed by him to appear on the title page, has put forth a charming tale of adventure and of courageous integrity. Cotton Mather figures as one of the characters and Sir Humphrey Windlass as another. Governor Phips is the dominating personage of the work, with a youngster who has been with him on many a venturesome cruise. The style is pleasing; a little stilted, but in keeping with the period in which the tale is set. However, neither Mr. nor Miss Shaw can have any personal experience in the West Indies, or they would not allow a ship to come to anchor where it could be shadowed by trees, and where, from the deck, flowers could be perceived "by their fragrance, half-guessed, within the thousand perfumes of the night, ambrosial, aromatic." On the whole, the story is very readable, and is not too heavily burdened with incident.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

For the Children.

Few are the children's books that come to hand, though these are always eagerly sought. A new jingle book, with quaint pen and ink illustrations, is this one of Mr. Waterhouse's. Although it opens with some verses bearing a very up-to-date title, "The Little Chap That Runs the House," it is an inviting volume, by reason of its old-fashioned, once-upon-a-time look. It seems to have an air of lastingness, as if it would bear reading over and over. The best of these verses are to the tiniest tots—"Despot Kings" being another like the first mentioned, "But Two Children" another, and "The Land of the Hushaby King" one of the prettiest of all.

"Lays for Little Chaps," by Alfred Jas. Waterhouse. New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. Price, $1.00.

De Wet and the Boer War.

In his copious volume of memoirs concerning the late struggle in South Africa, General De Wet gives a history of three exciting years. He naively forestalls literary criticism in the beginning by declaring himself to be no "book-writer," and at once wins the sympathy of the reader for the soldier. For the translation from the Dutch, he disclaims responsibility, but whether the English idiom has been obliged to coin words for this particular book, or many Boer terms adopted into English have become strong adjuncts of the language, certain it is that the phraseology used has an originality that would be forceful itself, even if the subject were not so.

The work is, however, in no sense a literary production. It is a plain, unvarnished tale of national events, with as little expression of individual opinion as is possible, and that in spite of the constantly recurring personal pronoun. In the admission that "as long as the struggle lasted our discipline was al-

ways far from perfect," may be found, perhaps, the Boers' understanding of their defeat, while an excuse for them may be supplied in the statement: "I do not intend to imply that the burghers were unwilling or unruly; it was only that they were quite unaccustomed to living under orders."

A frank and pardonable egotism is evident in the assertion: "When I look back upon the campaign, I realize how gigantic a task I performed in regulating everything in accordance with my wishes."

Accounts of amusing incidents relieve the stress of the narrative, and are aptly told. One occurring at the time of the battle of Nicholson's Neck, quotes a Boer word that is suggestive as a rather happy addition to the vocabulary of slang, and one that would be more than usually comprehensive. The British had retreated and the Boers had taken advantage of the fine positions the enemy had held:

"While this was going on—a Jew came up to a burgher who was lying behind a stone, on a piece of ground where boulders were scarce. 'Sell me that stone for half-a-crown?' whined the Jew. 'Loop,' the Boer cried; 'I want it myself.'

"Although the Boer had never before possessed anything that had risen in value with such surprising rapidity, at that moment he was anything but ready to drive a bargain with the Jew, and without any hesitation he positively declined to do business."

"Loop," meaning "clear out," can be used with phonetic expressiveness.

Speaking of the disregard of the flag of truce charged to the enemy at the same battle, De Wet says: "—— very soon a few white flags appeared in the kraals on their (the enemy's) left wing, and from that quarter the firing stopped suddenly. I immediately gave the order to cease fire and to advance toward the enemy. All at once the English blazed away at us again. On our part we replied with vigor. But that did not continue long. In a very short time, white flags fluttered above every kraal —the victory was ours.

"I have no wish to say that a misuse of the white flag had taken place. I was told when the battle was over that the firing had continued, because the men on our eastern wing had not observed what their comrades on their left had done. And this explanation I willingly accept."

Everywhere the General shows himself equally generous in his judgments. In the account of the "peace negotiations," letters and telegrams from both sides are freely quoted. Following the despatch from Lord Kitchener, in which the British commander declares he has ordered that "from to-morrow, the 13th, all commandos whose leaders or chief officers have been chosen to attend the meeting at Vereeniging, shall be exempted from being attacked by my column," De Wet, without making any comment on the actual fact, states simply:

"It was rather surprising to me that Lord Kitchener, in this telegram, spoke only of an armistice beginning on the 13th of May, because in his telegram of the 25th (of April), he had agreed that there should be an armistice from the 11th of May. I heard also from officers of Heilbron, Vrede and Bethlehem, whom I met on the evening of the 14th of May, at Wolnelroek Station, that the English columns had operated in their districts on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. My order was that my officers should not operate, but should retreat, if the enemy should unexpectedly operate on the 11th. On the above-mentioned dates, houses were burned down, cattle carried away, maize and other grain destroyed, burghers taken prisoners, and (in one instance) shot.

"Such a misunderstanding was very regrettable, and all the more so because we were never indemnified for the damages done."

This is the utmost condemnation given to any act that caused unnecessary distress during the campaign. In spite of its mild tone, the book is one of exciting interest, and the information in the appended notes is valuable.

"Three Years' War," by Christian Rudolf De Wet. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $2.50.

A book that will be of interest and value to advertisers is "Leading News-

papers," published by George P. Rowell & Co., of New York. "Considered from the Adventurer's Standpoint" is the subtitle. The matter is divided into sections, as follows: "The Greatest Circulation," "Considered by States," "Sunday Papers," "The Religious Press," "Newspapers Devoted to Agriculture, the Household, and Kindred Subjects," "Class and Trade Papers." There is a copious and complete index, and several talks on advertising that will be of great help to both experienced and inexperienced advertisers. The book is well printed, beautifully bound, and of handy pocket size.

Books Received are: "Furnished Room Houses," by Silas Wright's Widow (Annie M. Bendick), published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York and London. Price, $1.50.

"The Poor House Lark," by Mary B. Willey. F. Tennyson Neely, publisher, New York and London. Price, $1.50.

"Poems on the State of Labor," by Lionel Josaphare, published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

"Greek and Roman Stoicism, and Some of its Disciples," by Charles H. Stanley Davis, published by Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

EDITORIAL DIGEST

ALTHOUGH literature, pure and and simple, has not yet become involved in the question that is of greatest international and diplomatic interest at the present moment—the Venezuelan difficulties—yet there is being woven about these events a sort of literature which, founded on the themes presented by the situation, is of the sort the United States of America first gave to the world as her quota in the contribution to letters, and which has been called the finest collection of such writing belonging to any government since Caesar wrote his commentaries for the Roman people. The documents and diplomatic communications that have passed between our government and foreign powers within the last five years, the reports made and the articles that have appeared in the public prints on state questions, added to that well-esteemed collection of the Nations' papers, are found to be written in no less lofty and fine a style than were similar contributions of earlier date. Just what the influence of these writings is, or will prove to have been, can only be properly judged as all literature must be, from a certain perspective, impossible to gain when the critic stands close to a thing, or when he is, as it were, a part of the moving picture—in the immediate foreground of it and facing forward—not back.

Yet the actors in living pictures may be changed to another pose, whence the merest glance will give them a glimpse of the background set for them. Such shifting of the mise-en-scene will enable participators in the history that is making in Venezuela to-day, to turn and look at the setting begun for the picture four hundred years ago.

The scene was set soon after Americus Vespucius and Ojeda sailed into the Lake Maracaibo, and gave the name of Little Venice to the district where the natives' willow huts were built upon piles over the marshes. Almost before the continent found by Columbus had been called after Vespucius, and when the patrons of the great Admiral had been succeeded by their grandson, Carlos V., His Majesty King of Spain, the Netherlands, Emperor of Germany, and Duke of Bergundy, gave to a certain German firm of Ausberg, Welser by name, a grant of a vast tract in the new territory of Venezuela—all that region from Maracales to Cape Vela, and as far to the interior as they chose to go—with permission to hold the country, provided they would colonize it, the stipulation being that within two years they should have established three forts and two towns, and should have begun the civilization of the natives. Thus, in the early XVIth Century, the Germans

had gained possessions in that very part of South America which is now denying and defying its commercial demands.

What has become of the colony planted in Venezuela by Germans four hundred years ago? Long since obliterated, forgotten, almost lost trace of, in the annals of history. Carlos V., himself none too mild a ruler, horrified at the conduct of the Saxon colonists, revoked the grant made to his German subjects. After seventeen years no one condition of those regulating the grant had been fulfilled, and so cruel had been the rule of the Welsers' agents in the district under their control, that the whole country had been laid waste, Alfinger, the Governor, was known far and wide among the natives as "the fiend of the Soul," and he himself was slain long before the colony was broken up by Spain. The Teutons had led the Latins in atrocities of Government, and it was in fact a form of hideous execution perpetrated first in the camp of Charlemagne that was imitated in the manner of slaying Tupac Amaru, the last of the Incas.

But cruel as the Spaniards were to the Indians in after years, in proportion to the era and to their mental development, about as cruel as were the good New Englanders to their prisoners charged with witchcraft, the memory of the German occupation in Venezuela remains a horror. And this is the background that is set for the living picture which is forming itself in that Republic to the South, about which so much is being written now, but so little is really known. An indifference, if not a contempt, for the nations below the line, has prevented a just comprehension of them, and even the service of United States diplomats accredited to Latin American Governments has sometimes been of the sort to shame the pride of the United States. It is with the greatest admiration, then, that those of us who have seen other officials deport themselves unbecomingly, watch now the dignified conduct of Mr. Bowen, reflecting honor upon the Nation and upon himself. Records of some of the administrations of certain of the ministers who have represented this Government would, indeed, be better forgotten, but that from mistakes made in the past, the country may learn that a diplomat to a Latin nation needs to be more than a county politician with district school education. Men with no other than this equipment have, however, been sent again and again to represent the United States in South American capitals, where the native officials are universally men of great polish and of wide learning, and where the foreign diplomats, except our own, are always men of like fitness and culture. In one instance a United States Minister to a certain Republic of importance, retained his position through influence for over twelve years, yet was never able to transact any negotiation without an interpreter, or to hold any social intercourse in any language except English. Most of the time, too, the Legation was held in his bedroom, though the rent of proper quarters thus saved did not increase the United States treasury. Still another minister to a foreign Latin land, after having won the antagonism of the social element, by harsh and insulting criticisms of prevailing customs, went as a guest to the most formal governmental function, at which all the other men appeared in evening clothes, as do the French, in an unmatched suit of blue flannel, very much the worse for wear and for tobacco juice. When he was asked to retire, as being unfittingly dressed, the North American colony suffered a mortification that certainly can be better imagined than described. Fortunately, such an occurrence as this is now scarcely possible, at least not on this continent. The greater information concerning countries that are sister republics, has brought about a sense of esteem once lacking, and the ignorance of a foreign language, which was a bar to communication, is giving way on all sides. Long before Spanish was taught in North American schools, English was studied in Normal Colleges in South America. The latter is, of course, much the harder language of the two to acquire, nor does English lend itself so well as does Spanish to some of the greater uses of the

student. When Dr. Barnard was still president of Columbia University, three lawyers of New York, one of whom had been graduated under the Doctor, submitted to him a question under dispute: Which language is the best medium for the expression of scientific treaties? One man had declared for French, another for German, the third for English. Dr. Barnard told the inquirers that none of the three was the "best," and that no idiom equaled the Spanish for clearness of expression on scientific subjects.

As language is the medium of expression for the purpose of communication, the most expressive words and idioms must naturally best serve the end sought. And these may be gleaned or adapted from all sources. In the article on "The Poetry of the Polynesians," in this issue, it is possible for one, wholly unacquainted with the language or dialect quoted from, to follow the cadence and rhythm of syllables and thus to gain some idea of the understanding those uncultured races have, of harmonious expressions. What is said of the marvelous power of memorizing, which is displayed by the Polynesian reminds one of Max Muller's description of such ability, enabling the Hindus to learn the Rig Veda as their ancestor did thousands of years before from the mouth of a teacher. That the South Sea Islanders are sometimes at a loss to understand their own meles, that the "meaning is sometimes clouded," perhaps brings their poetry up to one of the Twentieth Century standards, and what Sir Leslie Stephen says in "The National Review" of Browning may apply to his browner brother: "It is tempting to try to find some clue to the complicated tissue of arguments, and if possible to understand what are the points in which he is so interested——"

Without relinquishing his poetical fancies, the Polynesian's development into a practical man finds him a worker on a coffee plantation in his picturesque islands. Is the distance between savagery and civilization to be so short for these people that they will be able to preserve some of their primitive simplicity while acquiring that sophistication of education which will enable them to compete in trade with the rest of the world? Marvelous would be such a condition, yet it has something of a precedent in the life brought to the Pacific Coast Indians by the Mission Fathers.

In "The Builders of California" we come this month to the period over which glamour and romance can never cease to hover, and which makes for itself an unceasing interest far from the scenes where it was lived. It is difficult to get information concerning this mission period so condensed as to understand the epoch's historical and social significance in the life of to-day. Mr. Pixley has given us multum in parvo embodying all that is most useful to know in fewest possible words. The reader is reminded of several interesting things that escaped from the memory: how the first ship launched on this coast was built in California; how the "Pious Fund" was started, and what became of it before the recent international contest brought it to notice; how similar was the fate of the Jesuit and the Franciscan missionaries; and a point is made which arrests attention and induces reflection: "With the founding of the Mission San Rafael Archangel the girdle of Christianity had been placed around the globe."

That girdle bound another with it:—its dual cincture, civilization.

Within the last month, there has occurred in this State a function whose significance is as great as was the completion of the chain of missions that, a century ago, finished a circle of Christian influence spanning the globe. Again has the western boundary been the scene of a demonstration of man's highest ethical impulse and of his ability to give that impulse true and lofty expression.

On the 25th of January, there was held at Palo Alto the dedication services of the Memorial Church of the Leland Stanford University. The occasion was one about which great concern, much wonder, no little apprehension, had been felt by those whose sense of harmony and consistency in all things connected with the University on the one hand, and with

forms of worship on the other, made them fearful of jarring influences when differing creeds and rituals should be pronounced in the same hour from the same sanctuary and listened to by the same congregation.

For the authorities had ordered an arrangement of a service that should be performed for an institution whose endowment was fundamentally conditional upon its being and remaining nonsectarian as to forms of worship. Over this undenominational congregation, made up of students of many faiths and nationalities, and of a faculty that had consistently carried out the ethical standard the founders had wished maintained, there presided as Chaplain a clergyman of that Church against which the spirit of Puritanism in the Pilgrims of the East, and of Romanism in the Padres of the West, has been arrayed almost up to the present hour. This Church, further represented in the person of the newly-appointed Pastor of the edifice to be dedicated, a priest of world-wide celebrity come as select Preacher to the University, must now feel itself in no wise the leader in faith or form. Often charged with Pharisaical prejudice, it must refute those charges, and prove its willingness to stand with all sects represented by tolerant and generous ministers of faiths that freely acknowledge—

"The ways they are many,
The road it is one."

To the aid of Chaplain and of Pastor, many of these ministers were called. They responded in the spirit in which they were bidden, and that spirit brought to the University where secular education aims to be for the highest scholarship, an influence of the most broadening and elevating religious thought. The plan for a service to be conducted by the representatives of various denominations was plainly so difficult to carry out that the public feared the result, and criticism of the very effort was even at times harsh. It was therefore with apprehension that the most devout, and with anticipation that the critic, entered, on that Sunday morning, the beautiful church which is the latest gift of the University's generous patron. Descriptions that would almost fill volumes have been written of the splendor of the structure, its frescoes, its mosaics, its carvings, its wealth of stained glass, its crowning glory—the superb organ. Filled with the rows and rows of students, of alumni, of members of the faculty, of crowding worshipers, its impressiveness of rich coloring and fair outline, became intense, the meaning of the service about to take place became plain. In that student body were future citizens, future workers of the world; they represented every social class, every creed; the casts of countenance showed them to be of many races, and there, in the chancel, stood the men who could council each youth in his own spiritual path, helping him to find that union of the mental and the moral which best makes for high character. There, the Rabbi read Solomon's Prayer at the Dedication of the Temple, and the Presbyterian prayed; the Congregationalist read from the New Testament and the Unitarian from the Psalms; the Baptist gave praise and the Episcopalian invoked the blessing of God. The Pastor's sermon and prayer of dedication emphasized the spirit of universal tolerance and sympathy, and rejoiced at the opportunity for carrying on Christian work, "free from ecclesiastical provincialism."

What De Amicis has so finely described as the impression gained by the beholder on a first visit to the great Cathedral of Burgos: "The first emotion experienced is a sudden strengthening of your faith, if you have any, and a burst of the soul toward faith, if it be lacking"—may be said of the effect of that gathering and that service in the Memorial Church. No finer example of a tolerant estimate of the faith of others, and of respect for truth in whatever form it is presented, could be found than was given by the attention of the hushed audience that listened to the words of the Preacher that day.

The spirit of just men making towards the perfect was there shown, and with such influence, that most retarding and narrowing of all impulses—prejudice—must continue to lose strength, until it disappears wholly before the spread of the truest civilization. F. JACKSON.

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From the painting by A. W. Best.

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The Blossoming Peach Orchards of China

An Idylic Scene

By CHARLES E. LORRIMER

IF you "follow the man from Cook's" at the proper season of the year, you will inevitably be landed in ecstatic rapture before the flowering cherry trees in Japan. Every tourist who has ever seen them has given his mite to swell the ocean of praise, whose roar is heard wherever a guide-book penetrates.

But no one writes of the lavish beauties of the peach trees, the apple trees, and the pear trees of China. Think what a gorgeous, alluring variety! Why should it all be entirely cast in the shade, because Japan is the more showy sister, with a landscape painted and tricked out in fascinating quaintness?

Perhaps no one tells of the charms of the Chinese orchards for fear of making the Japanese bees break the commandment and covet their neighbor's honey, for peach honey, to be had in abundance in the Flowery Land, is a luxury among bees, as supreme a dainty as larks' tongues among men. Yet it is not a shy delicacy, hiding itself coquettishly. You never come upon a peach orchard unexpectedly, as you may tumble on a brilliant pink sash of cherry trees, tied artistically round the waist of some green field. Long before you are near a clump of blooming peach, you are prepared for the delights in store by a wonderful penetrating perfume which has a peculiar power.

Peach perfume acts the part of an animated thing. Like the hand of a skillful musician, it touches the chords of your best remembrances, till they swell and grow and play a symphony for you; till a rose-colored haze envelops you and a far-away band seems to be playing the national anthem.

All this you have in China when Spring comes, but there is much more in Japan to catch the casual eye. There the stage-setting is so complete and artistic! Nature seems to have studied the scene-painter's art so surely that she never misses an effect. For every day, however, for quiet walks, for ordinary living, you should chose a landscape as Dr. Primrose chose a wife—for the qualities "that wear well."

It is wisest to avoid a professional beauty for either. Superior, overpowering loveliness always has its photograph in the art exhibitions; you can never claim it for your exclusive own. The whole world points out and admires the Grecian nose of your lady-love, or the perfect hill-side of your favorite glen, and both suffer from reputation—a terrible curse to be attached to what you value most.

In a plain face or an unpretentious landscape, you can discover beauties for yourself. As you look longer, the curve of an eyelash or the bend of a bough will redeem either. The discovery and the charm are both yours, beneath the notice or interest of other people—as much yours as if you had



Laden boughs bend to the stream.

found a new continent. A positive affection springs up in your heart for them, a liking which no loveliness prescribed by all the canons of art can provoke.

So it is with the peach orchards of China. At first they seem flat, pink, it is true and a luscious pink—but unprofitable. They need knowing and explaining. A hundred gentle, quiet streams are hidden under heavily bending boughs; a hundred varieties of grasses and ferns grow along their banks when you know where to look for them. From underneath the arches of brown stems now and again a glimpse of a pagoda, a high peaked roof of a temple irregularly pic-



Pagodas and pointed roofs rise above the blooms.

turesque, or a fantastic tomb, adds a note of oddity to an idyllic landscape—a peaceful Oriental touch. The birds and bees fly about their affairs; the flowers breathe forth their perfumes; the grass laughingly nods, and the lazy water buffalo lords it over the scene.

It seems to me a sure proof of the narrowness of poets' minds, of the beaten track in which their thoughts run, that in all the similes they are obliged to use for peace, contentment, calm, or satisfaction they invariably quote the dove, the cow, or sometimes pussy, the fireside sphynx. There lies the amphibious water buffalo ready to their hands, the perfect embodiment of tranquility, the very essence of calm, his most violent movement to slip from a bank into a stream—and yet they ignore him. Nature has colored his broad back a neutral gray, so that whether he settles himself in the coziest, greenest corners; whether he slides into the brownest water, he matches his surroundings. He harmonizes with his environment, and tranquilizes conflicting elements. Magpies and crows perch on his back to settle their family jars; flies and every crawling beetle make his tough hide a playground undisturbed. The ants wander amid his sparse coat of long hairs like the thin locks of an elderly gentleman, and dream they have found a forest.

On the whole, the little boys enjoy him most; for, if he is lazy, he is not idle.

He represents, with a little plot of ground, the wealth of thousands of peasant farmers in China, and he is ox, ass, horse and nurse; while madame, his wife, supplies the family with milk, one of the chief sources of income. On him devolves the care of all the urchins of the neighborhood turned out at early morning to watch the orchards in bloom, to terrify the maurauders who would break off the fragrant branches to sell. From matins to the day's decline he stands knee-deep in rich grasses, and allows the children to jump on his broad back. At noon, while he chews the ruminative cud, the little ragamuffins stretch out to sleep, one toe over his wide, flapping ears, which switch flies unceasingly, and one arm flung luxuriously across his rough flank.



A corner of a China Peach orchard in bloom.

Blue, white and black butterflies, spotted, striped, and barred butterflies, flutter among the heavy boughs of blos-



The lazy Water Bufalo, having his evening drink.

soms, and everywhere are birds, birds, birds. There is a beautiful songster, a Bulbul, one of those hidden charms which guide-books do not enumerate, that sings splendid throaty notes. There are piping Finches, and chattering Sparrows which chase brilliant Dragon-flies.

To see the scene at its best, walk under the heavy branches in the early morning when the dew still spreads its gossamer veil, spangled with diamonds, over the earth. The atmosphere is ineffably sweet with a vivacity of light and color, a sense of depth and spaciousness which can not remind one of a stage landscape. The sun falls on the placid brown streams, and strikes from their dull waters, as from a prism, brilliant pinks and yellows; while the overhead smell of the blossoms lies like a perfumed cloud.

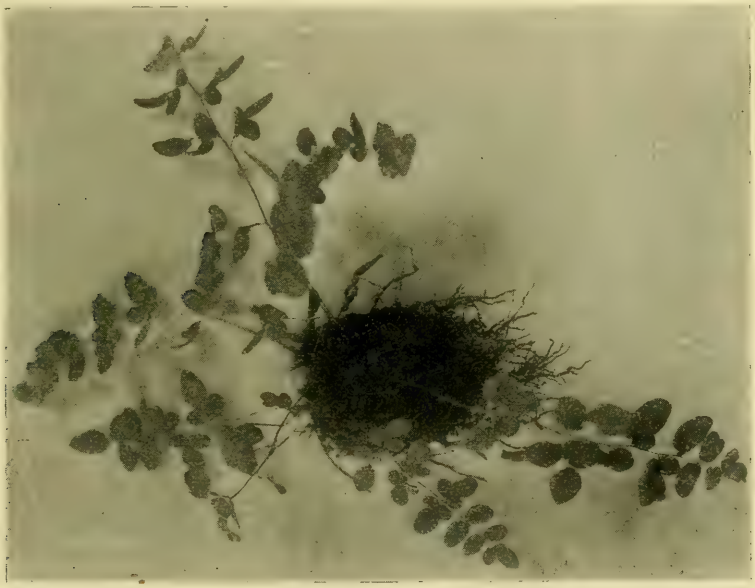
For one short week the idyllic scene lasts. The flat fields are lifted above the commonplace by the maze of light, color, and movement, till some day, suddenly, so suddenly the bees scarcely have time to take cover, the shadows look less sharp, less solid. An inexplicable "difference" has come over the sun, though as yet no smallest cloud is on the horizon. The air gradually loses its life. Slight as it is, the warning is sufficient for the creature-world. Buzzes and whirrs, songs and chatterings, cease abruptly. The even ripple of the river is the only sound, and that seems almost to accentuate the silence. In a minute or two the clouds begin to gather by twos and threes, half reluctantly like school children who walk arm in arm back to their lessons after a recess.

With astonishing rapidity do these filmy clouds collect, until the whole sky is a leaden-hued mass of cotton-wool. Off in the distance a low growl of thunder is followed by an angrier one as if to demand attention. Then comes a gust of wind bringing the rain, first in groups of great plashing, reckless drops, afterwards in a fine hail of them, that patter on the boughs with the sound of a wood-pecker's bill. Alas, for the blossoms! In an hour the fields are running with muddy brooklets, the paths are shallow torrents, and the ground is carpeted with beautiful pink flowers. The bees must look for new entertainers until next spring.

SOME CALIFORNIA FERNS

BY KATE E. SMITH

A PATCH of dirt, a few drops of water, an occasional gleam of California sunlight—these are all that are needed to give birth to a most beautiful bunch of ferns. So many people believe that infinite care, watering, setting and much prodding of the soil are the sort of stuff on which these delicate beauties thrive. In the house, this may be true. But there is not a glen or canyon from Shasta to San Diego that is not a perfect treasure-house for fern lovers; and every hillside and mountain from end to end of the State has its hardy ferns, with such rugged natures that the hot rays of a dry summer sun cannot pelt their lives out.



Coffee Fern.

One of the best-known, is the Polypodium, or rock fern. As the common name suggests, it usually grows thickly under and about the edges of jutting rocks. But it also grows in thick, dark-green bunches about the base of trees. The leaf or frond is long, with a heavy midrib. It is deeply divided from the edges to the midrib. During summer, when there is little rain, nearly all of the fronds die; those that live are very small. With the first rain new fronds are rapidly pushed out by the large food-storing roots. They grow very fast, so that soon there is a thick cluster waving in every passing wind. In a few weeks the spores, or brown seed-cases, begin to appear in parallel lines on the under side of the leaf.

It has been but little more than half a century since the fern's method of reproduction was understood.

Before that time it was believed that fern seeds were formed on midsummer nights; and to find them one must go alone into the woods at midnight and repeat certain magic words. A good glass shows one of the brown spots on



Rock Fern.

the under side of a fern leaf to be, not one, but a cluster of spore cases. Each of these tiny cases has a band of elastic tissue about it, which has one weak place. When mature, the tissue breaks and straightens out, tearing the case and scattering a powder, the grains of which are finer than the finest flour. Each of these grains is a seed. Thousands of the seeds perish, but a few find a suitable place—one which is moist, and shaded. The new little plant which grows from the seed is not at all like a fern. At first a tiny, queer , flat leaf grows very close to the ground. From this scale-leaf, hair-like roots grow down, and a stem bearing a little ball grows up. The ball unfolds into a wee leaf. As other leaves appear, the scale-leaf withers, for its work is done. In about four or five weeks, the plant looks quite like a fern, though it will be nearly as many years before it is old enough to bear spore cases.



Maiden-hair Fern.

More hardy than the rock fern are the two hillside ferns, coffee and bird's-foot. All summer long they can be found, in open places, with only rustling grasses for company, or snuggling close to coarse chaparral and inhospitable cactus. When the sun is too warm to be endured, the little leaves have a cunning way of folding, thus exposing a smaller surface for loss of moisture. The spores grow along the edge of the leaf, and are protected by having the edge neatly rolled over them. The coffee fern has a pale brown stem, which divides and each leaflet being on a tiny stem of its own. The bird's-



A bank of Woodwardias.

foot stem is larger and the leaflets are in groups of three—hence the name.

Every one knows the maiden-hair, graceful, delicate beauty with glistening black stem. It flourishes in moist, shaded places. It grows tall and strong among the grasses and wild flowers at the foot of a tree. Very often it lines caves and clefts in the rock, clinging to bits of earth and crumbling stone, fed by the spring water which trickles down. The spore cases are arranged close to the edge of the leaflets.

Two dainty brothers are the golden-back and silver-back ferns. They cannot stand much sun, and so are found usually in the bed of the canyon or on a very shaded hillside. The gold or silver powder which covers the under side is really a sort of wax. It serves a double purpose. During a very dry season the leaves will curl, exposing only the under side, and the gold dust prevents rapid evaporation. As in all the ferns, the breathing pores through the skin, are on the under side of the leaf. These pores must not be choked in any way. In rainy seasons, the gold dust acts like oil. The water collects in drops and rolls off, and the fern's breathing is not hindered. As the fern grows older, a delicate brown powder appears, sometimes covering the entire back. A strong glass shows every grain of this powder to be a case full of spores.

The lace fern is a treasure which can be found only in the most secluded spots. A careless observer would think it like the golden-back fern, but without the gold-back, as the general outline of the frond is quite the same. But it is much finer, and the divisions are smaller. It grows on a strong little dark-brown stem which seems to invite you to pick it; but if you have far to go the delicate edges will droop, no matter how carefully you shield it.

There is hardly a pool of water in any canyon that is not fringed with tall woodwardias. These beautiful ferns vary, from a few inches to six or eight feet in height. They are plume-like in appearance. There is a heavy midrib, and deep, notched clefts extend from the edge nearly or quite to the midrib. The spores are arranged in lines parallel to the midvein of these divisions. California is the home of several different members of the woodwardia family.

The woods of northern California can boast a lion's share of the long, slender sword fern. Bunches of these crisp, green beauties grow beside the path, along the stream, on the hillside, against a giant tree—everywhere.

A very hardy fern, and a very decorative one, is the shield fern, which grows in nearly every place that holds a bit of moisture. It is satisfactory to gather as it carries well and will keep in water for a great many days. The shield fern has a heavy midrib, from which branch parallel veins, and from these veins, smaller parallel veins. The fronds are usually from eight to fifteen inches in length.

Near the summit of Mt. Lowe and other mountains in Southern California, a small, thick-leafed fern clings to the



Shield Fern.

rocks. Its finer brothers make their homes lower down the mountain side; but there it flourishes, to be recognized only by those whose eyes are always keen for ferns. The leaf of this woolly-back fern is very finely divided. When the weather is too hot, too cold or too dry, the leaves have a wise habit of curling up quite tightly, exposing only the protected underside, and unrolling again when a better time comes.

Two other ferns which live in the mountains in the drier part of the State are the lip fern and scaly fern. One is protected by a waxen coat, and the under side of the other is covered with tiny, overlapping scales. In unfavorable weather they fold for protection, as does the woolly-back fern.

Nearly every part of the State has fields of a coarse branching fern or bracken. Brakes attain best growth in shaded places, but they grow well in open sunny places, also. In some parts of the State brakes form a thicket acres in extent. They flourish during the summer and die when frost appears. The dried leaves burn well, and can be used for thatching sheds and out-buildings, or picturesque summer-houses.

The Builders of California

(A Prophecy)

BY MORRISON PIXLEY

Builders by the Western Sea
Where the Golden Rivers run,
Scarcely has your work begun,
Greater still your tasks shall be!
Here at end of all the world
Lies the Goal of Empire's Course;
Here, centripetal the force
Round which nations shall be whirled.

THE MEN WHO MAKE OUR BOOKS

BY ELIZABETH VORE

"Of making many books there is no end."

The proverb is surely verified in this day of much book manufacturing, yet, in the strictest sense of the word it is subject to modification.

Some books are "made" certainly, and a large number would better have been left unmade. One may say with truthfulness that history, biography and works of science are made, but this is not true either of poetry or fiction.

The ignorance existing on the part of the majority of readers as to the way literature of this character is written is almost incredible, but it is not wilfull ignorance. There is no subject over which a larger amount of legitimate curiosity is displayed than the manner in which this particular class of work is accomplished.

"How could you make up your stories?" is a question frequently asked, and if there is one query more exasperating than another to the writer of fiction, it is to be asked how he "makes up" his stories.

Stories are not made; it would be more nearly the truth to say that they grow, in this relation to the writer. They exist, and come drifting into the brain as shadows drift.



Eugene Field.

One hears a great deal about "creative" moods in authors; an expression which gives rise to an impression as erroneous as its egotism is sublime. The story writer, the poet and composer all belonging to the same type, and largely possessing the same temperment, are not yet creators. The Universe can boast of but one Creative force.

The gathering of the material for the setting, the developing and retouching —these are the work of the writer. It is the recognition of this fact which causes one to speak of "artists" in literateur, and upon this principle of receptiveness is based the artistic temperment.

And this mere gathering of information involves a great amount of labor. For the dilatory, the indolent, and the procrastinator there is no hope of literary success. Perhaps in no other profession is there a greater necessity for knowledge on a wider range of subjects.

The writer is always a student. The majority of men who have been most successful story-writers or poets, have been popular men. They possessed this instructive, indispensable trait of adaptability—to all conditions, classes and circumstances.

There was once a man who loved books and little children, and birds and flowers and sweet perfumes; he loved companionship of his fellows, and the name of his friends was legion.

He wrote verses for the newspapers, and spent the money he earned thus in buying books. After a time he wrote books himself, they were books of verse. Many of them were poems for children, sometimes he was called the children's poet, and this pleased him greatly. His name was Eugene Field.

In the early days of his career, his companions in the newspaper office used to wonder if "Gene's" poetry (they caled it "stuff" in the newspaper vernacular) did not flow out of his pen with the ink.

These were the poems that were to make him famous, and it is needless to say that they did not emanate from the busy pen, but were singing through the poet's brain.

Mr. Field possessed the artistic temperament to an unusual degree, but was very painstaking in the mechanical part of his labor. A short time before his death, he very kindly wrote me something concerning his work. He intimated that he was relentless when it came to finishing and polishing his verse, and considered no time wasted that was spent in making it perfect. "I have one poem of length," said he, "upon which I have been working for eight years, and am not yet satisfied with it." I believe this was "The Were Wolf," which, if I am not mistaken was published after Mr. Field's death.

There is another poet whom our children love. They have sung his songs and will sing them, and around the fireside when the shadows dance upon the wall they tell about the "Raggedy Man" and the "Goblins" that will get you if you don't watch out!



C. F. Holder.

He found his poems in the open fields where the sunshine is yellow, by the country roadside, in the humblest places. And whether for children or older hearts there is the simple religion of optimism running through them all, that is the best of ethics—a religion of smiles, and laughter, and rejoicing.

"For the world is full of roses,
And the rose is full of dew;
And the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

With the above tender touch he ends one of his most quoted poems, one which well voices the poet's creed.

With an environment that would not have been inspiring to another, and under conditions not conducive to literary development, he has fought for every inch of ground on which he stands; yet the name of James Whitcomb Riley is known and beloved on two continents, above that of any other American poet of to-day. Although his verse is not without irregularities, it has a finish that only comes from careful, conscientious work.

As with the story-writer, so with the poet. He does not create, and a mere rhymster may set himself the task of composing his verse. To the poet the song comes.

I know a man who has written many books, and will, I hope, write many more. In England and America, wherever there are manly, sturdy, story-loving boys to be found, his name has long been a household word.

I feel sorry for the lad who is not familiar with "Prince Dusty," "Golden Days of '49," "Under Orders," and the famous "Mate" series which has endeared the author to thousands of boyish hearts. One can almost envy Kirk Munroe, not only the place he holds in American literature, but also in the hearts of our young people.

When the author told me he never spent longer than a month in writing a book, it was difficult to believe that I had heard him aright. One must recognize that the greater part of the work preceded the writing. Mr. Munroe spends months in gathering the material for the setting of the story, which in thirty days he has ready for his publisher. Having decided to write a story of railroad life, he spent weeks in an engineer's cab, living the life of his hero. Then he wrote "Cab and Caboose." For "Dory Mates" he cruised in a Gloucester fishing vessel. Before writing "The Fur Seals' Tooth," he visited Alaska. After he has made a conscientious study of the country and conditions, he returns to his wilderness home at Cocoanut Grove, on Bescane Bay in Southern Florida, and shuts himself in his study for a month, subjecting himself to the severest discipline.

"This," said the author smiling, "is because I am naturally very lazy, and averse to anything like application." A statement one finds difficult to believe in view of his capacity for work.

Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," writes his poems up among the clouds in his picturesque home on "The Heights," where the fresh wind has full sweep—an ideal poet's home. In this charming spot much of his best work has been inspired; some of it has come while traversing the trails of Sierra's trackless solitude; some in the snow-clad fastnesses of Alaska's desolate wastes. One imagines that it must have been during one of his journeys upon the sea, with the unbroken expanse of water about him, and no land in sight, no sail to gladden the eye, that the poet heard a voice calling:



Edwin Markham.

"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

And thus grew "Columbia" westward, one of his strongest and most purposeful poems. But wherever the voice of poetry has drifted into the heart of this lover of nature, it has been near to the throbbing heart of the wilds.

From the fertile valleys of the Nile and the pyramids of Egypt—amid the vineyards and almond groves of Palestine—to the frozen gold fields of the Klondike, not to forget his own country to which he is most loyal, indeed, in almost every land under the sun, Cy Warman has collected the material which is to form the frame work of his stories. None of his books, in the writer's estimation, surpass his Western stories. This, because he is a Western man, and these books are the outcome of years of experience which he has lived. They are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the West, since this spirit has entered into the man and become a part of him.



Ambrose Bierce.

"I am glad you are in the West," said he; "it is a good place to be in—its people are my people, their hopes are as high as its hills—their hearts as large as its dales."

Some years ago I read "A Lyric of the

Dawn" in Scribner's Magazine, and hoped that one day I might meet the poet. Two or three years later I had that pleasure. I told Mr. Markham of my admiration for his verses, and asked him if he had written anything he liked better. The poet looked thoughtful.

"No," said he, "I believe I have published no other verse I like as well. I think it is also my favorite."

A month later his accomplished wife wrote me that Mr. Markham would make his first appearance as a newspaper poet in the next Sunday issue of a well-known San Francisco newspaper, and added: "I hope you will like the lines."

The entire American public liked "the lines"—so modestly spoken of—and in the furore which followed the publication of "The Man With the Hoe," my own words of praise could not be heard. Mr. Markham will probably never write anything else that will attract so much attention as did this notable poem, yet, while acknowledging its greatness, the writer confesses to a lingering partiality for "A Lyric of the Dawn," which, though not great in the same sense, is the true voice of poetry, set to music passing sweet.

The following stanzas are from a later poem of Mr. Markham's, and appear in a recent book of verse celebrating his boyhood's home:

A blossoming bough against the sky,
And all my blood is sleep with life,
As though glad violins went by
In wild delicious strife!

And the Suisun Hills again are green,
And I am a boy in the canyons deep,
Where the gray sycamores flicker and lean,
And waters plunge and sleep.

Edwin Markham

Perhaps no author comes more nearly to living out-of-doors than does Professor Charles Frederick Holden, whose books on natural history for young people have made his name widely known. He is a prolific writer, and devotes his winters to getting ready for his publisher the material in the collection of which he spends much time and thought. One wonders where he finds the opportunity for the mechanical part of his labor, for when at home his study is the rendezvous of the young lads of the neighborhood; these embryo naturalists find in the genial author a warm sympathizer and comrade.

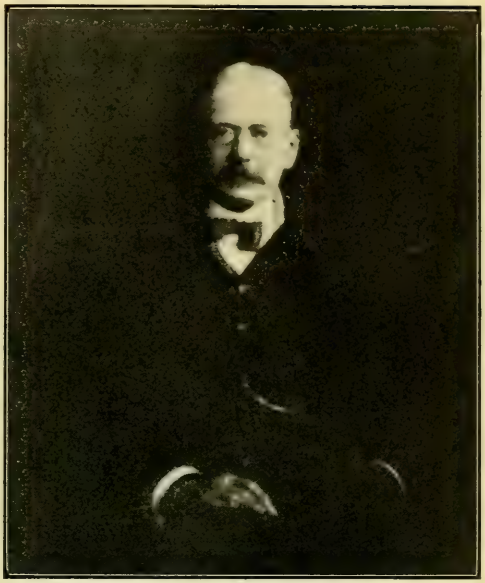
In the art of story-writers, Ambrose Bierce holds a place in the first ranks among Western authors. Mr. Bierce has the reputation of being the most polished writer of the West, and in this respect he has no peer and but few equals. Such stories as may be found in "Soldiers and Civilians" are not written every day. There are many artists who give us good literature from an artistic standpoint, but the work of Ambrose Bierce is far more than the perfection of art. It is characterized by a strength and power which stamps it as the work of a master. It is this quality in his stories which will cause them to be read long after the majority of stories are forgotten. Some critics have said of him that he "writes over the heads of the masses." Even so—it is no crime. The masses of the future will represent the thinkers of to-day. That which belittles genius is writing what the world will outgrow.

Bierce's fondness for children and young people is well known, and his patience with them is unfailing. A little fourteen-year-old critic took exception to some of the author's caustic criticisms, and wrote to him in childish expostulation:

"Why do you write things about Americans, making fun of them?" she asked, and added with impressive earnestness, "Why, they are your own countrymen."

The distinguished writer, whose sense of humor is only equaled by his gentleness, replied to the aggrieved little maid promptly:

"You are a wise little counselor," he said gravely, "and after this I will let my countrymen severely alone, but I will make it warm for the Patigonians and the Hottentots, you may be sure."



W. C. Morrow.

As a writer of fiction William C. Morrow occupies a niche in Western literature entirely his own. His unique style, the rare delicacy of touch and the fine finish of his work, has placed upon it a value beyond that of the majority of story writers. It has pleased Mr. Morrow to deal with the weird and the mysterious, and his stories possess a singular fascination, entirely aside from his inimitable art in story telling. His first book was a collection of admirable short stories, and he has more recently added two novels to the literature of the West, one of them "A Man, His Mark", was published simultaneously in America, England, and France, and is, perhaps, the most notable. Mr. Morrow says he receives his best inspiration in the solitude of the forest and mountains.

There is another poet who has written "Some Homely Little Songs," but they move one to smiles and to tears. His name is Alfred J. Waterhouse, and he calls himself a new writer, although his poems have been copied in the west and

success is running to meet him with rapid feet in the broader fields which he has recently entered. He might be in Windsor Castle, or the rudest shack in the wilderness—he would not know the difference—so entirely does his work engross him. He puts his heart in his poetry and it touches other hearts. His last book, just issued, is called "Lays for Little Chaps," and although not exactly poems of childhood, they are characterized by a tendancy to look backward.



A. J. Waterhouse.

It is a noticable fact that the majority of successful authors whose names are household words, are those who have the power to attract and retain the hearts of our children, whether in poetry or story, in history or in song, the men who make our books are the most industrious men I know.

The very conditions another might consider insurmountable obstacles to advancement, the man of genius converts into tools with which to hew out his road to fame. Of the trials and discouragements, of the unremitting labor that walks hand in hand with success, the world hears but little, but he who holds success within his grasp knows how hardly it has been won.

A little maid, who has recently outgrown her nursery illusions, heaved a deep sigh as she closed one of the "Brownie" books.

"I wish I knew if the 'Brownie Man' were just make-believe," she exclaimed wistfully.

I took from a drawer in my desk a picture of a big, smiling man, and calling her to me placed it in her hand.

"Read what is written on it," I said.

Somewhat laboriously she read the inscription: "Tours in Brownie-land, Palmer Cox."



Palmer Cox.

"Is it the Brownie-man?" she gasped.

Being assured that it was none other, she asked eagerly:

"The one who really made all the Brownies?"

"Every single one of them," I replied. "And I will tell you where he found them. It is a very pretty story:

"Once upon a time there lived in far-away Canada, a young lad who, one might almost say, grew up out-of-doors, and whose brain was full of pictures. Wherever he went the pictures went with him.

"After a time he left his home in Canada and started out to make his fortune?" broke in the interested questioner."

"Well, as it turned out, he did make his fortune—but it is my opinion that he started out to find the Brownies, and a fine chase they led him. First he went to California and took up his residence in San Francisco. He made pictures for the papers, but nobody paid much attention to them or the struggling young artist. You see, he had not given us the Brownie Books, and no one knew that he was the Brownie-man, which accounts for such deplorable manners. All the sunshine in California did not lure the merry little elves for which he was hunting, and he could not remain.

"Perhaps this time he heard the Brownies calling. I cannot say positively if this be true, and if you ask Mr. Cox, not one word will he speak. But a funny little smile is sure to flash over his face, and his kindly eyes will twinkle, as much as to say: "That is my secret." He went across the continent to New York City, and there he made himself a studio; it was just like fairy-land—all sunshine and bright flowers, and rich colors, with pictures everywhere; the very place of all others for the Brownies. And here it was that Mr. Cox formed them."

"How did they come?" was the eager question.

"U-m. I cannot say, certainly; but it is my impression that they came down on a sunbeam."

"Could everybody see them?"

"Dear me, no; only the Brownie-man could see them, and what with their pranks and capers, I tell you it kept him pretty busy to put them on paper."

The little maid heaved another deep sigh—this time of superlative satisfaction, as she said earnestly:

"I am so glad there is somebody who is really and truly. I was afraid he might be only make-believe like Santa Claus and the Easter Rabbit."

There is certainly nothing make-believe about Mr. Cox, although he dwells in myth-land. In all the world there is but one Brownie-man, and he rules right royally in the households of two continents.



I enclose a Brownie, Hekelket & hope he pleases.

Palmer Cox

THE SYBYL OF LONE PINE

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HAMILTON



ADDIE Barlow consulted the looking-glass, to see whether Mrs. Dobbins had spoken the truth. It was too true. A row of freckles across the nose pronounced the silent condemnation of the disobedient child, who had "sometimes" allowed the troublesome sun-bonnet to dangle by its strings while she listened to the call of the quail or the fairy hammering of the woodpecker. The freckles would never come off, and she would always be ugly—"ugly" was the word that Mrs. Dobbins had used in comparing Caddie to her own beautiful child.

Why didn't disobedience make May Blossom Dobbins ugly, too? Mrs. Dobbins called her a "perfect picture," and Caddie, for the first time in her life, felt pain at another's triumph, as she recalled a vision of May Blossom with her perfect curls, her pink silk dress, and her blue heart locket. Her own tangled mass of hair, hanging about her shoulders had never seemed so unattractive to her before. Mrs. Dobbins had said that it was a pity that Cadie had red hair.

"Yes," Caddie admitted to herself, "my hair is red, red, and ugly!"

She was saucy, too, for she had told Mrs. Dobbins that she liked "turned-up" noses. "But I don't," she whispered to the truth-telling mirror. "I wish it would stay down this way," she thought, as she pressed her finger against the tip of the offending member.

Caddie recalled her mother's comforting reply that "Caddie was the best child in the world," and thought: "Best! Is that all? I'd rather be pretty like May Blossom."

If she could pull out the red hair, would black hair take its place? She would try. No, it hurt too badly. Besides, she might be bald like Uncle Peter.

Would anything else take the place of a pretty face? She remembered a lady that she had loved at first sight. Caddie tried to counterfeit the winning smile, but felt a greater disappointment than before, for her parted lips disclosed a staring gap with a prong on either side.

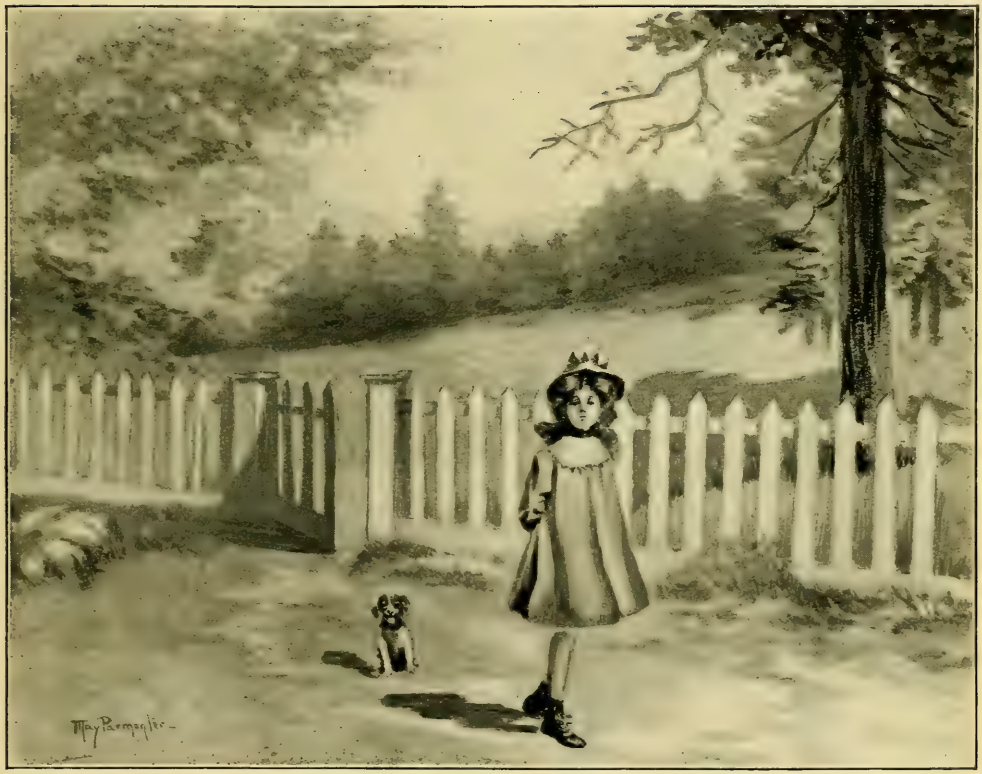
The child turned in disgust from the looking-glass. She seized the hated sun-bonnet. It didn't matter now whether she liked it or not—and ran from the house, wondering where she could go to get away from everybody.

She followed the trail to the lone pine tree. She could even cry there if she wished. She caught Tym, the puppy, in her arms. She always felt sure of Tym. He would not criticise her. When her brother Tom called to her, "Where are you going, Sorrel Top?" she was glad for once of the friendly shelter of the bonnet, for Tom could not see the tears that gathered at this fresh insult. The dumb sympathy expressed in the touch of the puppy's warm tongue against her cheek encouraged the tears to fall more rapidly on his woolly black coat.

Caddie hastened on, heedless of everything, even of the stones that pressed her feet through the worn shoes. Time, and the breeze fragrant with manzanita soothed her wounded feelings. She noticed the dainty pink blossoms, the calm blue sky, and the deep green foliage of the pines, and longed to be beautiful like everything she saw around her. The sun cast its beneficent rays on the eager earth, and bathed everything in warmth and sunshine. She felt like staying there always, and never seeing anybody again.

She paused at the foot of the cliff on which stood the lone pine—tall, majestic, its dark needles like silken tas-

sels against the sky. Gazing at the inverted forest in the depths of the lake, she saw a gleam of something bright. Little doubting that this was a relic of the gold fields of early days, she lay on the flat rock, and plunged her bared arm into the water, in eager straining after the treasure. Her tangled locks touched and blended with the bright spot. It was not gold, but her own detestable hair. She burst into tears.



Caddie, going to the lone Pine. Drawn by May Parmenter.

Even the light caresses of Tym were unheeded. Her sobs were echoed by the lonely tree. The lake bore away her tears in ever-widening ripples, and darkened the offending brilliancy of her locks.

She became so absorbed in her discovery that she was unaware of the approach of another seeker of the picturesque spot. When Tym gave a warning whine Caddie saw a young man equipped with artist's materials, who had directed his face toward the shining gold. She was mindful only of his kind face and his musical voice as he asked: "Is there anything I can do for you little girl? What is the matter?"

Silence followed, during which both watched the toe of a worn shoe as it drew circles in the sand. The stranger, feeling certain that the child was unhappy, but respecting her reticence, thought that he might discover the trouble less directly. Therefore he inquired "That's a fine pup you have there. Is he yours?"

"Yes," the little girl answered, reassured by his kindly voice. "He won't bite." She hugged the dog to her neck, Tym responding in the usual puppy fashion.

"I can see that he loves his mistress, and that she is good to him. I hope all people are kind to her, too. Are they?"

"Yes—no—oh, yes—'most everybody,"

she replied, trying to speak truthfully.

"Who is not?"

"Oh, somebody or other. Tym can catch a ball," she added quickly.

"Can he? Let's see if he can catch these." The young man began to strip off the maple leaves that overhung the water.

Tym caught them one by one, well pleased with the sport. Caddie clapped her hands. The gap where her two front teeth had been, was sadly revealed as her merry laughter echoed through the forest. But she had forgotten her trouble, and the sunshine of her disposition had re-asserted itself.

The play over, the artist began to unstrap the box of painting materials he carried slung across his shoulders. Caddie, who saw everything and desired to know its purpose, exclaimed, "You brought your lunch, didn't you?"

The young man, his head bowed over the box, answered: "These are my paints and brushes. I am going to paint a picture."

As he disclosed the articles one by one the child sat near, leaning her elbows on her knees and looking inquiringly, first into the box of mysterious contents and then at the owner.

"Will you let me paint a picture with you in it?" he asked.

"Me?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Oh, no! not like the one in Tom's room."

"I don't know. How is that? And who is Tom?" It was his turn to be puzzled.

"Tom is my brother, and he has a picture of an ugly old woman whipping her two boys," she answered in a breath.

"You couldn't look like that, because you are not an old woman, and you are not ugly." The artist looked admiringly upon the child's shining countenance upturned to his.

The little girl looked doubtful.

"Why do you shake your head?" he asked.

"Not ugly? Mrs. Dobbins says I am, and—I looked in the glass." Tears overflowed the expressive eyes and dropped on the green denim dress.

"Perhaps she didn't mean it," he said, and made a mental comment on the selfishness of women who cannot spare the feelings of a sensitive child. Addressing his companion, he asked, "Will you let me paint you if I make a beautiful picture? Let me see—about the colors."

"Didn't you bring any red paint?" Caddie artlessly inquired, seeing that he hesitated in making his selection.

"What should I want of red paint?"

"Why," and Caddie blushed until there was need of that color, "to paint my hair. Mrs. Dobbins says it is red."

At last Atherton had found out the cause of the child's grief.

"No, it isn't," he warmly assured her. "I like it. I wouldn't have it any other color. It is the golden hue that artists love to paint."

After a few minutes of reflection she asked: "Will you put in the freckles?"

"Who said there are any freckles?"

"Mrs. Dobbins—and I saw them."

"I hadn't noticed any. Don't you like freckles?"

"Does anybody like 'em?"

"I do."

Another period of silence.

"And the teeth?" Caddie persisted, unable to convince herself that both she and Mrs. Dobbins had erred on that point.

"They'll grow."

Caddie, fully argued over, joyfully agreed to serve as model.

"I want you in my picture of the lone pine. With your sunny hair you look as if you might be the sibyl of this gorge such as the ancients believed peopled the caves or steep mountain sides, and told what was to happen in the future. I have come to hear my fortune."

From her station on the flat rock where the artist had found the lonely child, the sibyl interpreted the mystic depths. Now and then she let a handful of the clear liquid fall drop by drop through her fingers as if telling the beads of a rosary. Each glistening bead became a shining step in the pathway of the artist. Because he had been kind to a little girl in trouble all the blessings that the fancy of a child can paint should be his. He would paint wonderful pictures, live in a grand castle, and have the most beautiful lady for his wife —prettier than May Blossom—who

would wear a crimson velvet dress and a string of white pearls around her white neck without any freckles on it, and another string of pearls in her hair.

The prophecy over, Caddie lost herself in dreamland, lulled to rest by the sighing of the trees.

The artist worked away with a spirit that was new to him. The scene had lost its look of solemn grandeur, as if the Deity, previously showing himself as Power, was now revealing himself in the attribute of Love; and the spirit of the sylph-like child had wrought the transformation.

On the canvas was represented the solitary pine, standing as sentinel above the cliffs that descended to the calm water, all being reflected in softened tints in the quiet lake. But the glory of the picture was the child. The illumination of her delicate face, crowned with its aureole of hair, showed her in harmony with the universe.

When Caddie saw the little sketch over Arnold's shoulder, the reserve of childhood, and the reticence of a slighted nature were melted; she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek in childish gratitude. The magic key of sympathy had unlocked a heaven of sunshine, the proper sphere for a child of immortality. Caddie could now face the world, even though it contained Mrs. Dobbins.



Lone Pine

PALINGENESIS.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT

All has been said and sung. Why then—when we
First apprehend some ancient loveliness,
Or spell some Race-lore out—why effervesce
In words! Our best is bettered—so let it be.
The wind swept forest and the "wine dark sea,"
The winter prairies' snow-still loneliness,
And all the pain and joy, the storm and stress
Of human Life and Love, were sung—Ah me!
By Homer and before. Naught untold waits.
And yet—e'en Death is new when first we mourn!
No sunrise, (nor is yet the sun outworn)
Serves twice. The virgin eye still re-creates.
Whate'er it sees, is new as primal dawn,
Or mother's kiss on brow of babe newborn.



AS the north wind breathed through the wooded canyons of the Southern Oregon mountains, it brought with it a warmth of spring. The angry Rogue boiled tumultuously through deep cut walls of rock swollen by the last melted snows. The timid fern shoots were peeping through the soil with the mountain grass and the wood lilies. The carpet of white beneath the mountain forests was changing to one of green.

Out from the deep recesses of the forest slowly, noiseless as silence itself, with head erect and eyes glistening, like beads of emerald, a great elk stag stalked into the open and surveyed the surrounding landscape. Behind him the endless mountain forests, the pine-clad mountain ridges piled one above the other to the distant horizon. Before him swept an open plain, with bunches of manzanita, clumps of chaparral, open valleys with fields of planted grain, and rivers flowing away to the sea. The stag paused. He wanted to go farther. Spring was touching everything with a warmth of beauty in the valley below. He was tired of the dark forests, his winter home, where five long months had been spent in solitude and seclusion. His furry coat of brown was ruffled by winter winds. His flanks showed gaunt from long sustenance on manzanita leaves and grease-wood shoots. He was hungry and he longed for a feast of the sweet grasses now peeping through the valley soil, the pussy willow buds now bursting by the river's brink.

Cautiously, silently, he stalked still farther into the open. Not a dead twig snapped, nor a dry leaf crumpled beneath his hoofs, so discreetly did he tread. On down into the valley he glided dodging here and there amongst the manzanita clumps and the chaparral bushes. A rail fence was reached. Just over it a field of growing grain, tender blades, sweet, inviting. What a feast for a poor, hungry stag, after five months of fasting in the mountain forests. Over he nimbly sprang and stood for a moment with head erect, ears and eyes alert, and the keen nose scenting the breaths of wind that blew in gentle puffs from the valley. No danger. Now for the feast! His long legs and short neck would not allow him to reach the shortest and sweetest, but in the fence corners the grass grew high and here he greedily ate. Ate as only a hungry stag can eat after a long, hard winter in the forests.

But the danger! For a moment he was unmindful of his surroundings. His keen nose, thrust into the grass, missed the puff of wind that scented ill.

"Boo-oo! Bow-wow-oo!"

The sharp ears caught the sound. Instantly the stag paused his greedy munching, raised high his head and stood with every nerve on the alert.

"Boo-oo-oo!" The sound swept low and indistinct from the distant fields. The stag sniffed the passing breeze. It

scented of hounds! Terror! In a twinkling he bounded from his tracks, cleared the fence and was off across the open like a whirlwind.

Over the chaparral bushes and the manzanita brush, over the fallen logs he nimbly leaped, across the open plain he scurried back to the dark mountain forests and safety. There it was dark and dreary, but there he was out of harm's way. There he could baffle the hounds and tease them to his heart's content. Into the forest he plunged just as the distant baying of the hounds told him they had struck his trail.

Let them come. He had had a good meal, he felt in fine fettle, and was anxious to lead the dogs a merry chase. He knew every gulch, every canyon, every stream in the forest wilds. He knew just how and when and where to cast the dogs aside and lead them from his trail.

All day the hounds' loud baying awoke the echoes of the canyons. Close at the heels of the stag the dogs at times would cry in vigorous triumph. But all too soon, for just then a stream would be reached, and the taunting stag would take to the water. It was his triumph, his sport to stand aloft on a nearby precipice and watch the baffled hounds below, running howling to and fro in search of the lost trail.

When night came, and two hungry, lean dogs skulked into the farmyard the back way with lapping tongues and dragging tails, the farmer knew they had been chasing a deer—just chasing one, nothing more.

* * * *

By and by the pinch of the frost left the air. The last splotches of white melted from the mountains and spring breathed everywhere. With the change of things about him our stag, too, began to change. He became restless and impatient. He would paw the earth, stamp the ground loudly with his hoofs and sniff the air with his pointed nose. It was nearing rutting time and the stag longed for a mate. The little swollen tufts of furry brown that appeared on his frontal bone were growing forth into budding horns. Covered with a soft, brown velvet, sensitive were those horns at first. How fast they grew! No swifter was the appearance and the uncurling of the fern twigs and leaves, than the growth of the stag's horns. At first they were but short stubs of velvet brown; then they branched into a single fork; then other branches formed and grew and spread like a great tree above his head.

In ten weeks the stag's antlers had attained their growth. Such antlers! Four feet from tip to tip. Fourteen branches, and a branch for every year of the stag's life. Fourteen years he had roamed the wilds of the Southern Oregon forest; he, the oldest and noblest among the many stags of the pine-clad depths.

After his spreading antlers had attained their growth a ring or burr formed at their base and grew close and tight about them. This checked the flow of blood through the blood vessels that reached every branch and made them grow so swiftly. Then the branches grew harder and lost their former softness. The velvet coat peeled off, and to aid its removal the stag rubbed them hard against the tree trunks and raked them against the rocks' sharp edges.

He could restrain himself no longer. Madly he pawed the earth, stamped his hoofs and thrust his antlers into the ground until their points were sharp as needles. Loudly he sniffed the air and plunged through the forest in search of a mate.

Out into the open near the edge of the forest, our stag stalked fearlessly. He halted with his head uplifted gazing intently toward the center of the plain. Off there another stag was stalking proudly toward the other side, with a timid doe trailing submissively at his heels.

Our stag sniffed the air loudly. The two deer halted and stared back at the intruder now approaching in a gallop toward them. The doe hid herself in the protecting shelter of a manzanita clump while the guarding gallant boldly approached the nearing foe. Each halted while yet several yards apart, stood erect, snorting madly, and glaring an-

grily upon each other. Each threshed the chaparral bushes with his horns, eager for the approaching fray.

"Thump! Thump!" stamped the hoofs loudly on the earth, as the stags drew near together. The short and stout neck of one stag bristled with anger as he approached the foe. With a sudden snort of frenzy they leaped forward, and the two champions came together with a crash. Loudly the antlers rang as they met, and with heads low, eyes glaring fire, and nostrils snorting in maddened terror, the two stags wrestled over the open. Back and forth with horns locked tight the deer fought desperately.

To and fro these fighting elk threshed through the chaparral brush. The timid doe emerged from her cover and gazed nervously on the fray. At times she approached the combatants and blatted weakly, urging on the fighters, for she, the cause of it all, would proudly claim the victor.

Our stag grew more furious as the fray proceeded. Although old, he felt the past strength that had urged him on, and won a hundred former battles, again return with increased vigor to his sinews. His antagonist grew weaker with each passing breath. His strength began to fail him. Lower, lower drew the head of our stag beneath the other; then, gathering his strength for a final effort he plunged his head beneath his foe, then, trembling in every limb, upreared and threw his antagonist from his feet. As he fell backward into the brush, his exposed breast was a ready prey to the goading tines of the conqueror. Trembling, bleeding, blinded, the defeated stag lay for a moment inert, then, rising to his feet, tottered feebly away, driven across the open by his deadly enemy.

Returning, our proud hero met the doe. Their noses touched in friendly



Sought the friendly shade of the forest.

recognition. Sniffing the air for a scent of danger, the two made off in a swinging gallop for the forest.

The victorious stag and his mate sought the friendly shade of the woods. Far back in its dark depths they made their summer home, though often they ventured down into the valleys when their appetite craved luxuries that the pine forest did not afford.

Oftentimes a wandering stag would intrude his presence and make himself overly familiar with the doe of our hero. A duel would inevitably ensue, and the old stag never failed to prove himself the conqueror. Proud and defiant he stalked the forest. He was mighty as a warrior, and feared by all his kinsmen. Well might he be. His shoulders stood higher than those of a horse. His great, spreading antlers, broad and palmated, weighed half a hundred pounds. His neck was short and stout, and covered with a longer hair than the brown fur of his body.

June came, and the summer wind rustled the madrona leaves. One day the doe emerged from the thicket with the most timid kind of a timid stranger tagging at her heels. It was a little thing, rather awkward on its legs and trembling with fright at everything about it. It was a fawn, Jersey in color, with light spots dotting it all over like great flakes of snow. The manner in which it sniffed its nose and crept along behind its mother would greatly remind one of a mouse. The two walked out into the open. The stag came out and halted in half surprise as he noted the little stranger. After a short, indifferent gaze at the timid fawn, the stag stalked back into the forest.

The summer days grew hot, and the mosquitoes, the elk's most dreaded enemy, came in all their torment. The buzzing, stinging insects drove the last remaining vestige of good nature from the stag, and he became a surly leader, little loved by the doe and fawn.

The fawn that had grown to romp and frisk in youthful glee about its mother, became a vexing torment to the stag. He would handle it roughly with his antlers, and often goad it with his needle-pointed tines. The doe suffered the same torture from the surly brute. So rough and frequent became this punishment that the doe and fawn were forced to flee far back into the forest depths and leave the surly master to fight his troubles out alone.

Autumn came—the melancholy days—and the stag stalked about in dejected dignity. His great horns, once boasted proudly, became a useless burden. One day he struck them hard against a tree. The antlers dropped to the ground. The stag's head, relieved of its burden, was held once more on high, and he skipped away toward the edge of the forest.

"Boom!" The stag halted, listened. It was the distant peal of a gun. The hunters were abroad with rifle and dogs in search of prey. He stalked on out to the open and stood for a moment to survey the broad world below him. Far down in the valley near the river were two men and two hounds. The stag had seen them oft in years before, and led the dogs on many a long and wild chase through the mountain depths. One of the dogs bore a long, white mark across his flank, the scar of a deep gash from the stag's sharp tines. The dogs and the hunters were thirsting for revenge. Each year they had seen and met the old warrior, but had never yet proved the equal of his cunning.

"Boo-oo-oo! Wow-oo-oo!" The hounds were coming. The hunters had started them for the woods. Let them come. The stag was eager for a chase. For a moment he stood watching the approaching canines, then sniffed and turned about into the forest.

"Bow-wow-wow-oo!" The sharp bark told the hunters the dogs had struck a trail and they hurried on to sight the game.

Straight back into the woods the stag led the trailing dogs. Up the long slope of the hillside, then over the ridge and down into the canyon beyond. Down in the gulch a creek flowed over the rock The elk leaped nimbly over and ran a few paces along the brink, then bounded straight from his tracks, landed back on the other side and scurried to the top of the precipice.

This was his first play. The dogs came howling with noses to the ground, to the creek's brink, leaped over, struck the trail and dashed on into the forest. But the track! It was lost. The dogs, bewildered, ceased their flight and ran about in confusion, seeking the lost trail. The hunters came up and found the hounds circling about the opposite mountain side. Far up behind them the stag stood and gazed down, perhaps

open waiting a fray, a victory, and a mate. All day he had whipped his new horns in the chaparral brush and whetted them keen for the fight. All day he had snorted and stamped about the open, challenging, daring any foe to approach. His eyes blazed with anger and his nostrils whistled with impatient vigor.

Early that day a man had crossed the Rogue far down below the mountain range through which the elk herd



A shot rang across the open.

amusedly. at the baffled hounds and the hunters.

But human sense is often better than a hound's scent. The hunters brought the hounds back across the stream and soon had them on the trail. By this time the old elk was well aware of his danger, and was speeding away toward the distant mountain range. Back into the forest depths, safety, seclusion, and his winter home.

The glad days came—June and rutting time. As usual the old elk was at the

roamed. He followed the valley and struck up the long ridge that led back into the heart of the Cascades. He skirted along the forest, then drove into the woods, crossed over the ridge and came to the creek on the opposite side. Here he halted and studied the tracks that marked the shallow mud at the brink of the stream. He had no hounds to betray his presence, to give warning of his approach. His eyes sparkled with delight as he stooped low and noted the one big track amongst the multitude

that marked the creek's brink. There were great, broad marks as wide as his hand. There was no mistaking it; they were made by the big elk stag, the old champion of the Cascades. He arose and hurried on through the forest, pausing at the open, with rifle ready.

In the midst of his self-made fury the stag heard a slight rustle in the brush near by. Across the open he saw a stag emerge, immediately followed by a doe and a yearling—the latter were his last year's charge. He gave a loud thump with his hoof, and the three halted and gazed toward him. The old warrior gave a snort of anger and advanced toward the three. The doe and the yearling timidly hid themselves, while the protecting gallant advanced to meet the foe.

Forward stepped the old stag, his thumping hoof-beats loudly resounding across the open. The old desire for combat returned. He held his proud crest on high and loudly challenged the advancing foe. For a moment they stood apart, madly threshing the chaparral with their horns. With a burst of sudden fury the two mad stags leaped forward. Their lowered heads shocked together with a crash that awoke the echoes of the surrounding forest. The loud, clattering echo of the fray was like the rattle of a bayonet charge. Madly the two furious beasts fought. The new grass and the trampled earth flew from the excited hoofs, as the two stags tore back and forth through the chaparral. Never had the old elk met so mighty an adversary. Once he was lifted from his feet and forced upon his haunches. Only by a mighty effort did he recover, doubly furious.

Lower and lower they drew their heads. Each vainly tried to get an underhold. Their shoulders were flecked with bloody foam as the mad fight continued. The shrill whistle of their gasping nostrils told of their wasting strength. At last the old elk felt his foe begin to weaken. With redoubled vigor he beat and battered at the swaying antlers of his adversary, and inch by inch drove him back. His weakened foe blatted piteously. The doe and yearling answered the call and trotted from their cover.

The supreme moment came. With an overwhelming effort the old stag hunched his antlers beneath the breast of his foe, heaved upward, and threw the defeated beast upon his haunches. A sharp tine pierced his vitals, and with an agonizing gasp he fell backward in a lifeless heap.

The conqueror stood for a moment over the dead. Blood-covered, foam-flecked, trembling in every limb, he proudly stood and surveyed the scene. He scented danger. At a whistle of alarm from his gasping nostrils, the doe and yearling were off with the wind for the forest and safety. The stag stood resolute.

A loud, sharp report, followed by a streak of fire, shot across the woods. A second report—loud, sharp, piercing, followed. Before the surrounding forest and the mountain side could throw back the thundering echoes, the noble old stag gave a cry of pain, leaped wildly upward, and fell across the form of his defeated foe. A man emerged from the thicket, smoking rifle in hand, and advanced in time to see the champion spend the last spasmodic efforts of his death throes.

A MEETING

DORETHEA MOORE

Expecting but the sweetness of her eyes
Remembering a dear familiar smile—
Again the keen and exquisite surprise—
I have been loved—Beloved, all the while.



She had gone from the convent.

A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY

BY F. LORENCE

Chapter I.
From the Old Ways to the New.

THE tender was already well-filled with passengers for the Slavic, when Emily Arnot came down the Princess Dock. She looked up at the crowd on the deck, and helplessly at the pile of luggage stowed away in orderly confusion under the bridge, and she listened, bewildered, to the babel of voices. This English language was a disconcerting thing to her, mother tongue though it was, and she had found herself, in her short journey across England, constantly hesitating to address strangers in the idiom that she had been accustomed, so long, to reserve only for the privacy of home and social life.

She turned timidly to the Cook's tourist agent who had charge of her and her embarking, feeling that he would hardly understand if she spoke to him in English. He did not give her an opportunity to frame her question but touching his cap with the civil servility of his class, which can show a pretty difference in defference to the opulent or to those apparently restricted in purse: "The luggage is aboard, miss, please," he said, and then accompanying her to the deck, indicated where her belongings were placed and added: "Can I do anything more, miss, please?"

Miss Arnot looked about her as though in doubt whether she required anything more. In reality she knew perfectly well that the man had done all that was necessary, or even possible, yet she dreaded to give up her lien upon him which seemed to be the last slender link connecting her with a past she knew, and holding her back, if only for a moment, from a future uncertain and uninviting. But she was compelled to reply to the question, and the contents of her purse reminded her that she must not invent excuses for further attendance on her.

"Nothing, thank you," she answered. Then seeing he still lingered, she looked at him inquiringly.

"There's sixpence each on the pieces of luggage, if you please, miss, and something for these men," indicating the porters.

"How much, then?" asked Miss Arnot, producing her slender purse, and wondering when these small expenses, not counted in the first cost of the journey, would end. The end must be soon, she knew.

"Two and six, miss, please," came the answer promptly, though in a monotonous and uninterested tone.

"Emily searched for the necessary coins, doubtful to what extent she should fee the man for discharging his already paid for duties, for it seemed to her "they do this thing better in France." Then having no change but four shillings and some half pence she poured these out into the hand held waiting, and with an exchange of "Thanks" the guide and his patron parted.

Miss Arnot now turned to the contemplation of her fellow passengers. Accustomed as she had been to taking the initiative in journeying with her father, and to depend on herself in a great measure, the environment in which she had grown used to doing so had made it easy; besides it had been only nominally that she had been the leader. The strength of an older experience was there to be called on when she needed it. Now alone, and with the strangely unfamiliar familiarity of the surroundings, she felt the timidity of the alien, the more so that the atmosphere in which she found herself seemed pungent with the odor of money; there was a heaviness of the aroma that stifled her, she felt, because she was so



Over the door was hung the insignia of the American Consulate.

unused to it, and it was unpleasing to her, depressing.

Emily Arnot had lived twelve years abroad. She had gone thither from school, the Convent of Mary of the Holy Tears, the only girl's college at the time on the Pacific Coast, in company with her father, who was unwilling to leave her to follow him. A broken down and always unsuccessful politician, he had been too conscientious for his calling. Yet the debt his party owed him was remembered when an approaching campaign made it desirable to suppress editorials such as he alone dared to send forth, influencing only a small section, it is true, but that too thoroughly to be pleasing to his opponents. Indeed the Santa Angela Valley would have supported him but the administration at Washington "needed the diplomatic services he alone could render."

He was appointed Consul at an insignificant town on the southern coast of France, and there Emily lived a calm, uneventful, happy life, content with narrow means and few pleasures. But even the simple joys had come to an abrupt end two years ago. Her heart had gone out to an invalid who went to seek, in the mild climate of the place, a renewal of his lease on life. Emily's heart was young, with ignorance of life and suffering, but the man who won it from her had little to give in return; heart and body were alike worn out with the world, the contention with it, the enjoyment of it; yet when he died after the brief dream he had inspired, Emily felt she had but just begun to live, to expand into consciousness. Then the blight came, and a deeper trouble followed the first. Quite suddenly her father died.

Alone then, thrown upon herself for maintenance, the former peaceful, if monotonous, existence, took on for Emily an ineffable charm. She clung to it still, dreading further change. It was not difficult to support herself, but after a time the desolation of being alone, or having no lien upon any or being necessary to none, induced her to yield to the entreaty of her father's brother and return to America, where, he reminded her, the age had learned to grant women the obligation to support themselves, and she could earn her living as easily as in "foreign parts."

So she was going back, but with what different fancies from those the starting out had inspired. To her friends, as to her, it had seemed a fine thing to go abroad to live, and she had set out with all the little flutter and eager expectation, the eclat, a girl would feel at doing something both agreeable and distinctive. True, going abroad, even from California, was not then so remarkable a proceeding, but Emily happened to be the only one of her set going at that time. Had she known it was to be such an extended stay, another feeling might have influenced. But Mr. Arnot's position had been too insignicant and too ill-paid to be envied of others, and he had kept it through all changes of administration. The slender salary had only sufficed for very modest living: there had been no reserve fund. After her father's health began to make some luxuries needful, Emily addressed herself to earning something on her own account. A few English or music lessons paid her a little, and in the winter there was always an invalid or so who would engage her services as reader or cicerone. She was quite a personage in the little community, being the daughter of Monsieur le Consul. The best society the place afforded was open to her, but she would share little of it. Her father never acquired the language sufficiently to make conversation other than a labor for him, and the girl would not drag him to scenes he could not enjoy.

For the rest, it had been a pleasant, easy life. Their apartments on the first etage of a once fine building were bright and airy; the rooms of good size and sufficient number, one being reserved for the consulate itself, after the unassuming French way of uniting the business with the private life. There was a fire-place in the drawing-room and tiny though the grate was, it held coals enough to heat very pleasantly such an

apartment in that mild climate. Over the street door was hung the great wooden medallion decorated with the Arms of the United States and bordered by an inscription declaring itself the seal of the American Consulate.

Up the stairs to the official room had come many strange people. Bluff sea captains with their wives and daughters, for whose amusement Emily was often called upon to make a tour of the town, and would receive in return invitations to dine or sup "like home folk" on the vessels that lay in port. For such jaunts she invariably returned to her plain, dainty home more than ever content with its appointments, and especially its cuisine, ungratefully comparing the lard-soaked doughnuts, the heavy piecrust, the rank bacon, to the delicate lightness of Susette's tarts and appetizing look of her croquettes.

Once in a while, yachts would come into port, and their owners would make a visit to the Consul. Frequently he was invited, with his daughter, on short cruises. These had been vastly pleasant. Emily had enjoyed everything as it came with an eager clingingness, as though aware how soon this happiness would be gone. But in reality, she had not thought of this. The ease with which day followed day; the lack of strife; the total absence of hurry; the gentle contentment in living as she could and seeing others do the same; the satisfaction of each class with itself and the want of envy or contempt felt for higher or lower social grades, all this ensured such peacefulness of living, if also some monotony, that time and change seemed to have no real significance.

Thus her early youth had passed, and deeper feelings in the girl's nature had not been stirred. When they were, the pool was troubled and then left to clear itself. Humanity clings to the places where it suffers, and Emily had for long withstood the wish of her uncle, hating to leave what had been home, and feeling too poor to venture anything new. At last, she frankly said this. Her uncle's reply had been a passage ticket on the Slavic. She yielded then; her small savings gave her only enough to take her across France third class; selling her father's books and her own few belongings had brought her but a trifle more, and here she was, in all her poverty, among the wealthiest class, of her own countrypeople, that she had seen in a dozen years.

The distance from Southern France to middle California did not seem to Emily to be measurable by the six thousand miles that lay between. She was leaving home, not returning to it; her womanhood had budded and blossomed in the old world, but the unexciting habits of life she had followed there, had been taught her first in her convent on the Pacific Coast. She did not realize this now; she only felt how different had been her life to that which would surround her henceforth.

There were many passengers on the Slavic, for it was the season of the year when European voyagers were returning from winter haunts to green fields in their own land. America was in evidence, as she rightly should be even in the person of the prosperous and affable Jew who walked about continually with his fur-lined overcoat over his arm, and in the assertions of an imported actor bearing him company. The children running around and getting under everybody's feet were an unmistakable sign of the presence of an Eagle. The representatives of a republican form of government were interspersed with foreigners from many nations, notably the English, whose main effort seemed to be not to be taken for the imitation Briton even though the counterfeit sometimes was an improvement on the original.

Emily was attracted by the flowers displayed on the deck of the tender. Contributions, gifts, offerings to youth, beauty, wealth, position; sometimes to all of these in one. She remembered having heard it said long ago that most of the flowers presented in public were provided by the recipients themselves. She wondered if this were true, and the reason why none of the possessors of these tributes looked at them at all. She wished she might draw out just one of those lovely buds, and then her eyes

grew hot and her heart swelled at the thought of the flower-decked land she had left behind.

The tender puffed out into the stream and sturdily ploughing the muddy water soon came up to the great steamer. How mighty and how gay she looked! The bright bunting flying, the impatient steam escaping in eager pants; the look of power and strength to carry safely the thronging humanity trusting itself to her embrace. The captain, assisted by some of the officers, received the passengers, as though they had been guests, cap in gloved hand. Obsequious stewards met and conducted each person below. Emily's passage was the cheapest of the first cabin, yet often she had looked at the ticket and wished her uncle had allowed her to buy it, for she would have taken second class and saved a trifle. There was no lack of American pride in her, but she had gained some European common sense in such matters. However, the thing was out of her keeping and she meekly followed the stewardess of whom she asked the way to No. 7. To her surprise the cabin was luxurious enough for any taste. Dark, but easily lighted at any moment by the electric button, and aired to perfection by means of the great ventilators from above.

The be-capped stewardess arranged the hand luggage attentively, asked if anything was wanting, and to Emily's negative, responded with the most astonishing "Thank YOU," and took herself off.

The voyage was begun. All through the huge ship was felt the gentle quiver of the slow movement down the Mersey, and passengers who expected to be unable presently to walk about, now made use of their time in strolling along the deck. Everyone seemed to have someone to speak to excepting Emily. The loneliness she had never felt in the distant French town now enveloped her in the crowded steamer and in the company of her own countrypeople. As she stood at the railing watching the water so far beneath, some one spoke at her elbow.

Turning, she saw a man in uniform.

"Pardon! Have you your place at the table assigned?" he asked. She had not, she told him. "Be good enough to pass into my office, then, and I will arrange it," he said, leading the way.

Emily followed the man into a large deck cabin, over the door of which she read "Purser's Office." It was fitted up with chests and drawers, desks, and safes, and hung about with pictures, photographs and articles of ornament.

"Just have a chair, Miss—a—" the purser spoke genially, seating himself at his desk and drawing out a great bunch of keys. He had waited for Emily to supply the name, but she did not do so; then when he was ready he turned round, saying brusquely:

"Let me see your ticket, please."

She produced it, and he looked it over. The name was, of course, written in the blank left for it. He helped himself to it.

"Well, Miss Arnot, you are traveling alone, I suppose." Emily admitted that she was.

"Now," he continued, facing about fully and suddenly assuming another tone, "although you were unwilling to tell me your name, I like your face; I should say you are a plucky little woman." He gazed at her boldly in a manner that so much astonished Emily that the color came hotly to her face; she was unable to say anything to this singular statement.

"I should like to make you comfortable, Miss Arnot," the purser went on, leaning back in his revolving chair, and spreading his hands out on the desk with an excess of benevolence in the gesture. "Do you like your cabin?"

"Yes, it seems quite comfortable," she answered, coldly.

"You would like to be alone, would you not?" he asked in a tone a little more deferential. Emily had been dreading a room-mate.

"Oh, yes," she responded eagerly to this suggestion. "I should like to remain alone; there is no one with me now, I think."

"Well, we will secure you sole possession," and taking up the chart he made a mark over No. 7. "Now, Miss Arnot,

you see you have bought the cheapest passage on the schedule. Twelve pounds," striking the chart a sharp rap and speaking in contemptuous tones. "Look at the luxury you can have in this ship for twelve pounds. It's preposterous, it's——"

"You have no right to find fault with people for taking advantage of your own offer," Emily exclaimed indignantly; "the company is probably securing itself, and the public helps it, in buying cabins at that figure."

"By George!" the man uttered; then stopped, looked her all over again, and burst into a laugh. "Bless me if you're not right, little woman," he chuckled, "and as plucky as I thought. Was sure I couldn't be mistaken." Emily had risen to go. "Well," he went on, "let me know if I can do anything more for you. This office will be open at any time if you want a quiet corner or will have a little chat with an old sea dog who's seen life and knows a good article when he spies it. And don't you be blue; you look inclined that way. When you feel so, come to me and I'll make you laugh." Emily was laughing now in spite of a feeling of indignation at the man's roughness and familiarity. But he did seem kindly, and when he held out his hand in most unofficial way, she placed hers in it though she did not like nor approve the patting he bestowed upon that member as he conducted her to the door.

When the dinner gong sounded Emily found herself seated at the purser's table within reach of his observation, and the unpleasant impression of the office interview evaporated under the sense of being unobtrusively cared for.

It was a sumptuous room. The white enamel and gilded carvings, the brilliant, jewel-like lights flashing on satiny damask and glittering crystal, burnished silver and rich viands; the quiver and shimmer of the liquids in the glasses; the tremble of the flowers on their stems; the silent movements of the stewards amid the babel of tongues; the life and fire and movement of it all, had its effect in some degree on the most phlegmatic. Emily looked about at the faces gathered round the tables. Nowhere a wholly contented countenance; on none a look of freedom from care; not one diner seemed to really enjoy the moment or the repast; frequent complaints, querulous comments were often to be heard.

Her thoughts turned to the little salle-a-manger where she had sat opposite her father at their simple repasts so many years; to the view from the window across the wide blue sea; the flowering gardens between; the pots of plants in her own casements, and in the bowl on the table always filled with some sweet-scented thing, each kind in its season; the polished wood of the table on which the dainty meals were served; the ruddy wine poured by Suzette as she set her tempting dishes before them; the quiet and completeness of the sense of living! Emily sighed, and looking up, found that the steward at her elbow had asked her three times:

"What would she have next, please?"

And the New World's obligation to be industrious in all things, even in choosing the dishes she would eat of, was laid upon her. Startled, she glanced up; her eyes saw an arresting face; it declared ability to meet difficulties, power growing from effort; suddenly her spirits lifted; with a smile she took up the menu.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



POETRY OF THE POLYNESIANS

BY GEORGE W STEWART

Following are a number of extracts from poets of Mangaia on war:

"Rongo demands of each
A spear and a club,
A spear and a club,
An army longing to fight,
An army longing to fight,
Each now wields a spear.
Lead on to the fight!"

"Rongo's dance is a dance of spears—
Peace is but transient."

"What a day of woe, the day after the battle."

"Spears rain from the skies."

"Like fish in the billows at the reef,
They fell under the sharp-pointed spear."

"Bind up the slain for burial—
To be hurled down some deep chasm,
To rot and mingle with the soil."

"Lead on, brave Tongan, thy warriors!
Break through the center of the enemy!
Death to you! death to you!"

"At Panuio he adjured his sons
To die a brave death—
A death befitting the chieftain of Tevaki."

"Alas for Papaaere and sisters Euguengu and Mariki!
Who lie huddled up and cling together in terror,
Whilst their father Ata is driven out
Of his strong enclosure,
To become a disfigured corpse,
To please pitiless Rongo,
Amid deafening shouts (of triumph!)"

"Solo.—Let brother slay brother.

"Chorus.—I will arise and fight.
Join our band.
Away to yon plain
To fight our foes.
Stones are flying about
Out of the slings of the brave.
Spears are uplifted.
The chiefs pause a moment
To examine the omens.
Death blows are being dealt.
Fearful are the shouts of the victors.
Alas, those lips that once spake!
Alas, the mouth that once shouted!
Tane has gained the victory.
Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas!

"Akapautua's last charge,
His parting words to Vaiaa were:
'Watch the event of the flight:
Should we be utterly worsted
And our bodies cover Pukuotoi,
Slain and mangled by our foes,
Let the survivors fly to Ivirua
And take refuge in the rocks.
The shade of the forest is the home of the conquered.'"

The last three lines above recurred as a refrain at the end of each of several stanzas in the poem from which the quotation is made.

Cowards are referred to in derision, as in the Fiji, or Viti, couplet:

"O you are a valiant man indeed,
Who beat your wife but stay at home from war."

The warlike islanders express utter hatred and contempt for their enemies, and one seldom encounters an admission such as this from Mangaia:

"If one army be brave, so, too, is the other."

In the songs sung in the same island frequent reference is made to the unhappy lives of fugitives, after battles, as:

"Then did he taste the bitterness of a fugitive's lot."

"A fugitive hiding in the rustling forest."
"Some are hunted by Rongo from rock to rock;
Like wearied tropic birds they drop dead in the valleys."

"Once thou wert hidden in a narrow valley,
In a narrow valley.
Impervious thickets were the fit home
Of the conquered in war.
Thy food was seeds and the drupe of the pandanus;
A drink at the stream was oft thy only solace."

But with the cessation of war an end was not at once put to the shedding of blood, for a sacrifice was demanded in honor of "sweet peace." Mark the exultation in the following prayer over such an offering to the pitiless Rongo:

Stately, noble priest!
Sweet peace, pleasant offering!
Securely fastened and well-tied,
These human hands and human form,
Devoted to this fate by the gods:
Doomed to sacrifice by the god Rongo."

Another reference to peace is the following excerpt from a prayer:

"Lately we hid in the rocks—
The refuge of the conquered,
But now we shall enjoy plenty;
This day we heartily rejoice."

But if peace was evanescent in those charming Southern isles, it was sometimes celebrated with much levity and dancing, as witness:

"Solo.—Tautiti's favorite wreathes grow in yon gullies.
"Chorus.—Yes, in those gullies grow
Red pandanus berries to adorn the dance.
"Solo.—Entwine sweet-scented fern leaves.
"Chorus.—What is going on yonder?
* * * *
"Solo.—O Tane he stands revealed!
"Chorus.—Pleasure thrills through my body.
"Solo.—I would I were
A dragon fly exulting in the sunshine."

These people cared little for death, but occasionally we meet with lines telling of the pleasures of life and peace, such as the following extract from an ancient Hawaiian mele:

"Life, life, O buoyant life!
Live shall the chief and the priest.
Live shall the seer and the slave,
Dwell on Hawaii and be at rest
And attain old age on Kauai.
O Kauai is the island-a-
O Moikeha is the chief."

Frequently the references to peace are after the manner of the following lament over the loss of temporal sovereignty:

"Fair tree planted by my hand!
Alas, for the tree of peace which
Once flourished at Tamarua!"

Although Polynesian verse was oftenest employed in lamentation or in praise of heroes or celebration of victories, joy was not entirely suppressed by war and cruelty, as witnessed by the following outbursts from the Hervey group:

"On this merry night
The ghosts are dancing on the smooth sward.
* * * *
Down with your burdens,
Down with them and rest."

"Though torrents of rain should fall,
To-night and to-morrow we will be happy.
Let there be abundance of fragrant leaves,
Magnificent, sweet-scented flowers,
With garlands of myrtle for the advent (of Tane).
And all sorts of fragrant flowers;
Abundance, too, of sweet-scented myrtle,
And white pandanus blossoms."

"The dance-loving tribe assembled of yore
On the lands of Terangai."

"See yon rays of light
Darting up from spirit world
(Where great Rongo reigns),
Piercing the heavens.

"The rays of light are lengthening;
The stars still shine;
The moon is full-orbed.
* * * *
Awake! awake!
Open, Tane, thy brilliant right eye.
Ha! all the divine offspring of Vatea
Laugh at our brave diversion.
Day is at hand.
'Tis dawn."

All the people of these verdant archipelagoes are intensely fond of their islands and of the particular localities in which they reside and often when exiled, the singing of the old songs of their former homes and of former days brings tears to their eyes. The annexed extracts show something of the intensity of their feelings and their love of home:

"The hills of Mangaia are lost to sight.
Alas for Mangaia!"

"From a distance we
Wistfully gaze at our old homes,
Tears being now our constant food.
Yonder are the ironwood trees of the interior,
And the gently sloping hills
We have so often gazed upon."

"How lofty those distant hills,
Lying piled one above another!
How vast are they!"

"Weep for the mountains, O Teivirau!
For friends left behind in the land.
Oh! those pleasant hills—
The long range of mountains at home."

The following uttered by Queen Kamamalu when departing from Hawaii is similar:

"O heavens, O plains, O mountains, and O oceans,
And my people all, farewell!
To the soil farewell—
The land for which my father suffered.
Farewell to you!"

Parental, filial and conjugal affection has been often beautifully expressed in the laments and meles of all the South Sea people. The following are examples:

From Mangaia.

"Halt Vera, on thy journey:
Turn thy eyes to Mangaia.
Look again on thy parents,
Whose days are spent in tears.

"Beloved child of Motuone—
Of Motuone, thy weeping mother,
Glance fondly back on the hills
And mountains of the interior!
Come back to the fair vale of Tamarua,
The place where thou wast born!
He is about to depart.
Lightly he skims o'er the crest of the billows."

"The fair-leaved 'tauinu' of Marua,
So tenderly faithful to thy husband."

"My wife, the fair Tongan."

"The little voyager is ready to start.
Koroa is distracted for his boy.
(The rocks) re-echo the cries
Of Koi, the heart-broken mother."

"My beloved daughters,
Tamarua and Mariki,
How pleasantly we once lived together."

"Thy god, pet child, is a bad one. * * *
* * * *
Thy form once so plump, now how changed."

"My father Vara, thou art forsaken by thy god,
Night is at hand, whither thou must descend.
Alas, to be deprived of both parents."

"Thou wast attacked by stealth in the night,
(Entreating thy wife) 'Escape, leave me, for
I am struck.
I am doomed to die!"

Each stanza of the lament from which the above is taken, concluded with the refrain:

"How bitter thy widow's grief."

Words of a mother to her son on the death of his father:

"Forget not the day when thy father's face was hidden."

Next is the remark of a grandmother to her offspring:

"I leave you in safety, beloved children. Beloved ones, my heart yearns for you all. Terror seizes me; the slayer (death) is at hand."

The following is the exulting shout of a husband who stole his wife's spirit from the nether world and returned to earth with her:

"United in one fate,
We ascend, we arise,
To light, to light,
To clear mid-day."

Other examples from the same island are:

"The angry words of the father exiled Paoa.
Yet bear no malice. The mother, in grief
For her lost son scratches the dried grass.
Alas (those words) 'Farewell! I leave you forever.'"

"Look once more on thy wife—
At thy beloved Turuare:
She whom thou once clasped in thy arms,
Intertwining her in thy fond embrace.
We, who lived so happily together, now part."

From Hawaii:

First lines of the lament of a husband on being deserted by his beautiful wife, the chiefess Lolale:

"Farewell, my partner on the lowland plains.
On the waters of Pohakea,
Above Kaneoha,
On the dark mountain spur of Maunauna.
O Lihue, she has gone!
Sniff the sweet scent of the grass,
The sweet scent of the wild vines,
That are twisted about by (the brook) Waikoloa,
By the winds of Waiopua,
My flower!
And if a mote were in my eye,
The pupil of my eye is troubled,
Dimness (covers) my eyes.
Woe is me! oh!"

From Easter Island, very old:

"Can my sorrow ever be appeased
While we are divided by the mighty seas?
Oh my daughter, oh my daughter!
It is a vast and watery road
Over which I look toward the horizon,
My daughter, oh my daughter!
I'll swim over the deep to meet you,
My daughter, oh my daughter."

From New Zealand:

Referring to the care of the family of a dying parent:

"She will * * *
Place these fruits before that group of birds
Left in the lonely world."

"I am here alone, for he who was as mild
As lightsome airs, or fiercer than the
Wintry blast when enemies approached,
Is lost to us."

"O my son!
I may never forget thee. Thou art gone

Far hence, for the deep springs of fatherly
Affection are bubbling now, and the mind
Seems all bewildered, o'ertaken by a storm."

"Bewildered, lo, I am about to part
From him whom thousands love.
Wherefore this separation!"

"The evening star is waning. It disappears
To rise in brighter skies,
Where thousands wait to greet it.
All that is great and beautiful I heed not now.
Thou wert my only treasure. My daughter!
When the sunbeams played upon the waters
Or through the waving palms,
We loved to watch thy gambols
On the sandy shores of Awapoka."

Touching references to the dead and to the dying occur in many of their songs, as:

"List, dear Vera, to the music of the sea.
Thou art a wretched wanderer,
* * * *
Now bound to the land of ghosts,
Entered through the gaping grave."

"Panting for breath, he gasps out—
'Mother, I am going to leave you.
My rest will be in spirit world.'"

From a chant in praise of a daughter drowned and supposed to be passing to the lower world:

"Enuataurere now trips over the ruddy ocean.
Thy path is the foaming crest of the billows."

From another lament over one bound to spirit-land:

"Traveling over rugged cliffs,
To the music of the murmuring billows."

The following are from Maori laments:
"Bright sun, thou lingerest still,
Adorning with thy yellow rays famed
Pukehinau's summit. Oh, linger yet
Awhile, bright sun, that we may set
Together."

"As the star Whanui,
Lo, thou art about to set in splendor, and
Rise in Hawaiki's land."

"In life thou wert the admiration of all,
Wherever thy light footstep wandered.
And now thou art wooed by a shadow."

In the warm Southern latitudes where courting was short and fervid and where brides frequently became such by force, sentiment is not wholly wanting in the chants of the islanders. A homesick and lovesick Mangaian at Rarotonga sang:

"Under yon ancient banyan tree
Was I first seen by my lover,
Covered with sweet-scented flowers."

Another poet of the same island in a composition bordering on the Anachreontic, praising the charms of women, referred to:

"Red necklaces for Mauapa
To win the favor of the fair,
Mixed with leaves of purple hue."

Other similar stanzas are:

"Paot loved to saunter about
The shady hillside Aparai
In company with the lovely Moenoa."

"Ono the handsome, chants mournful songs
Under the shade of the laurel tree."

"Tinirau is enchanted
By the music of the lovely one."

And here is a specimen from Easter Island, in which a maiden avows her love:

"Who is sorrowing? It is Rengu-a-manu Hakopa,
A red branch descended from her father.
* * * *
She has long been yearning after you.

Send your brother as a mediator of love
between us."

Hyperbole is common, their references to heroes, tribes and localities being often couched in the most extravagant terms. A Mangaian poet compliments a warrior thus:

"Mighty is the tribe of Ngariki,
A mountain touching the sun."

Kualii, a noted chief of the island of Kauai of the Hawaiian group, was referred to as follows in his mele koihonua:

"Towering up on high
Is the rank of the dreaded chief.
A chief ascending, pushing, breaking through,
And reaching the solid heaven of the chief."

And glimpses of Oriental splendor are obtained in the following extracts from a very ancient Marquesan chant of the creation:

"And dwelt as kings in the most beautiful places
Supported on thrones, large, many-colored, wondrous."

"Ono is powerful and great,
Atea is adorned with riches changeable and dazzling,
Ono is adorned with princely wealth and power."

Other samples from Hawaii are:

"The breaking light of morn—the sudden flash of light is Leimanoano."

"The strong blast, the sweeping rain, the smiting wind of winter,
The straight falling rain, the rain without wind,
The rain with wind, as at Kona:
Such is the chief, the gust, the wind of Kona,
The hurricane tearing down villages,
Laying waste the land, the very Kamaniheunonea."

As elsewhere noted the Polynesians are fond of admiring the beauties of nature, and make frequent reference to such in their songs and longer poems. The following specimens will serve as examples:

From Hawaii—

"Fallen has the wind, it is sleeping—eh—
Resting is the wind, sleeping indeed—en—."

"Never quiet, never falling, never sleeping,
Never very noisy is the sea of the sacred caves."

"Lowering were the clouds in the mouth of Hinaiaeleele."

"The mountains are covered with pointed rushing clouds, bearing strong winds."

From Mangaia—

"I love the fragrance of the flowers
At Aupuru, from fairy women
Arraying themselves by starlight,
Whilst Ina in the moon looks on."

"Stood awhile to gaze wistfully
At the glories of the setting sun."

"Reveal thy face, lovely full moon,
Whom all adore.
O for a torch to illumine Mangaia,
A bright morning star, harbinger of day."

From New Zealand—

"Behold the lightning's glare!
It seems to cut asunder Tuwhare's rugged mountains."
"Still the seabirds like a cloud
Darken the sky, hovering over the crags."

"I saw the star Rehua shining above
The summits of Taupiri's mountain range."

From the Marquesan "Song of the Hurricane"—

"The wind has changed; oh! see the scud,

InIn ıry flying o'er the wood,
And come rolling o'er Moeno.
Ah! now here in Hawaii,
Whoever saw before such fury?"

From an old Easter Island anthem—

"All hail the power of the Great King
Who enables us to appreciate the blessings
Of the bright stars, the lowering clouds,
The gentle dew, the falling rain,
And the light of the sun and moon."

Morning is often referred to figuratively or descriptively, as:

"The eye of day is unclosing."

"The shadows of night are breaking.
Light is increasing.
It is day."

" The stars have all set
Behind the western hills."

"In the heavens Tangaroa
Listens to the whispers of Vatea."

In the last couplet above Tangaroa is darkness, or the god of darkness, and Vatea light, or god of light.

Evening is mentioned in the same manner, as:

"The shades of evening rest on the rocks at Okio."

"Look eastward, look westward;
Gaze at the setting sun."

As an illustration of despair the subjoined is an example:

" 'Leave me here to die.
I will wander over the hills', said she;
'I care not for my life,—
I long to die.
My dreams are of the dead.
I will join my deceased ancestors.' "

Jealousy is well depicted by a Mangaian poet in the following couplet, Vena being the star Procyon, and Aumea, Aldebaran:

"Vena was enraged against Aumea
On account of his brilliancy
On account of the brilliancy of his rising."

And the following from Hawaii is a typical example of invective, in which many of the Polynesian poets are proficient:

"Thou little sneaking dog; thou branded servant;
Thou ancient resident of Naalahu, brought to be strangled."

The following passages from Mangaian songs are fair samples of many similar ones that might be selected:

"Beware of listening to vain words,
O Ina, the fair and well-meaning."

"Thou art doomed like a flay in a spider's web,
Snared by the relentless fairies of the air,
Helpless as a fish in the meshes of a net."

"Rejoice we at the escape of our ancestress Keukeu;
Weep for the sad fate of her tribe."

"The ironwood tree of Vaotere is felled.
It lies low on the earth.
Once it stood erect; now it is prostrate.
Turn the log over and over,
The tree thus laid low.
Formerly it was the glory of the valley.
Once it stood erect; now it is prostrate."

Likewise the following from Hawaiian meles:

"My land is gone, I am poor.
My wife is dead, I am bereaved.
My house is burned, I am destitute.
My chief is dead, we are friendless."

"O the roaring surf of angry feelings."

Like a shifting wind

The mind changes—thought moves."

"The vulgar with the vulgar, as the saying is."

"Fallen is the chief; overthrown is the kingdom;
Gasping in death, scattered in flight;
An overthrow throughout the land;
A hard panting from the rapid flight;
Countless the numbers from the universal rout.
The night declares the slaughter."

"Alas for those now grieving in sadness,
Everywhere mourning their losses!
They sit constantly with heads bowed down;
They sit with hands beneath their chins;
They feed upon their sadness and grief."

"Death crawls thither from Oahu,
A fast growing vine, reaching to Kau,
There it shoots up, leaves out and branches forth.
Bring hither, O bring hither, bring the prisoners for the slaughter."

And the following from New Zealand:

"The house, though old, may be repaired, and
Men may live therein; the canoes though
Shattered may be manned by warriors
And paddled o'er the sea laden
With spears and clubs; but the father
Who leaves his weeping people returns no
More forever."

"The pain that wracks my body is like
An army passing on, each wounding
As he passes."

From the specimens of Polynesian poetical compositions given in this review, necessarily fragmentary, many points of similarity from isolated islands or archipelagoes far removed from one another will be noticed. Expressions strange to other parts of the world, save in adjacent islands and the main land of Asia whence these people emigrated centuries ago, are common to all portions of Polynesia. Could entire poems be given, the resemblance in style of composition and forms of expression would be seen to be far greater than is shown by the number of brief extracts presented.

In all parts of Polynesia several classes of poems are composed. The solo and chorus was and is common to all sections of the Pacific, but appears to have been more used in the central groups. In this portion of Oceanica more poems were addressed directly to natural objects than in the extreme south or north. In the Fijis, Friendlies, and other groups of this region dramatic songs have been composed to be produced, after frequent rehearsals on native fete days, which have represented the surf beating upon the shore in calm and storm, the action of the winds in mildness and in anger, and other similar plays of the elements. Dramatic poems are known to all parts of Polynesia and in many islands the temper of the elements is represented in connection with some person or event sought to be commemorated, but are not directly portrayed as merely descriptive of elemental changes and disturbances.

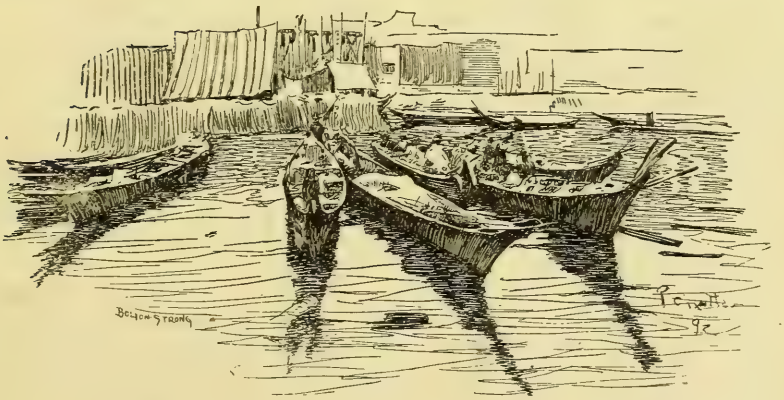
More progress appears to have been made with versification in these central islands than elsewhere, so far as known at this time, the division into stanzas often being methodical and the arrangement perfect. Mangaians, in quoting from their poems, often designate the stanzas from which the lines are taken. In other groups the break into verses is marked, as has been previously stated, by the repetition of refrains at certain intervals, and in other ways, the stanzas usually containing as many lines as one can speak or chant at a single respiration. Some of the long poems seem to be thus marked for cantillation. The writer once heard a Hawaiian woman chanting a mele inoa in honor of a chiefess on a public occasion, which appeared to be thus subdivided. She possessed a sweet voice and sang in a low soft monotone. Starting with a full breath the tone would gradually and gently fall away in lessening volume until it became a mere shadow of sound trembling upon the brink of silence. This process was repeated stanza by stanza, breath by

breath until a mele of several hundred lines had been repeated.

In the early part of this article the manner of preservation of the old meles of the southern seas was described, but there was in the Pacific one notable exception, and that was in Easter Island, the inhabitants of which had a written language.

Samples of old poetical compositions from that island given on preceding pages are from incised wooden tablets. The knowledge of this written language dates back to a remote period, and was possessed only by the royal family, the principal chiefs and their sons and by the priests. This knowledge continued to a recent date, but at present no one is known to possess the ability to read the existing records. The people of the island were from the earliest times, during the reigns of fifty-seven kings, assembled once each year at a particular locality to hear the tablets read, and thus the meaning of some of the inscriptions are known, a few of the natives being able to repeat them verbatim.

The poetry of all branches of the Polynesian race is well worthy the attention of careful students, and the best specimens should be preserved in their original words as well as rendered into English for better preservation. This is particularly true of the older epics, some of which have been shown to possess an antiquity of more than a thousand years, and are valuable historically, notable among which is the Marquesan poem of the creation, a beautiful allegory, from which brief extracts have been made for the purposes of this review.



THE HIGHER SACRIFICE

BY MYRTLE CONGER

THE sound of gay voices came in faintly from the distant campus. He looked at her and smiled. Those were the voices of some of the young men and women in their classes.

"I wonder if they recall any part of the lecture they heard this morning," she asked as she returned his smile.

"Not now, perhaps; the lecture was not meant for the campus ground. They may remember it afterwards; some years hence, perhaps."

"But doesn't it seem that anything affecting life so deeply must be remembered all the time?"

"No; I think not. You, for instance, are the dearest part of my life, and I'm afraid I don't always remember you. In the laboratory, for example, in my work before those eager boys and girls, I forget you, Elinore. My demonstrations are never mixed with thoughts of this couch and its cool pillows, and you in your delicate loveliness."

"But you do not forget me. You may not remember me in that way, perhaps, but you are conscious of me all the time, just as I am of you when my class and I go creeping inch by inch through the Inferno, shrinking and quivering before the sights that confront us there. One's consciousness doesn't need to imply couches and pillows or any objective things at all, need it?"

He laughed happily. The voices on the campus grew gayer.

"There," he said, "they're filled with the consciousness of 'The Higher Sacrifice.'"

She smiled a little. "I think he made it beautiful," she said.

"He made it too beautiful. Sacrifice —real sacrifice—isn't like that. It is harsh and horribly commonplace, though itself is not common. I don't think it especially productive of the qualities of character he described; it makes character neither sweet nor great. On the contrary, it makes hard lines, physically and mentally. It ages and embitters. Look at Miss Loswell. She has sacrificed. I don't know of anyone more unloved or unlovely. She makes me always conscious of an undercurrent or sarcasm or pessimism, or something equally disagreeable in the simplest things she says and does."

"Why, Winfred!"

"Well, dear, I thought you wanted my opinion."

"Yes, of course," she returned apologetically.

"Well, it isn't much longer. I wasn't much impressed with the lecture at all."

"You don't believe in sacrifice?"

"Yes, I do; but I don't believe it's attractive nor beatific, and I don't think it should be presented in that light to those who know so little of life. Sacrifice is difficult and forbidding."

"To me, it was beatific," she said.

He patted her hand tenderly. "Play for me, dear," he said. "Sing to me."

She rose and went over to the piano. He settled back into the cushions. She played. She sang. It grew dark. She had played all the songs he loved best.

"Come here now, dearest," he said. "Kiss me."

She went over and sat down beside him where he had made room for her without raising his head from the pillows. She smoothed back his hair with her hand. She kissed him.

"Oh, Winfred," she said. "My love, how I love you."

He drew her closer to him, and closed his eyes contentedly. The voices died away on the campus. The moon came up.

He slept. She was motionless for fear of waking him. She sat looking out into the shadowy night, thinking of the lecture they had heard that morning, and of the sublimity of the "Higher Sacrifice."

II.

It was summer and vacation. They were together with her mother at her cottage in the mountains. Her cousin Lucie, home from abroad, was with them.

And the summer passed. The time was nearing for the return of all four to the busier world.

One day, Lucie and Winfred went off to the cliffs together. He had begged Elinore to go with them, but she had some reason for remaining. No one ever remembered what reason she gave, but then human affairs do not turn upon reasons. After they had gone, Elinore's mother spoke to her of her lover and her cousin, but Elinore only smiled. She knew that it would come, and she was prepared to smile.

When they returned later in the evening, Lucie's face was flushed and there was a light in her eyes that Elinore knew. It was the light her own had held when Winfred had kissed her for the first time.

She went up to them and took Lucie's hands in hers. "You may as well tell us —you two," she said gently and steadily. "Winfred, my dear friend, am I to wish you happiness? The mamma here has been questioning me. She was afraid that you and I—that you were more than my friend, but I have told her that you are free, free to love my cousin Lucie."

She took Lucie in her arms. She hid her face against the girl's warm cheek. She felt that Winfred was looking at her, and she dreaded the happiness in his eyes.

Lucie freed herself. She took a step toward her lover, then stopped and held out her hands to him. He took them in his own.

"Why, Winfred," she exclaimed delightedly, "they have guessed it."

He looked past her at Elinor. Their eyes met. He saw the soul of the woman calm in its agony.

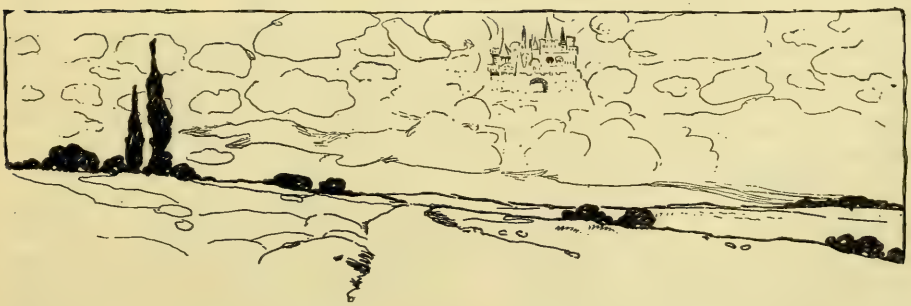
"Elinore!" he said.

His impulse was to go to her. The old days could never die.

"Elinore!" But Lucie stood between them. He felt her hands upon his breast. He felt her silky hair against his throat. He heard her laugh softly. "Why, Winfred," she was saying. "I do believe you are frightened. Were you never in love before, you great, grand man."

Elinore turned, and, passing her arm through that of her mother, left the room with her.

Out of the Past, rose the voices on the campus, drowning that of the little girl who clung to him and laughed because of love. And, in that still, far-off night, he heard Elinore speaking, "To me it was beatific."



THE MISSING LINK

BY JUDITH KOLL

THIS room, high up on Pacific Avenue in San Francisco, its one large window overlooking the bay, and out through the Golden Gate, was a bright, cheerful apartment, especially in contrast to the darkness without on this particular night, for the rain was falling in torrents and the wind shrieked around the chimneys in anything but a pacific way, while the boom, boom of the fog horn came loud at regular intervals, scarcely seeming to interrupt the hoarse roar of the ocean.

The dark, slippery streets, dimly lighted by the few gas lamps, showed no signs of life except where an occasional straggler scurrying along on his belated homeward way, tried to get some small shelter from the storm by hugging closely the walls of a building.

Pacific avenue was not then a fashionable street. The houses were not built continuously, wide gaps coming between, showing a view of the angry, white-capped waves in the bay beyond, and of the rain and wind-swept streets.

The tumult without only accentuated the comfort of this little room, with its bright fire of coals, its somewhat faded carpet, the original brown and olive tones of which were merging into a greenish-yellow. The two cozy chairs covered with rep of the same color, slightly frayed at the arms and along the edge of the seat in front, were drawn up, one on either side of the fire. At the window the thin white curtain swung gently to and fro, agitated by little currents of air coming in about the window frames.

The object of chief interest, however, was a high, old-fashioned desk, piled with newspapers, note books, magazines, pens, pencils, paper and all the usual paraphernalia pertaining to the genus scribbler. Among this debris was an ink-well of unusual shape, lined with silver, and supported by an ebony pedestal, seeming, by its polished elegance, quite too aristocratic for its humble neighborhood. This unique object was a souvenir of Rome. Some years before Rachel had spent a winter at the eternal city, with a party of congenial spirits, one of whom, while visiting the monastery of the Capuchin monks and the cemetery therein, not having the fear of the law nor dread of the anathemas of the church, had purloined a vertebra from the altar, and having it polished and mounted as described, had presented it to Rachel.

While standing at the window, looking out at the rain-drenched streets, and listening to the dismal wail of the wind, she was filled with an intense pity for the condition of the submerged tenth neither housed nor fed on this bitter night, and from this contemplation, the transition was easy to the thought of her own lonely position, without kith nor kin belonging to her—the only dependable friend, her pen. Would it prove to be mightier than the sword? Her one little romance, dead; a spasm of pain at the heart told her she still remembered.

Just then a sudden gust of wind struck the old house and shook it to its foundation, intensifying these somewhat melancholy reflections.

Turning from the window, her eyes fell upon the desk, and she began to formulate plans for reducing to order its present chaotic condition, and was startled to observe the ruddy line of the ink-well, or was it the reflection of the firelight?

Rachel sat down in one of the easy chairs, as her thoughts drifted aimlessly along from scenes of the past to scenes of the present, and she could not fail to be impressed with a sense of satisfaction at her ability to finance the small necessities of her existence and

to keep the perpendicular in the struggle for life.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by an awful crash of thunder, as though the whole artillery of the heavens had turned its forces on this planet. Rachel sprang to her feet, her heart beating wildly, and as the reverberations of the thunder died away into distant growls, a lull in the noises of the storm permitted her to hear a slight shuffling of feet and a timid knock, followed by the opening of the door and the entrance of a tall old man, wrapped in a long brown coat of queer fashion, having a hood at the back, which, as he entered, slipped from his head, showing a smooth, bald place on top, fringed by silky white hair.

He was carrying in his hand a stout cane, and as he came forward, Rachel noticed that he had a most peculiar walk—it seemed almost rotary, as reaching out his cane and supporting himself upon it, he made a kind of half whirl around before gaining sufficient equilibrium to enable him to proceed. He came forward, and smiling in a deprecatory manner, said:

"Excuse my intrusion, but my business here is so important, I cannot await the formality of a conventional introduction."

Rachel asked him to be seated, as she pushed one of the easy chairs toward him; into this he dropped, still with that queer rotary motion.

She saw that he was a foreigner, but in San Francisco that is scarcely a distinguishing mark. He was dark, thin and ascetic in appearance, though refined and cultivated. His eyes were large, soft and black, somewhat piercing but kindly in expression. There was about him an air of command, a dignity of bearing, showing this visitor to be no common man, intensifying her anxiety to know his mission to her.

He sat some moments, silently regarding Rachel, whose thoughts ran wild in a vain effort to extract from memory some recollection of a time when she might have met this man; some incident in her life where he might have had a place. At last he said:

"Were you in Rome about ten years ago, and did you visit the cemetery of the Capuchins?"

Rachel, glancing at the desk, again fancied the ink-well moved. Of course, it was but the shaking of the house by the tempest, which seemed to be gaining additional fury every moment.

"However," he said, "before asking you to reply, I will introduce myself, and tell you something of my story. I am, or, rather, was, Jules Anteil, of the noble family of De Anteil, of the Province of Burgundy, France, and later known as Father Anselmo. I was almost twenty-five years old when I joined the great Napoleon Bonaparte, and went as one of his aides on his expedition against Russia."

At this point Rachel began to experience the creepy sensation natural to a lone woman who is in the presence of a madman, but as he seemed quiet, she decided to make no outcry.

The old man continued:

"You may remember, this was early in the nineteenth century. I witnessed the awful tragedy of the burning of Moscow—that wonderful city, with its great palaces, rivaling the Orient in splendor and barbaric adornment. Its magnificent churches, covered by domes of burnished copper, which glowed in the tremendous conflagration like molten gold, and the priceless treasures of art—all, all were sacrificed to the revenge of the wily Russian.

"Napoleon was overwhelmed and crushed by this loss of treasure, which he had expected as a reward of his conquest. Instead of a conquering hero, he was almost a prisoner in the Kremlin, which was nearly the only group of buildings left standing.

"In order to dispel the gloom, which hung like a pall over the French army, Napoleon, with characteristic energy, began a series of entertainments—balls, concerts, plays, followed in quick succession, and after a time began to be attended by some of the Russian families of note, who had returned to Moscow in anticipation of the time when the forces of the empire would gather sufficient strength to expel the invaders.

"That was the time I met Katrina Zocovaloff. I cannot, even yet, although it is now nearly one hundred years since then, think of the beauty of person, the loveliness of character, which so distinguished her, without a spasm of the heart, which has held her image enshrined all this time."

Rachel, quite sure of the madness of this strange visitor, felt her knees beginning to shake, and fancied she saw the ink-well trembling violently. The voice of the old man became lower, and he went on, as if to himself:

"Katerina, 'divinely tall, divinely fair,' a true daughter of the gods, graceful as a lily swaying on its slender stem, eyes which expressed the innocent emotions of her soul, as a clear mountain lake reflects the passing clouds! To say that I adored her but feebly expresses the sentiment which possessed me, and she honored me with her love! Fully understanding the bigoted, implacable nature of her father, the Count Zocovaloff, we began to plan an escape from Russia. I know now that such a futile endeavor could only have been made by the inexperience of extreme youth. It failed—but why recount this! Katerina died, and I—lived on and on——" the voice of the old man ended in a sob.

After a little time, he resumed:

"The star of Napoleon was on the wane. It became necessary to retreat from Moscow, with only the remnant of the great French army, leaving four hundred and fifty thousand brave soldiers dead, during that awful campaign.

"Napoleon returned to France! Still disaster pursued him, culminating in defeat at Waterloo. The army disbanded! The Emperor a prisoner! I fled to Rome and entered the monastery of the Capuchins, hoping for peace, and by prayers and penances to bring the favor of heaven. Long, weary years went by on leaden feet, and at last I died, and my body was buried in front of the altar, where I had so often celebrated mass.

"After some years my bones were disinterred, and after being prepared, were laid upon the altar among the others there, as a constant reminder of the mortality of men and of the lowly condition to which all must come.

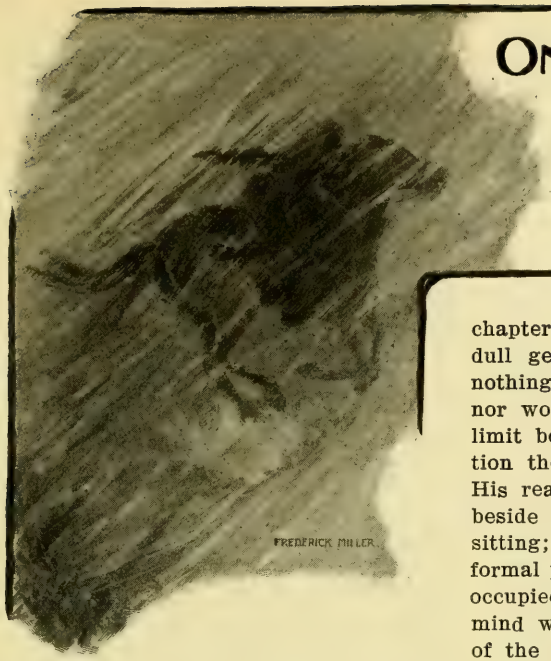
"My soul has now expiated my sins, and will soon join the pure company of the angels, of which my Katerina is one. When she last saw me, I was tall and straight. You may not understand that it is the loss of the third lumbar vertebrae which gives to my walk this peculiar, half rotary motion.

"I have traveled many thousands of miles to find the missing link, which will restore symmetry to my form. I have traced it to this place."

Rachel, by this time, was numb with terror, and as the old man arose and with outstretched hands, grasped the ink-well, which at that moment seemed imbued with life, she gave a loud shriek and swooned.

She laid long insensible, and when she revived, the room looked as usual; the bright fire-light shone on the chair where the old man had sat, but the ink-well was gone.





On the Wings of the Storm

BY

Alice MacGowan.

"I DOUBT we shall have a storm the night," he said, raising an open palm against the wind.

He fronted the great bald plain. From sky to sky there was nothing in sight but the little shack cowering alone, and before it the bareheaded man, looking toward the west.

The approaching storm had sent the herald darkness on before, and night had already fallen an hour ahead of its time. Yet in the West, at the horizon line, the sun burned fierce and red, a startling apparition of flaming fires which illumined nothing, not even the man's uncovered head, as he turned into the open doorway behind him, and shut the poor little inadequate wooden door between him and the loneliness, the awe and the savage beauty of the plain.

He made a light and went about his methodical preparations for supper. You saw him now, a very tall young man; his Scotch blonde face burned and tanned by Texas sun and wind, yet with a bucolic nobility of outline which amounted almost to beauty.

When he had eaten his supper and made all neat with solemn conscientiousness, he sat down patiently to read his chapter, which chanced to be a very dull genealogical one. But he abated nothing of the nightly reading for that, nor would he have exceeded the usual limit because of any interest or attraction the subject might have possessed. His reading finished, he rose and knelt beside the chair in which he had been sitting; but all through the brief and formal prayer, which became, on his preoccupied lips, a very husk of worship, his mind wandered painfully to the matter of the footrot which he was struggling to check among his sheep. He thought, too, of the talk he had had with John Gillespie, a countryman and former neighbor, who had stopped the week before for rest and refreshment. Visitors were so rare that Gillespie's scanty stock of news was still the most exciting subject for meditation that Cameron had.

Gillespie said that there had been a shooting affray at Hazencamp's ranch, twenty miles above, and both of the men who had been concerned in it were dangerously wounded. The trouble was over that wife of Charlie Briggs's.

"About a wumman!" exclaimed Cameron contemptuously.

"He was scarce acquaintet wi' her," commented Gillespie. "Briggs is there but three months."

"I courtit my wife five years," rejoined Cameron meditatively, "and I would ha' been longer mayhap; but she, bein' older than I, and not likin' to wait, spoke the word hersel', and we were wed."

Gillespie nodded gravely. He was a bachelor, but his father had courted his mother ten years, and the Scotch caution in matters of the kind was in his blood. Cameron was the younger son of

an impoverished laird in the old country, and his word was worth hearing. Also, the wife of whom he spoke was a notable woman who had bundled her youthful spouse off to Texas to make his fortune, while she, at home on their scanty little holding, provided for herself and the children till he should be able to send for them. The two slow-spoken, serious Scotts agreed at some length that a man must indeed be daft to fash himself about a woman, and that woman another man's wife.

To-night, as Cameron lay in his bunk, with the rain thundering and pounding on the boards close above his face, his mind recurred to the matter. He smiled grimly and contemptuously in the dark. Was he not a man experienced—a husband and father—and as such, one who knew all the springs and could gauge all the possibilities of human emotion; who had, of course, sounded all the heights and depths of feeling? From the vantage ground of his vast knowledge he ridiculed and condemned such follies, till he finally fell asleep. Suddenly, in a long, sobbing lull, he was broad awake. "But that is not the storm," he muttered to himself.

As he hurried on his clothes the noise which had awakened him came again; confused sounds of splashing hoofs, and something like human voices.

He lit his lamp and set it in the window, then opened the door and breasted the storm.

The lamplight shone upon a dripping pony huddled under the eaves, bearing something which he thought was a bundle and found to be the crouching figure of a woman. He spoke to her, touched her, but received no reply. He would have lifted her down, but found that she hung fainting on the pony held in the saddle only by the binding of many rain-soaked silken scarves and shawls.

Her long, black hair, which lay like a veil over her face, tangled in his fingers as he worked, standing in the cold rain, carefully untying the knots which a man of more impatient temper would have cut.

When he had nearly freed her she sighed, pushed the clinging locks off her face, and opening her great black eyes, looked at his blonde head, shining with rain-drops in the lamplight. Then she put out both slim hands toward it with a little childish cry of delight, and as he lifted her helpless body down, dropped them, clasped at the back of his neck, nestling her head against his shoulder.

He worked over the half unconscious girl with awkward, patient tenderness, getting the wet wrappings off her, laying her down upon piled skins and blankets before his fire, which he built up into roaring brightness. And presently she sat up, a richly dressed, pretty creature, with great, changeful eyes, yellow-brown in the firelight, that looked curiously but not timidly about at her strange surroundings.

She tried to talk to him in swift, voluble Spanish; and laughed and struck her little hands together in glee at his attempt to understand and to answer her in her own tongue.

It was plain that she had not often heard English; and when she found he could scarcely make out one word in five of her Spanish, and hardly ever caught her meaning, she gave up trying for a while, and leaned back luxuriously on her couch of skins, slipping the heavy Mexican-wrought red-gold bracelets up and down her slender wrists, and talking to herself in her own tongue.

"Liberdad! Ah-h, liberdad!" she murmured. "It is sweet to do just what you please, if it is only to faint and be tied on your horse half drowned upon the open mesa, and be picked up by a big hombre barbaro who cannot say anything anybody can understand."

The Scotchman, who fancied she was still talking to him, nodded and smiled at her affably over the hot drink he was brewing for her.

The look brought him more sharply before her mind. "Holy blue!" she cried with a little happy, mocking laugh. "Me alone here with el hombre estrangero—a man—and no duenna sitting by, no madre slipping in to see that I keep my feet crossed and my eyes cast down, and do not say more than three words at one time! Ahi—aho! I think I am really beginning to know what it means to be alive!"

The Scotchman brought his pannikin

and set it on the coals, kneeling and sheltering his eyes from the fire with his hand, to watch till it should boil.

The girl tilted her beautiful head sidewise, like a bird, and looked at him from the corners of her glowing eyes.

"Dost thou know, Senor," she laughed, "that hair of thine—now it is drying—is like corn-silk? It looks quite unlike the black hemp which grows upon the heads of my countrymen. I would I had my hands on it, to find if it feels as soft as it looks."

The Scotchman smiled and nodded again, understanding no word.

"This is for you," he said, in his broken and labored Spanish, speaking slowly and distinctly as if to a very small child. "You must drink it because you have been wet and cold, and it will do you good."

He put the drink in a bowl, and was coming toward her now to set it on a stool before her; but she motioned it imperiously away, and signed to him to take the stool himself instead.

"Thou too hast been wet and cold," she said, as he, understanding her gesture if not her words, sat down. "Thou shalt drink it with me. Thou wilt not? Thou shalt," as he shook his head protestingly. "Open thy great mouth and take this," and she administered a spoonful of the drink with an air of droll severity.

The Scotchman sat like a man under a spell, opening his mouth as she motioned him, swallowing what she gave him, and watching her shining eyes and the flashing teeth between her glowing, parted lips.

There came into his mind remembrance of a time when, a little child at home in Scotland, he had found a young laverock half perished under a hedgerow, had carried it home and warmed and dried it till the wonderful creature sat up in his hands, looked at him with its bright eyes and preened its feathers without fear.

To be sure, the bird had, as soon as it was fully recovered, flown away, and he had cried himself sick with stormy, boyish grief—but that was afterward.

The girl took a few sips from her edge of the bowl; it was evident the brew was not to her liking, but it was quite as plain that the feeding of her big host was very much so. She puckered up her rosy lips and threatened and cajoled when he seemed unwilling, and shouted with laughter when he opened his mouth very wide with bashful care lest he give her extra trouble.

She was feeding him the last spoonfuls when the door was flung open and a man, haggard and dripping, staggered into the room, gave one wild look about it, and then with a great cry, "Anita! Anita!" dropped on his knees beside her.

She looked at him with what seemed a sort of smiling contempt for his passionate disarray. "We are not alone, amigo!" she said, with a glance at the Scotchman, who, at the sound of the opening door, had sprung erect with the empty bowl in his hand.

The look brought the Spaniard to his feet with a gesture of grace and courtesy.

"A thousand pardons, Senor," he exclaimed in good English. "I have rushed into your house like a wild man. But consider—I have been searching the plain for her, and calling, and almost despairing, this two hours. In the violent storm her horse ran away. We became separated, as you see. And there was no house here when I passed this way last year.

The Scotchman, who had not moved since the newcomer's entrance, received the other's florid thanks with a sort of reluctant civility. He maintained an unresponsive silence throughout the courteous explanations which followed. Something moved him to swift displeasure with himself and with these people.

"I am of the Trujillos," said the dark man, "and she is of the Ortegas."

He looked at the Scotchman somewhat surprised, apparently, at the lack of response; and the latter nodded curtly.

"Our families are at enmity," continued the other. "We have loved since childhood; and now, as no better way may be, I am stealing her away. Had we reached the rancho above, Manuel Josas would have had a priest there waiting for us."

The details justified the Scotchman's disrelish. A priest! They were papists, then, an abhorred name to him who in

his narrow experience had met so few of those who differed from his beliefs in spiritual matters, that he would scarcely have been surprised had he found them walking with heads beneath their arms.

The girl, who had been watching her host's darkening countenance while her lover spoke, now broke in suddenly and petulantly.

"I am tired. I ache from my head to my feet, as if I had been beaten. Where will you make me a place to lie down?"

All the light and laughter had gone out of her face, and it looked angry and haughty.

The Scotchman turned at the sound of her voice, and his countenance relaxed. It was true he could feel no kinship with such folk, yet he said: "You are very welcome to what I can do for you. The young woman can have my bed. You and I will lie here on the floor."

The Scotchman woke late the next morning, and found himself alone. The fire had been recently mended. He lay quiet a few moments looking at it, then arose and began preparing breakfast, making no attempt to moderate the noise of his work, for was it not time all decent folk were stirring?

Presently he looked up and saw, through the window, the Spaniard approaching with his ponies. With that habit which clings to the gently bred, through all stress and vicissitude, the man had made his toilet with care and nicety. He had dried the saddles and trappings at the fire, while his host slept, and now as he stepped toward the house, cheerful, grave, composed, with the ravages of last night's storm almost effaced from his own and the horse's equipment, he compelled a sort of grudging and uncomprehending respect from the man who watched him.

His dark eyes glanced anxiously about, as he entered with a softly spoken "Good morning, Senor." And when he sat down by the fire, they fixed themselves upon the door of the little inner room.

He was aware of Cameron's coldness and dislike; and he accepted it with quiet, manly patience, offering no assistance about the breakfast work, since he knew it would be briefly rejected.

The Scotchman jerked his head toward the bedroom door. "You'd better call her; breakfast is ready," he said, and stepped to where the basin and coarse towel hung, outside.

He heard with rude contempt the Spaniard's soft "Anita, darling!" and then his tender apologies for waking her so early.

What was the use of talking like that to a woman? She ought to have been up an hour ago. Then his pulses gave a curious leap as he heard her light footfall, and her high, thrilling laugh.

She was looking through the half-open door and saw his glowing blonde face and tousled, tawny head emerging from the vigorous rubbings of the towel.

"Ahi, tall Senor!" she called to him. "Hast thou learned Spanish yet?" and then she laughed again.

All through the meal she kept up her childish playfulness and saucy raillery, holding up one object and another to make the Scotchman say the Spanish name of it; following with peal on peal his clumsy attempts to obey her, until even he found somewhere a laugh to answer hers.

Then she would shape her arch, provocative red mouth slowly to the word and roll her great electric eyes upon him while with uplifted shaken finger she marked each syllable.

"Anita, mia," said the Spaniard when the meal was over, "we must be going. You know we have not a moment to waste."

She was running into the little room for her gloves, that she might make the Scotchman tell their names in Spanish.

"Waste!" she laughed scornfully. "Nobody wastes time when he is enjoying himself. I have had little enough amusement in my dull life, as thou knowest; and now to grudge me the first little pasatiempo I find—it is a poor beginning!"

Her lover turned toward the window, but it did not fully command the outlook he wished to search. He went out as far as to where he had left the ponies, paused by them, looking anxiously down the trail to the south, questioning every speck upon the horizon at that point,

examining every dip or break in the monotonous level.

He went over the entire equipment of the ponies, trying it carefully, knot, strap and buckle, cinch, bridle, bit and rein. Then he led them to the tank and gave each a little water. With a last look down the southward trail he returned to the house.

"Now," he said, "cara mia, all is ready. We can start without danger."

child, looking eagerly from one face to the other. He saw that the girl's impulsively expressed interest in himself and his belongings which he had gotten out to please and amuse her had been passed over as of no consequence, and a senseless rage mounted to his brain.

He continued listening eagerly to the rapid exchange of Spanish till, meeting the other man's full, grave glance he flushed, rose awkwardly and went about



She was feeding him the last mouthfuls when the door opened.

Anita ran to him with both hands full. "Look, oh, look!" she cried, "it is so funny," holding up a Highland bonnet and tartan. "Ask him, thou—thou canst speak his tongue—about these things, and where he wore them, and why, and what country he comes from—I want to know it all."

"Paloma—palomita mia," he replied gently, pushing the things aside, "we have no time now for that. Death rides on our trail, thou knowest, and we must keep ahead of him and escape him."

The Scotchman listened as naively as a

his long neglected duties, leaving the two alone.

When he came back at noon they were still there. Anita, at the window, was watching for him, and hailed his coming with evident relief and pleasure.

What had passed in his absence he could only guess; but it appeared that the girl was now protesting it was too hot to ride a mid-day; she was hungry and wanted her dinner, anyhow; and as for anybody coming after them or molesting them, that was all nonsense, and a mere invention of her lover's to make

her do what she did not want to. He wished to make her obey him, as she had been forced to obey some tyrant all her life; and she would not—she never, never would!

This last defiance, with a hundred variations, was flung at her lover again and again; saucily, with laughter; seriously, with drawn brow and pouting lip; so that even the Scotchman came at last to understand the words.

Throughout the afternoon affairs remained in this strange condition, tending always toward worse, till, from any pretense of jest or lightness they shifted to tragic earnestness.

Anita, unable to have her own way freely and unquestioned, passed from her childish mood to a sort of sulky inertia, varied by bursts of defiant gaiety.

Finally, when it was near time for the evening meal, she flung herself with gusto into the amusement of helping the Scotchman prepare it.

"Very well," said the Spaniard, as he watched her fluttering fingers and bent, rosy, laughing face over her self-appointed tasks. "Very well; as thou wilt have it so, we will stay here till evening. They will not be later than sundown, I think. That being so, thou art a dead woman, I a dead man—why, then, should we quarrel?"

He seated himself quietly at the board and the meal was gotten through with composure on his part, gay good-humor on the part of the others, and no further mention of departure.

When it was over and the sun actually setting the Spaniard made one last appeal. "Cara mia," he began desperately, I must ask thee once more to go with me and save thy life. It is not the thought of my own death that is tearing my heart, but of thine. Thou knowest thy father. Will he be satisfied with my blood only? Will he leave thee alive to say thou didst defy him, and, as he would hold, shame him? Why, sweet, we are a menace to whoever harbors us. The Senor here is like to be killed, and his house fired over him, if they but find us with him. Let me set thee on thy horse and walk beside thee, and hold thee. Let us start a little way, for his safety if not for our own."

The girl cowered in her chair, and sent out a little, sharp cry; whether of terror or anger who could say?

The Scotchman stood by the window, head down and big hands clenched, fighting back the devils that rose in him at every fresh argument in this appeal, which, in the man's slower, clearer Spanish, he understood fairly. At sound of the girl's cry he wheeled in blind rage and faced the lover.

"Why speak o' me?" he roared. "Ye might at least leave me out o't. 'Tis none o' my concern. I'm not a child to be fear't, nor none so easy killed, either. Abuse and fright her, since she's been daft enough to trust hersel' to ye; but ye need no threaten her wi' my death. I can tak' care o' mysel'."

The Spaniard did not reply. A dying man has no time to resent affronts. He merely turned to the girl, supplicatingly, held out his hands and said tenderly, "Querida mia?"

She had, like all women of her class, and country, known from infancy but to obey blindly as she must, or evade if she could, the most iron and arbitrary authority. All day her lover's attitude of submissive deference had wrought her fickle caprice to a very madness of perversity. She could not now, if she would, have yielded to his entreaties, to reason, nor to her own fears—if she felt fear. The lust of defiance for defiance's sake was upon her.

"Tirano—tirano!" she cried. "Tyrant and coward too. Go, then, save thyself, since thou fearest so much!"

In an access of desperation he sprang forward, flung his arms around her and drew her sharply toward the door.

"Thy death be on my soul if I leave thee here to die!" he cried.

She freed herself with an angry struggle. Her lover turned, looked through the open door, and flung up his hand with a sort of groan.

"It is the last word," he said, "but if Heaven is willing——"

As he passed out she flew to the Scotchman. Panting and shaking with fury, she clung to his arm, addressing him in breathless words he could not understand.

This man had no initiative of evil in

him. He was a plodder along those paths in which his feet had been set—decent domisticity, a formal and sapless religion, and natural sobriety and duty. He had never known what it is to fight lawless impulses; and the raging fires which the contact of this girl's nature with his set ablaze within his soul were merely bewildering to him.

Like a man in a dream, he looked down at the little shaken figure clinging to his side. He put his hand on the small, dark head, and pressed it, with rapture, hard against his breast, where it had lain the night before. Then, without full realization of the words he uttered to her uncomprehending ears, without a single thought of what grievance he had, what he wanted to do or would do, he plunged out of the house in the footsteps of the Spaniard.

Anita grasped the curtain and watched the two men. She waited till the Scotchman had almost overtaken her lover, then turned swiftly and followed them.

She drew near them softly, with watchful, curious eyes. The Scotchman, drunk with his fury, and exulting in the strange new intoxication, was heaping abuse upon the other, who strode quietly along with his back to those who followed. There was apparently a set purpose in the Spaniard's mind, and he seemed too much absorbed in something ahead to turn or even to know that he was addressed.



For hours the man knelt, silent, mo tionless.

So they walked for some little way, the dying light outlining and dwarfing the three figures alone on the great level. They continued to hold about the same distance from each other, the Spaniard apparently unconscious of what was behind him, the Scotchman raving, Anita, who had known only the men of her own race, watching always for the blow.

Suddenly the Spaniard paused, turned and perceived Anita. With a look of anguish and reproach at the girl, he cried

in a sort of strangled whisper: "Why hast thou come? It is to save thee I offer myself to them. Fly! Hide! I will meet them!"

Then both Anita and Cameron saw that which till now they had been too absorbed to notice, that toward which the Spaniard had been walking—a group of horsemen sweeping up the trail from the south.

The riders raised a cry as they discovered Anita's form behind the two men, and ran forward like hounds in sight of the quarry.

An old man riding in the lead, his keen, cruel, sneering profile lit by the low sun, raised himself in his stirrups and pointed to her, without a sound, and then drove at the Spaniard as though to ride him down.

Anita ran swiftly past the Scotchman, and flung herself between her lover and the oncoming horse, holding out a protesting hand, palm forward, in her father's face.

"Not him! Me—me!" she shrieked, clinging to him, protecting his body with her own.

A gleam of something too fierce to be a smile shot over the old man's features as he swerved his pony, within ten paces of the pair, and rode past them close, circling back to the south trail.

As he passed them he rose a second time in the stirrups, bent over toward them, lifted his arm and struck down once.

The impact of his blow felled them both. Without waiting to see its results he spurred his horse, beckoned to his followers, who instantly fell in behind him, and they all thundered down the trail as they had come. The Scotchman had scarcely gathered together his dazzled wits and come forward, when they had whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Dear God!" he cried. "Just God! Can such things be done!"

When he reached the two the Spaniard was struggling to get up, and to raise Anita.

The knife had been driven home by a strong hand and a sure. She was fast bleeding to death inwardly, and with no sign. But her glazing eyes turned in anguished questioning to her lover's face, and her small hands fluttered piteously at his breast.

"No, no," he cried in answer to the look. "I am not hurt, my heart's heart. But thou—O God—thou! Would that I were. Would——"

She smiled.

The Scotchman lifted her in his strong arms; and when he laid her down on the skins and blankets where she had leaned and laughed the night before, she was quite dead. Through the watches of that night the two men labored together, comprehending each other without words of Spanish or English. There were hours when the man of Latin race knelt silent and motionless beside her whom he had lost, rolling a desolate eye now and again upon the Scotchman as he stripped away a portion of the hand-dressed planking with which he had laboriously ceiled the room, to make her a coffin.

"What matter?" his gaze inquired, "is she not dead?"

Together they lifted and laid her in the coffin; the Scotchman set the heavy board lid in place, and with an indrawn breath and a look of physical pain and shrinking began driving the first nail. When it was driven, he stopped, with a shaking hand upon the lid, and the great drops beading his forehead.

"I wish I had screws," he whispered. "It breaks my heart to drive home these noisy nails so close to her asleep."

Morning was gray in the east as they two went out together, carrying the coffined form, and dug her grave and laid her in it.

When the little heaped mound was between them—dividing yet uniting them—the Spaniard stretched his hand across it to the other man.

"Farewell, my friend," he said. "You know whither I go and for what."

The Scotchman grasped and held the offered hand. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," he demurred, but his face set itself in fierce lines. He was a man of the North, a religious man; yet it was not for nothing that his forefathers were highland clansmen who kept the law of blood for blood.

So they parted. The Spaniard saddled and rode away on the south trail. He

had bitterly mourned that his love must sleep in unconsecrated ground; yet, now that the morning was breaking over the grave, it seemed that she was laid in God's own mighty cathedral, whose bare brown floor stretched from sky-rim to sky-rim while its great blue dome hung poised above.

Here the priests of Night and Morning would light for her the sacrificial fires upon the altars of the East and West; here the moon at eventide would swing its silvern censer, and the stars burn candles for the repose of her soul.

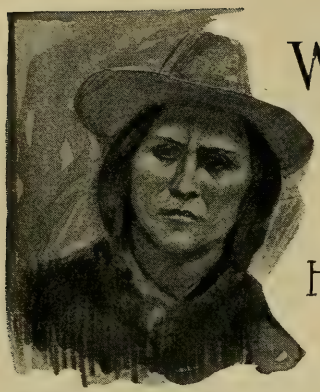
Left alone with the new-made grave, the Scotchman studied long the familiar beauty of the new day upon the levels about him. And he searched within himself vainly for the man who had fronted that sky and that plain but one brief day agone, with proud belief that he had already fathomed all experience.

The prairie storm had come and passed, and left no track upon the face of nature. But in his soul the spiritual storm had wrought miracle upon miracle—birth, death, revelation.

That had been born within him which should never perish out of him; that had died which should never be revived; and himself had been revealed to himself.

Though he did not know it, an ill thing had worked him only good. He would be henceforth a man kindlier, humbler, more loving; the fellow, not the judge of all erring creatures, because of her who slept at his feet.





WHITE MAN'S FOOD

BY

HERMAN WHITTAKER



FAINT flushes of red and yellow were shooting through the cold grays of dawn as Bob Young slammed the door of McDonald's road-house, which hangs like an Alpine chalet on the very edge of the great Bird Tail Valley. Yawning, he paused outside the stables to size the morning. Across the valley the wooded bank rose, island-like, from a sea of mist that rolled level with the uplands, and its crested poplar drew a serrated line along the face of the setting moon.

"Goin' to be hot!" he muttered, throwing wide the stable door. At the click of the latch his horses pawed the earthen floor, McDonald's cows turned eyes of shining blue, and a Shanghai rooster flapped his wings and gave forth a solemn crow.

Bob threw a chunk of earth at the bird and went on feeding his horses while the outraged rooster fled, and from a safe distance renewed his challenge to the morning. In the east the cold greys were fading into the blue of the zenith, vivid yellows deepened and blushed into rosy reds, and cloudy streaks drew saffron lines above the rising sun.

Once more the shanty door banged and old Mac lounged over to the stables, rubbing his eyes with huge bunched knuckles. "Mornin', Bob!" he greeted. "Ye'll be pullin' out for Russell, the morn?"

The freighter answered yes, and slapped his grey on the shining flank. "Whoa!" he yelled, as the brute's heels smashed into the wall. "There's a kick in the old boy yet. How're you on a trade, Mac. Take ten dollars to boot on yer black?"

"Generosity'll be the ruin of ye, Bob," laughed the old man. "Better quit them tradin' practices. But say, lad! Keep a loon's eye crossin' the Cree Reserve. Riel an' his Metis are raisin' the very devil beyond Q'Appello, and they say as one of Big Bear's runners was here just t'other day."

An hour afterward, Bob had crossed the valley, and was wheeling along the Russell trail. He was comfortably seated on a couple of bags of barley chop which had crowned the lumber he was freighting for a new hotel. The day had fulfilled the promise of the morning; the sun shone brightly, the air was keen and bracing. As the trail wound about the sloughs cheeky snipe rose at the rattle of the wagon, flocks of mallard winged swiftly by, and high overhead a giant crane circled up in the eye of the sun.

Soon the lay of the land began to change, and about noon he entered on the Cree reservation, which lies on the edge of the Riding Mountains. Here the prairie rolled in long billows to the distant forest, and between the rises immense sloughs alternated with poplar bluff. Among these the trail wound, following faithfully in the tracks of the first pot-hunting redskin who jogged along that way. Sometimes it almost doubled on its track, and just when Bob was fluently describing an unusually eccentric curve, it looped quickly round a

bluff and left him stranded in the middle of an Indian camp.

There was no time to retreat, for already a score of furry dogs streaked toward the wagon. Leaning over, he squirted tobacco juice into the eye of a rabid cross-bred wolf, took another chew and awaited developments. On either side, a half hundred smoke-blacked tepees strung along the trail, each flying its strip of cloth—med'cine for devils. Close by, a band of hobbled ponies cropped the grass. Around a fire, toasting the entrails of a brace of ducks, squatted a ring of broad-faced squaws, and among the tents a swarm of solemn-eyed papooses rolled and tumbled.

Developments were slow in coming. The women, to be sure, were cluttering together like a flock of hawk-scared hens and the papooses had scuttled into the bluff, but there was no sign of a buck about the place. Perhaps they were off on a hunt. He was about to move on when a lodge-fly flapped and a Cree slipped into the open. A second followed, and a third, then they came by twos and threes until the wagon was ringed with stolid bucks and chattering squaws.

Presently an old man stepped to the front—a tall man, stern of feature, straight as a young poplar, and rugged as a gnarled oak. He nodded and grunted:

"Bezhou, Mooniah!" (Cree: Good-day, white man.)

"How are you, nitchie?" (friend) Bob answered cheerfully. They looked friendly, and Indians were inveterate traders.

The Cree pointed to the bags of barley chop and asked:

"Flour?"

Bob's eyes twinkled, and he nodded.

"Nishishin (good) flour?"

"Oh! Nee-pa-wa Nish-i-shin!" (very) Bob enthusiastically replied. "Heap good flour!"

Pulling a handful of chop through a hole in the sack he stuffed his mouth. The barley beards hurt, the mixture was bitter with pigweed, but he chewed vigorously, turning up his eyes in ecstacy. And while he chewed the Cree looked on with shining eyes. He had heard of the white man's food, the good food, the food that makes him strong so that the Indian fades from before his face, and he was minded to try its virtues.

"Sell um?" he asked. "One pony I give."

"Wa-al," drewled Bob, doubtfully shaking his head, "I hardly see my way to sell that flour, nitchie. It's a blamed long trail to the Portage, an' flour's durned high. Worth a hundred dollars the sack.

Though the Cree did not understand the words he read reluctance in the tones—or thought he did. He considered a moment and then grunted. "Two ponies I give um? Wee-weep (quick, fleet, fast) ponies! O —h! Nish-i-shin run!"

Now this was a pretty good offer. The ponies would fetch at least fifty dollars apiece at the Portage, whereas the value of the chop was perhaps one dollar, but Bob leaned back and roared until the papooses went off on a fresh stampede.

"Two ponies for two sacks of flour!" he yelled. "That's rich."

"Five ponies I give!"

Again Bob laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks—a barley beard was sticking in his throat. And while he whooped and yelled the Indians looked gravely on. They saw no cause for merriment. The mooniah was surely mad. The Manitou had laid a finger on his brain and sent him this way to advantage his children the Crees.

At length the freighter recovered sufficiently to sit up. "Look a-here, nitchie," he gasped, "I'm losin' money on that flour, but I'd like to favor you a little. Call it," he finished, glancing down with the air of a man who knows he is wronging himself, "twenty ponies?"

Unfortunately for his dream of sudden wealth, the number of ponies owned by the tribe was in sum—ten. And this the headman explained, but Bob, thinking there might be other portable property forthcoming, resolutely shook his head. The Crees jabbered excitedly together. This must be powerful flour or the mooniah would never set such store by it! And presently the headman dived among the squaws and returned, leading a young girl by the arm. She was about eighteen, of medium height, and rather

lighter than the other women. Through the yellow of her cheek burst a healthy flush—she was blackly handsome.

"Mooniah want squaw?" asked the headman, pointing to this tribal beauty, who was shyly eyeing the prospective husband. "Give um ten pony and squaw. Heap good squaw!" he added persuasively. "Fat! Plenty work."

The offer was tempting, and Bob's trading instincts counseled acceptance, but the arm of the law reaches even to the fifty-third parallel, and the North West Mounted Police are straight and stern. He refused the girl, and finding he could get no more, generously took the ponies. But his newly-acquired wealth compelled a change of plan. Turning about, he left the Crees to dream dreams of chop given strength, and at sundown the ponies were safely corralled in McDonald's empty stockyard.

Next day he struck a bee-line for the Brandon Hills, where, it was said, dwelt many horseless farmers. And old Mac, a man skilled in the art of making black into white—or red, if necessary—went with him. Never was there such a "doing." From the Hills to the Pipestone a line of bilked farmers marked their trail. Sometimes they sold for cash, and occasionally for cattle. Pigs, sheep or oxen were acceptable currency, but whenever they were paid in kind they reaped a double profit. And so, at the end of a month, just when the news of the Frog Lake massacre had set the Northland aflame, Bob landed in Portage la Prairie bearing with him the cash and curses of the Brandon farmers.

Two days thereafter, a troop of Boulton's Horse stopped on its way to the front to feed and fodder at the Portage. Among the men Bob found two old cronies—John "Death" Murray and Peter Munro of the Slashing. Then there was much rejoicing. The necks flew from many bottles, and Bob came very much under the influence of the patriotic spirit which flowed therefrom—so much so, indeed, that next morning he found himself steering a fly-bitten bronco north by west. And in this direction he continued until, after a month of rapid marches, cold camps, and hasty dashes, the troop joined its command near Fish Creek.

One fine spring morning found Bob's troop threading its way through the poplar bluff. From their arms and accoutrements the crimson lights of a stormy sunrise flashed a blood-red warning to the scouts of Dumont's forces. Nature herself seemed to be in angry mood. The white alkili dust took on vermillion hues, the dun prairie reflected the threatening glow, and even the air quivered redly along the horizon.

Ahead of the troop rode a grizzled captain, field glass in hand, with which he every now and then swept the plains. Of a sudden he halted the troop and closely scrutinized a dark brown line which split the dun of the western prairie.

"Thought so," he muttered, dropping the glass; "that is a coulee (ravine, banks of which are level with prairie.) Young and Murray!" he shouted. "Fall out and search that coulee to the west!"

Bob and his friend rode off at a gallop, but as they came within sound of the hidden creek, John "Death" reined in his horse and cautioned: "Ye'll be the better of goin' a bit slow, Bob. I reckon ye've a few sins to purge ye from afore ye go to kingdom come."

Bob pulled his beast down to a walk, and as they moved slowly forward the wind soughed gently through the bare poplar, last year's grass rustled a song of coming spring, and a hawk shrieked a malediction from above. Suddenly, on the southwestern horizon a black spot rose above the skyline. It moved rapidly, rising on the field of vision and growing larger and blacker until finally it resolved into a broad arrow of wild geese speeding north along the creek. Suddenly the leader of the flock uttered a shrill honk, and like a flash the arrow shot broadside on into the west. "Luik!" yelled John. "Run!" he continued. "Yon crik's alive!"

As he spoke a line of smoke fringed the coulee and a score of bullets plugged the sod. One seared the shoulder of Bob's mare. She reared and bucked like a fiend, and by the time Bob got her under way John Death was a hundred yards ahead. Bob drove in the spurs, and the little beast responded with a

mighty burst of speed—barring accidents he would be out of range before the breeds could fire again. Leaning well forward, he steered to the right and left among the dog hills. Beneath him the prairie streaked by in long lines, bright flashes marking the badger holes. Once more the rifles spoke. Bob turned in the saddle. The whistling wind, the rapid pace, the song of the bullets thrilled and exhilarated; rising in the stirrups he shook his fist. It cost him dear. As he turned to his work, the ground rose suddenly and smote him from existence.

Over his body and that of the kicking bronco charged a band of yelling breeds. By they went, in full chase of John Death, but he was already under cover of the troop, and the sputtering rifles sent the Metis flying to their coulee. But with them they carried the body of Bob Young.



Five ponies, I give.

Three weeks after the affair of Fish Creek, the British General stood on a sandhill overlooking the Ferry of Batoche, and marshalled his forces against the Metis. From the plain beneath came

the sputter of infantry fire, the boom of guns, and the harsh bark of Howard's Gatling. Great pomp of war, but little doing. For three days the Canadian militia had been held from the throat of its foe, and now it foamed at the mouth, and strained the leash to the breaking point. For miles to their front the prairie was honeycombed with pits: in each a breed and a deadly rifle. On the right of the line, Howard plied his Gatling; the Midlanders were advancing on the left, Grassett's Grenadiers in the center, and Boulton's Horse supported Howard, and swore impatiently at the delay.

Though no orders had been given to advance, the men were slipping by their officers and moving stealthily from bush to bush. Now and then one would roll over and lie still or convulsively tear up grass and sand, when from the pits would ascend the triumphant yell of the hidden marksman. The General raised his binoculars and surveyed the field. An oath burst from his lips, and he angrily exclaimed: "Who told those men to charge?" From beneath came the savage roar of frenzied men.

"No one, sir," replied his chief of staff.

"Stop 'em! Bring 'em back!"

But the thing was done. The "Black Devils"—Winnipeg men and all—were already in the pits playing a devil's tattoo with but and bayonet; Grassett's were in the trenches quenching a three days' thirst in blood, while the Midlanders were loping through the scrub like a pack of hungry wolves.

For fifteen lively minutes the Metis held their ground. Half-cat, half-devil, nine-lived and spiteful as the mountain lion, they fought from pit to pit and trench to trench. Men killed each other with their hands. The heu-gh of the sabre, the thud of bayonet socket against living chest, the crash of clubbed rifles, the scream of pain, the shout of triumph, the hot oath and the peppering of the six-shooter—the mingled din of fight, swept over the plain and up the hill. Then, like the shot of a cannon, Boulton's Horse hit the right flank. The breed's formation smashed like a pane of glass; they broke and fled in wild disorder. Riel and Dumont rowelled the the flanks of their fleetest bronchos in a wild flight from the shadow of a gallow's tree. Batoche's Ferry passed into history.

Boulton's Horse followed fast on the trail of the flying breeds. It hammered them in the poplar, banged them through the coulees, and chivied them over the hills. So hard did it follow, that as the rebels streamed out of one end of Batoche the Horse entered the other.

Now, when John Death's father shook off the dust of Zorra Township, he bequeathed to his son—at present charging through Batoche—three things, to wit: one small, lean farm, one big fat mortgage, and a quenchless thirst. The first of the legacies John bestowed for a price on some fool remittance man; the second he threw into the bargain to make full measure; but the third he retained in affactionate remembrance of his father, cherishing it with peculiar care. In which labor of love he had been ably assisted by Peter of the Slashin', and Bob Young, unfortunately killed at Fish Creek. And now, as he galloped down the street, John Death was suddenly smitten with the memory of his father. Under the influence of the legacy he opened his mouth and his voice issued from amidst the jingle of accoutrements and the thud of galloping horses.

"Peter!"

"Ay."

"N'er a whiskey since Winnipeg!"

Peter groaned.

"There'll be some in these shanties."

"How do you know, John?"

"I know weel. Ye'll foller me?"

"To the deil!"

Just then a straggling breed shot across their front and in between the houses. This was their chance. Like a swooping hawk. John Death wheeled and took after. Peter followed. The man ran well, but John's bronco gained at every jump.

"Give him the flat, John," yelled Peter. "The pesky critters'll no form again!" And even as he spoke John's arm rose, hovered above the dodging man, and fell.

"I doubt," observed Peter, reining in, "as ye've cracked his skull. But it's an ill wind as blows naebody guid; ye'll mebbe hae saved the hankman a job."



The young artist. From the painting by Karl Hartman.

"Weel," answered John, "he sarved our turn. See the lads chasin' doun the trail!"

"A repreehensible lot," quoth Peter, gravely eyeing the vanishing troopers, "but noo for the whiskey, John."

They tied their horses in front of a two-story Red River frame house, and kicked open the door. Within was a snuffy old breed, who glared maliciously upon them when Peter politely ordered whiskey for two.

"Non-comprenez!" he muttered.

"Ye'll no what?" questioned Peter. "No comprona? What'll the fool be meanin', John?"

"I'll no tell you," replied John, whipping his sword from the scabbard, "but mebbe this will."

At the flash of the blade the breed dropped to his knees and suddenly found a tongue. "Pardon, sare!" he howled. "I no understand at first. Whiskey? Ah, yes! I know of a leetle, a ver' leetle; sufficient to wet the lips of messieurs, the great soldiers."

With many backward glances at John's naked sword he led the way to his cache—provided against the advent of a godless and thirsty soldiery—and dug out the desired bottle. After which Peter took him by the neck, marched him outside, and sped him on his way with a parting kick. Then he shut the door, and the two lay down with slackened belts and lit their pipes. Soon a dense cloud filled the room; from the center came the puff of the pipes, the gurgle of strong waters, and an occasional sigh of satisfaction. But presently the voice of Peter, as of one speaking from afar, came from the mist:

"John!"

"Ay."

"This is Heaven."

" 'Tis."

"Pity Bob Young was no' here."

" 'Tis."

Once more the rites to the memory of John's father proceeded in silence, and both men drank to the memory of their lost friend. In due time John took up the tale.

"Peter?"

"Ay."

"Think he's dead?"

"What else? I reckon he's steering a trade in harps be this."

"I low ye're right," agreed John. "He was a gay mon at a trade. Mind how ne put it til old Shondro, the Cree?"

"Michty me! I guess yes!" exclaimed Peter. "An' the Brandon folk to boot. That was a sair doin'."

Once more silence fell, and held until the last drop of liquor trickled down Peter's thirsty throat. Then, moved by an unslakeable drouth, he moved toward the door, and John, divining by subtle alchemy of thought the reason of his going, arose and followed.

They were both a little merry and rolled down the street until their unsteady steps brought them up before a solid log building.

"A varra likely luikin' place," observed Peter, squinting gravely upon it.

Without further parley John Death bestowed a mighty kick upon the door and sent it flying from the hinges. From within came the rattle of a chain. Peter lurched forward, caught his foot against the log sill, and spread-eagled over the fallen door, while John Death blinked owlishly into the cabin.

Again the chain rattled, and a long, lean, cadaverous man stepped forward to the light. One end of a logging chain was padlocked round his waist, the other passed about a log. A dirty stubble of three weeks' standing covered his chin; across his forehead stretched a black bruise, and famished eyes glared from the sooty face.

"Gude save us! Bob Young!" yelled Peter.

Dropping his face between his elbows, he covered the back of his head with his hands, while John Death stood rooted to the spot, holding out the empty bottle. Thrusting out a bony arm, the spectre seized it, and Peter, glancing up, followed its movements with fascinated eyes.

"Ghosts no drink whiskey," remarked John, with a sigh of relief, as the apparition strained at the up-ended bottle.

"Bob's ghost wad," ventured Peter.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" broke in the spectre, impatiently. "Never see a thirsty man afore? Get a chisel an' knock off this derned chain."

"You're no' dead?"

"Not by a derned sight! Only hungry —haven't had nothing to eat for a week. Get a move on, boys."

The fright having sobered Slashing Peter to the point of straight walking, he was dispatched for a file and provisions; and in ten minutes he returned with bannock, meat, the necessary file, and—another bottle. This he explained he had taken because the Midlanders were entering the village and he thought it wise to remove temptation from their path. John seized the file, and while he worked Bob ate, drank and told his story.

When he recovered consciousness after his fall at Fish Creek, he found himself lying on the bottom of a Red River cart that rolled and bumped with melancholy squeaks and creakings across the prairie. It was night, therefore he had lain twelve hours unconscious of the ebb and flow of battle. His head ached and felt big, prodigiously big—big as the great northern moon that shone in his eyes. After he had had assured himself that it was really his own head and not a distant planet, he sat up and looked around.

His cart formed one of a long procession, the head of which was entering Batoche. Before and behind, in wagons, carts, and buckboards, a-horse and afoot, streamed a long line of swearing breeds and silent Indians. Tall Crees, swart Sioux, creeping Obijays, and cat-like breeds, alike fled, casting fearful glances back to where the sputter of musketry told of a hot pursuit. About Bob's cart all was confusion, but in the distance the rout resolved into a huge pained serpent lashing convulsively across the plain. In the pale moonlight, under the cold, twinkling, pitiless stars, raced this maddened creature.

Just about the time Bob had grasped the details of the rout and begun to speculate on his share therein, his cart creaked into Batoche, and stopped in front of a log building. A breed took him by the arm, and while a Sioux held a torch, chained him to the wall.

"Thank you," said Bob, when he had finished. "What do you reckon to do with me, anyway?"

The man leaned forward until the red torch light shone full on his ugly face. Then, while his head jerked back and the whites of his eyes turned up, he drew his hand significantly across his throat, and wound up with a lively imitation of scalping.

Bob watched the performance with interested eyes. "Much obliged," he said, politely. "Do as much for you some day."

Grinning, the breed retired, and Bob lay down to ease his head, and quickly sank into a kind of stupor. Several times during the night a light flashed in the cabin, and dark, curious faces peered in his. At first he roused, but at last slept on without noticing the midnight visitors.

When at daybreak he awoke, the headache had given place to a most uncanny hunger. For a day and a night he had eaten nothing, and when an hour slipped by without sign of breakfast, he waxed exceedingly wroth. Picking up the slack of his chain, he pounded the wall until the mud fell in showers from the chinks. It brought results. Presently the door opened and a Cree entered.

"Waugh!" he grunted. "Mooniah make heap noise. You stop 'um. Wee-weep!"

Bob counterfeited an angelic smile, took a cinch in his belt, and patted his hungry stomach. The Cree nodded, went out, and shut the door. And then for a long half hour the prisoner fed his hungry devil with visions of bannock a yard wide, topped off with juicy venison. At the end of that time the latch clicked and a man entered along with a blaze of sunlight. It was blinding, and while Bob winked and blinked, the newcomer walked forward and set two pails before him. One held water, the other a dirty yellow mixture.

"What's this?" queried Bob, stirring it dubiously.

"Flour!" grunted the Cree. "Heap good flour! O—h! Nish-i-shin!"

Glancing quickly up, Bob found himself staring into the hard face of Shondro, headman of the Crees. He started, whistled, grinned, then stared again, and all the while the headman looked on, silent, grave, unmoved. But presently

he pointed a finger to the pails and growled:

"Eatum! Good!"

"The devil it is!" exclaimed the prisoner. "That's chop!"

"Chop?" queried the headman.

"Chop!" reiterated Bob.

Stooping, Shondro grasped a handful of the mixture, thrust it into his mouth, and chewed vigorously. "Chop?" he growled, smacking his lips. "Mooniah mad. Him flour. Heap good flour. O—h! Nee-pa-wa Nish-i-shin!" Then he walked off, leaving Bob to explain matters as best he could to his hungry demon.

"I reckon," giggled Slashing Peter, when the freighter paused near the end of his narrative, "as the headman took ye for a cow!"

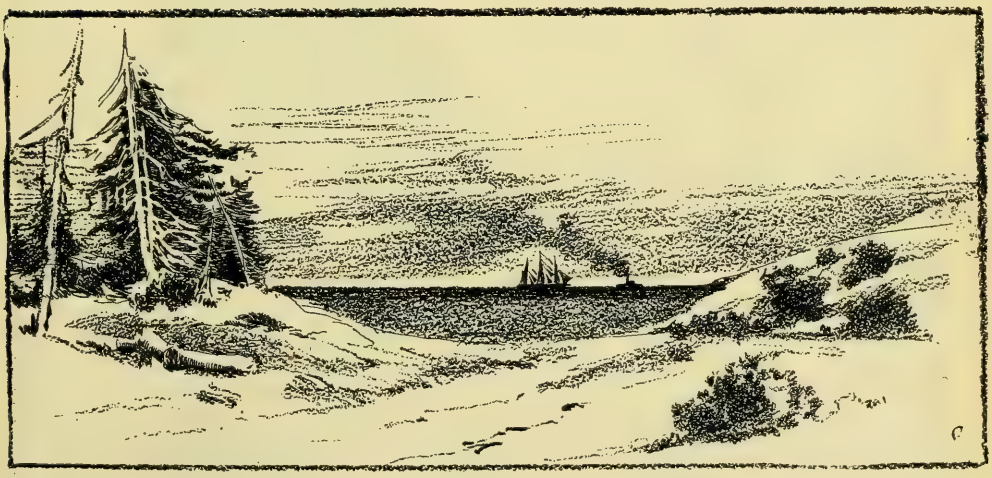
"Shouldn't wonder," retorted Bob. "The old fool had no more sense of humor than some Scotchmen!"

"An' ye lived on chop fifteen days?" questioned John Death.

Bob nodded and growled. "Yes, an' what's more, the old beggar came every day and smoked by the door while I chewed my stint of hoss feed."

Just then a burst of cheering announced the arrival of the Black Devils, and to exclude unwelcome visitors, Peter propped up the broken door. While he was thus engaged, Bob annexed his pipe; then all lay down to celebrate the resurrection of the dead. For a while John Death was very quiet. But when the story had properly arranged itself in the nooks of his whiskey soaked brain he sententiously observed:

"Weel, there's some as says an Injun no' remembers a guid turn!"





"The night is done!
I feel the sunrise in my blood! I feel
The strength for brilliant battles!"

THE VOICE OF THE WEST

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

I

My destiny was cradled twin with Time:
I slept; but 'twas the infant Titan's sleep!
Threading my slumber like a nurse's rhyme,
The Winds unmastered sang; their hurried sweep
Taught me to be impetuous, to leap
Far spaces at a bound! I heard the streams
Roar seaward, and they taught me how to keep
The channel of a purpose! He who deems
My slumber vain, shall quake before my wakened
dreams!

II

Upon the verge of sunsets I have slept
And heard the secrets of the ripened Days.
The purple of the twilight hour has crept
Into my pulse with kingliness! I gaze
Into the yet fermenting depths, where blaze
Fervescent Futures! All my veins are warm
With passion like my sands, and when I raise
My voice above the Realms that snarl and swarm,
Lo! They shall hark and thrill unto the vocal storm!

III

And O my destined Bride, thou queenly East,
About whose sea-kissed feet the races kneel;
The years are ripening for our marriage feast;
Our weal shall be the hungry Nations' weal;
Behold the Spectre of the dark Past reel
And vanish in our path! The night is done!
I feel the sunrise in my blood! I feel
The strength for brilliant battles! Ho! we run
Hand-clasped against the World: thus moves the
sun!



Santa Fe Depot, Pasadena.

Story of The Queen of the Angels

ONE can hardly cross this continent without gaining a new idea of the immense historical significance of the westward yearning of the Saxon, who in two and one-half centuries has marched from Plymouth Rock to the Sunset Sea.

The Spaniard was a world conqueror in his day, and master of California before the stars and stripes had been devised.

The story of his subjugation of the southwestern portion of the new world is the most brilliant in modern history. It is a story of unexampled deeds of arms. The Conquistador was a crusader, and the advancement of the cross amid barbarians was his effectual purpose. He is a splendid figure of incarnate force. But the westward flowing wave of Saxon conquest has set him, too, aside. In this fair land of California, won at smallest cost, and seemingly created for him, his descendants to-day are little more than a tattered fringe upon the edges of the displacing civilization.

He has left his mark upon every mountain and valley in names that will long endure, but himself has been supplanted. He has not fled. He has diminished, faded away. In 1781 he named the city Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles (Town of the Queen of the Angels.)

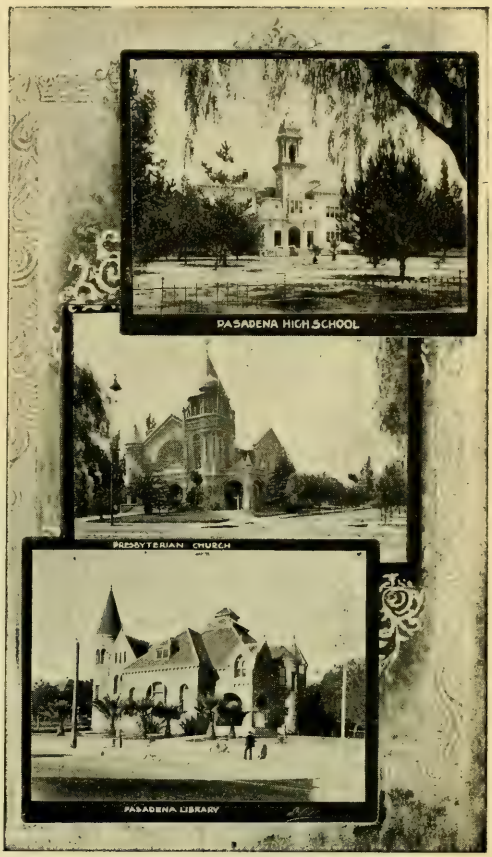
The Saxon, the man of business, now supreme, has retained only the last two words of that high-sounding appellation. You will find a Spanish (Mexican) quarter, unkempt and adobe, containing elements of the picturesque; and in the modern portion of the city a restaurant or two where English is spoken in a halting fashion by very pretty dark-skinned girls, and you may satisfy, if not your appetite, perhaps a long-standing curiosity regarding tortillas and frijoles and chili con carne. As for tamales they are, as with us, a matter of curbstone speculation.

Senores, Senoras and senoritas are plentifully encountered upon the streets, but are not in general distinguished by any peculiarity of attire. Upon the borders of the city one finds more vivid types, and there the jacal, a poor mud hovel thatched with straw is not quite extinct. The words Spanish and Mexican are commonly used in California to distinguish a racial difference. Not a few of the Spanish soldiery and colon-

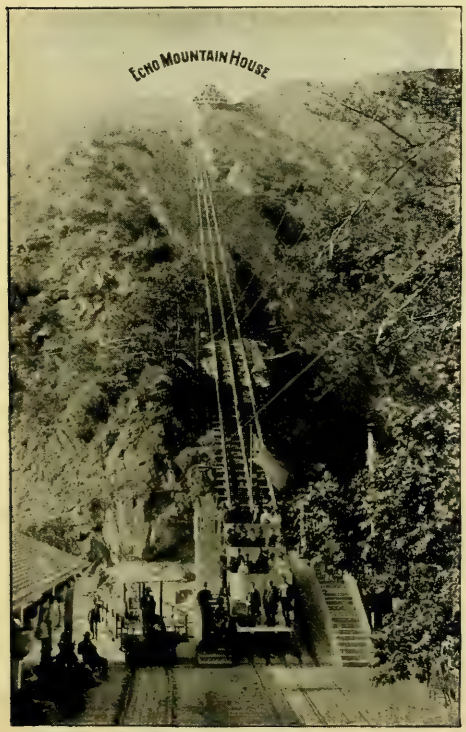
ists originally took wives from among the native Indians. Their offspring has had its charms for later comers of still other races, and a complexity of blood has resulted.

The term Mexican is generally understood to apply to this amalgamation, those of pure Castillian descent preferring to be known as Spanish. The latter, numerically a small class, represent high types, and the persistency of the old strain is such that the poorest Mexican is to a certain manner "born." The existence of these descendants of the conquerors side by side with the exponents of the new regime is one of the charms of Los Angeles.

It has others in historic vein. Its romantic career of progress is marked by movements that still endure. Fremont, the path-finder, here first raised the Stars and Stripes in 1846, and Winfield Scott Hancock, as a young captain of the army, had quarters in this historic town. In modern interest it stands for a type of the material development



School, church, library, Pasadena, Cal.



Mount Lowe Railway.

that belongs to our day. In 1860 it numbered 4,500 inhabitants; in 1900, more than 100,000, or to be exact, 102,479. Today the population is estimated at 130,000, and it is freely predicted that the census of 1910 will double these figures. Surrounded by hundreds of cultivated farms, whose varied products form the basis of its phenomenal activity and prosperity, it is a really great city. It is well paved, well lighted, and abundantly served by intramural railways. It has parks of extraordinary beauty, and avenues shaded by the eucalyptus and the pepper, that most esthetic of trees. Outside the immediate thoroughfares of trade the streets are bordered by attractive homes, fronted by grounds set with palm, and orange, and cypress, and blooming with flowers throughout



Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal.

the year. It is backed by the mountains that are always present in California landscape, and fifteen miles away lies a vista of the sea, dotted with island peaks.

Los Angeles is the least Californian of all the important cities of the State. Of 53,513 voters on the Great Register of Los Angeles County, a few years ago, less than ten per cent were natives of California. The rest came from every State and territory in the nation, and from almost every country in the civilized world. The States of Illinois, New York and Ohio, each furnished almost as many voters as the home State. Los Angeles is a brilliant example of what keen American intellect can do in a climate which sometimes has been referred to as enervating, although it is really nothing of the kind. Geographically, the city covers an area of 27,000 acres within the city limits. This makes less than five persons to the acre, or perhaps actually about twice that number, after allowing for the parks, roads and vacant territory. It is, consequently, not surprising to find that the average family in Los Angeles has plenty of elbow room. The ordinary size of a residence lot is 50x150 feet, and many are considerably larger. It is only during the past few years that apartments have been introduced, and probably ninety-five per cent of the residents live in separate homes. Wood is the almost universal material for building, pine being used for the exterior, and redwood and pine for the interior finish. Owing to mild climate, the expense of building is considerably less than in the East. There is great and pleasing variety in the architecture of Los Angeles residences. Of late, the mission style, with some modifications, has come into favor.

Any one who has not visited Los Angeles for fifteen years would scarcely recognize it to-day. In 1886 there was not a paved street, few graded streets and scarcely any business blocks of importance. To-day there are more than twenty miles of paved streets, and upward of 200 miles of public thoroughfares are graded and graveled, with an extensive array of wholesale houses running into the hundreds.

The city is brilliantly lighted with electricity. It was the first city in the United States to entirely abandon gas for street lighting. Seen from one of the surrounding hills, it is a striking sight, as the lights are turned on in the evening, twinkling like stars against the dark firmament.

There is a great variety of sites for building within the city limits. In the northern and northwestern and west-

ern districts are hills, from many of which a view of the ocean, distant about fifteen miles, is obtained, with the Sierra Madre range of mountains, snow-capped in winter, bounding the view at the north. These hills have come into favor during the past few years as residence sites. That part of the city in the west-end, around Westlake Park, contains hundreds of beautiful homes that have been erected during the past five years. The excellent electric-car system of Los Angeles, which is said to excel that of any other American city of equal size, has contributed much to the growth of the outlying sections. In addition to the lines within the city limits, there is an electric system connecting the city with Pasadena, Alhambra and La Manda Park, besides the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe systems, have connection by suburban trains over their broad-gauge systems. Another electric street car system connects it with Santa Monica, Redondo, Playa del Rey and other points on the ocean. Plans have recently been matured for the construction of four hundred and fifty miles of suburban electric roads, radiating from Los Angeles in all directions. For a single fare of five cents, one may ride a distance of about eleven miles. There are altogether a dozen parks within the city limits, of which five are of considerable size. In these parks may be seen many beautiful examples of the semi-tropic vegetation which flourishes here. In four of them are lakes, with boats, and music is usually provided on Sundays. In East Lake Park on the Boyle Heights side of the Los Angeles River, the nurseries are worthy of inspection. Elysian Park, a romantic hilly tract of over 500 acres, in the northern part of the city, is a remnant of the thousands of acres of land formerly owned by the municipality. At one time, in the early days, the pueblo owned all the land within the city limits, except a few hundred acres of farming lands and residence lots that had been allotted to early settlers. Had the city leased this land, instead of selling it or giving it away at a nominal figure, it would now be one of the wealthiest municipalties in the country.



Scene on the Pasadena and Los Angeles Railway.

On the north, just outside of Los Angeles, is Griffith Park, 3,000 acres of mountainous land, presented to the city a few years ago by a public spirited citizen. Nothing has yet been done towards the improvement of this great tract. As a portion of the land in the foothills is absolutely frostless, it has been proposed to establish a botanical garden there. There has also been talk of fencing in a portion of the tract and stocking it with wild animals.

Socially, Los Angeles is a refined and cultivated community. There is nothing here that might be termed "wild and woolly." The school facilities are excellent, including a great variety of private institutions, in addition to the public schools. An army of specialists gives instruction in music, painting and every department of art and science. Lectures and entertainments by home and foreign talent are almost daily occurrences. Many brilliant writers and artists have made their homes here, or in the surrounding suburbs. There is not a fraternal society of importance that is not represented. In short, Los Angeles offers all the modern improvements of American twentieth century civilization, with the "glorious climate" into the bargain.

It has been sometimes asserted by envious communities that Los Angeles lives on "oranges and tender-feet." That this statement is unfounded is shown by the fact that the value of leading products of Southern California this year is estimated at over $35,000,000. A large amount of money to be divided among a population of less than 350,000. And that does not include the money spent here by health and pleasure seekers.

Many valid reasons might easily be cited for the remarkable growth of Los Angeles, the leading cause of that growth may probably be found in the fact that many Eastern people of wealth, who have visited Los Angeles with their families, have been so charmed with the climate and surroundings that they have become permanent residents, and then, after a short interval of idleness, have invested their money in various productive enterprises, such as mining, horticulture, the development of petroleum, or manufacturing. A large proportion of the millions invested in Los Angeles and Southern California in this way, has come during the past ten years, and most of the investors appear to be satisfied with their experience, apart from the improved condition of their health.



The Spaulding, Pasadena, Cal.

Just outside the limits of Los Angeles, intimately connected by railroad and street car lines is the world famous Pasadena. For the origin of the name you may choose between the imputed Indian signification, Crown of the Valley, and a corruption of the Spanish Paso de Eden (Threshold of Eden). It is in any event the crown of that Eden, the San Gabriel Valley, which nestles

warmly in its groves and rose-bowers, below lofty bulwarks tipped with snow. Here an Eastern multitude makes regular winter home in modest cottage or imposing mansion. Every fruit and flower and every ornamental tree and shrub known to Southern California is represented in the elaborate grounds of this little realm. Orange Grove Avenue is one of tne most beautiful residence thoroughfares in the United States, or in any other country, for that matter.

Pasadena entertains a large crowd of Eastern visitors within her gates during the winter months. She is well prepared to receive them. Hotels and lodging houses are numerous. The big Raymond hotel on the hill, a prominent land mark for miles around, which was burned to the ground a few years ago, has just been rebuilt. The Hotel Green is a fine specimen of architecture.

Then there is Mt. Lowe. At Altadena, four miles north of Pasadena, a railway connects with an electric line which leads to Rubio Canyon, two and one-half miles distant. There from an altitude of 2200 feet, the cable incline conveys visitors to the summit of Echo Mountain, nearly fourteen hundred feet higher. The hotel was burned a short time ago. It will be reconstructed of stone on a large scale. From this point, where there is an observatory already somewhat famous for astronomical discoveries, radiate many miles of bridle-path, and another electric railway extends to still loftier heights at the Alpine Tavern, over a mile above the sea, and within a thousand feet of the objective summit, which is reached by bridal-path. There is no more pleasurable mountain trip than this, nor anywhere one more easy of accomplishment.

Suppficiently elevated above its surroundings to afford commanding views which stretch across wonderously fertile valleys to other ranges upon one hand and to the coastwise islands of the Pacific on the other, the total altitude is not great enough to distress those who are disordered by thin air of more exalted summits, as in the Rockies. Among the manifold attractive features of California, the ascent of Mount Lowe worthily holds a conspicuous place. Its details are fully described in local publications and may be omitted here.

South Pasadena is a flourishing municipality adjoining Pasadena on the South. Many beautiful homes and building sites abound. The council of South Pasadena are laying out wide streets and avenues, and an army of men and many teams, grading, curbing and beautifying the thoroughfares. Here, the famous King's Highway, which promises to be the finest boulevard in the world, starts to Monrovia.

The people of South Pasadena have lately voted $20,000 for school purposes; a fine new building is to be added to those already in existence; this being necessary to accommodate the increasing population.

The ostrich farm is one of the attractive features, and South Pasadena is amply supplied with numerous mercantile institutions, hostelries, a large commodious post office, and in fact everything that pertains to the wants of Southern California.

CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by Florence Jackson.

Another Western Tale.

Without being in the least like "The Gentleman from Indiana," the new book by a new Western writer calls up reminiscences of the first-mentioned story. "The Pride of Tellfair" must be read in a certain mood to be properly appreciated. Singularly enough, it is not the deepest books that require, always, a particular mood. Where a thought is in every line, the attention is chained at once, but the mind wanders even when the eyes are fixed on pages of many words but few ideas. Such pages seldom occur in the 390 that are necessary to tell of the life and love of a young lawyer in an Illinois town. It is evident that the author, like Mrs. Humphrey Ward with her characters, has favorites among his creations. An apparently inadvertent word even here and there gives the key to his own judgment, and straightway the reader is influenced for or against. So of course Davenport, the lawyer, is a favorite, and one is glad that in the end success and happiness become his. When he is told that success came easy to him, he declares what most workers, successful or not, have said in substance many times before: "No, success is not always easy. I don't tell many people, but I sometimes think that I go through more drudgery to accomplish what I do than any other man living. And the drudgery doesn't always win, either; but I don't talk about my defeats. It isn't good business, as Mr. Collie would say,—I smile and talk about my successes." While not the strongest of the stories that have been written of the "Middle West," the book is fairly typical of phases of ordinary life in that region. There are no great heights, but neither are there any deeps to frighten even timid readers. It is a clean, wholesome tale.

"The Pride of Tellfair," by Elmore Elliott, Peake. Harper's Brothers, Publishers, New York. Price, $1.50.

A Winner of Smiles.

A good test of the genuineness of humor is its effect on a melancholy mood. In a state of well-being one is ever ready to smile even at inanities, to really laugh at absurd nothings, but to be roused from a fit of depression to a pleasant consciousness of geniality is only effected by very honest humor. Such effect is brought about by the breezy, happy story of Lovey Mary, the girl who "must think of somebody else quick" when her forlornness is so overcoming as to incline her "to pity herself."

The most extraordinary thing about this tale of an orphan girl brought up in, and then running away from, a charity "Home" is its naturalness, its entire spontaneousness. It is, in a way, a continuation of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—that is, Mrs. Wiggs figures in the story. It seemed at first that the worn-out situation of a girl unable to get work because she had no "recommend," might be brought into use, but Mrs. Rice was too clever to adopt that now-unreal obstruction to "getting on," since it is plain in this age that any one who will work, may work and shall work, recommended or not. So Mrs. Wiggs takes in the runaway girl, carrying the baby of another girl who has run away in quite the old-fashioned manner, and Lovey Mary finds an asylum and "no questions asked." The mix-up of "Bob's boss, a newspaper editress, and Mrs. Reddin, a fallen angel if ever there was one," in Mrs. Wiggs' description of her neighbors, is one of the most amusing of that good woman's sayings. She abounds in happy phrases of wonted originality, and the clever drawings of Florence Scovel Shinn have brought out the pleasing eccentricities, of the busy optimist, to the life. This tale is one of

earnestness, too, showing how much is the gain of those who, trusting in the good, believe all things and think no evil. Mrs. Wiggs' most telling sayings are embodied in advice to Mary: "The decidin' time was the time for worryin'. You've did what you thought was best; now you want to stop thinkin' about it."

"If you want to be cheerful, jes' set yer mind on it and do it."

"Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end with."

The description of the "denominational garden" of flowers is a commentary, profound, humorous, sympathetic, appreciative, tolerant, of many eccentricities of the vegetable kingdom, and of the world of human nature.

"Lovey Mary," by Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Co., New York, Publishers. Price, $1.00.

The Race Problem.

A strong and interesting story is this which has for its theme one of the vital questions of the day —the position and fate of any in whose veins flows even a drop of African blood. Although in parts, the literary workmanship of the tale is singularly rough, in others it rises beyond the expectations given. The author has a happy way of condensing the narrative of events necessary to bring before the reader essential points that must be enlarged upon, though sometimes this condensation puts the essential point in the position of seeming to have been created merely to be enlarged. Plainly, the writer's great interest is music, and the description of the symphony which Roger Gordon, the hero, gives at the climax of his musical career, is the finest passage in the book. Gordon, without knowing that he has any taint of blood, loves and woos an English girl who returns his regard. When the young man finds that he is a quadroon, he shrinks for a time from disclosing the fact. Very strong is the description of the sense of ignominy and guilt Gordon feels when, knowing that the girl who loves him believes him to be what he is not, he moves by her side through social functions silently cursing himself for a living lie. The settlement of the race question is indicated as only possible through the deportation of all persons of African blood, and the reader is left with a new sense of the injustice, as well as deep pathos there is in the necessity any human being is made to feel, of abnegating his heirship in the world at large.

"The Inevitable," by Philip Verrill Mighels; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price $1.50.

The Witchery of Sleep.

The daintiest volume that has reached us in some time is Willard Moyer's book on sleep. The contents are compiled from essays on various fancies and facts concerning sleep, and includes such practical ideas as "The Habit of Sleep—A Suggestion," "Sleeplessness—A Little Advice," together with an intellectual consideration of "The Phenomena of Sleep—An Analysis," "The Poetry of Sleep—A Review." There is a symposium of sleep, made up of a collection of thoughts thereon expressed by eminent persons of contemporary times, and a collection of verse, sonnets and extracts from the poets. These are of a very high order, and chosen for their harmony with the manner of treatment given the entire theme.

The book is illustrated with a number of very beautiful colored plates, which reproduce drawings of antique couches and of state beds of various epochs. There are also several fine line drawing prints, one of these being of an old Spanish cradle of Southern California. The volume will make a valuable and interesting addition to any library.

"The Witchery of Sleep," by Willard Moyer; Ostermoor & Co., New York, Publishers. Price, $2.00.

Mexico in Detail.

"Five Years' Exploration Among the Tribes of the Western Sierra Madre; in the Tierra Caliente of Tepic and Jalisco; and Among the Terascos of Michoacan," is the sub-title of the elaborate and interesting work on Mexico which Carl Lumholt has brought out through Charles Scribner's Sons. It is in two large volumes, copiously illustrated with etchings, wood cuts, half-tone reproductions of drawings and pho-

tographs, and with fifteen colored plates of great beauty. Mr. Lumholtz made his exploration of the unknown districts of Mexico under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, and the American Geographical Society, both of New York, although much of the money required to carry out the expedition was raised by private subscription. The result of the journey has been a valuable addition to ethnology and to literature. Not only is the reader made to understand the habits and industries of tribes little known, but through the myths and legends of those people their mental and spiritual aim and standards are made somewhat comprehensible. There are, the traveler tells us, many Christians among the Mexican Indians, although they hold to some of the tribal superstitions. For instance, a belief prevails that the dead are watchful and jealous of their rights, also easily hurt, and in that state may do a damage. For this reason, the Shaman (priest and physician) has to watch the dead throughout the first year, or the body would be carried off by the devil. Funeral feasts are given, the ceremony being a propitiation that will prevent the dead from having to wander forever in animal form. Among the Christian Tarahumares, the moon is the Virgin Mary. When droughts continue over long, it is said that the Virgin is sick, or Tata Dios (God) is hungry, or the railroad engines of the Americans are making Tata Dios angry, or a dozen similar reasons are given. Dances of worship are held periodically, the people declaring that they were taught them by the animals, brutes being held in esteem and thought to be able to assist in making rain. Bears are believed to be sorcerers, who have assumed this shape after death. "In fact, there are two kinds of bears, one that is real, and another that is a dead Tarahumare; it is useless to try to kill the man bear; he has a very hard skin, and arrows cannot pierce it; he is the devil."

Crime is rare, among this tribe. The author says a native judge told him that in forty years he had heard of only two murders, and it was doubtful if a Tarahumare ever committed suicide.

Among strange relics found by the traveler was a skull showing that the operation of trepanning had been practiced upon it, although it was found with other things indicating an antiquity at least pre-Columbian. The cut in the skull showed, too, that it had been done some years before death. Proofs of the civilization that once abounded throughout the country of the Aztecs are thus shown in sciences as well as arts. The fine colored plates give representations of pottery, tiles and panels in decided Egyptian effects of outline and perspective, and in Pompeiian colors. The maps are numerous and valuable. In conclusion, Mr. Lumholtz says: "Europe and America should not overlook the fact that the backward races need time to develop statecraft, the germ of which we find wherever we go. * * * They have much to learn from us, but we have also much to learn from them—not only new art designs, but certain moral qualities. Hypocrisy will be done away with as civilization advances."

"Unknown Mexico," by Carl Lumholtz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers. Price, $12.00 per set.

A Volume for a Quiet Hour.

Fancies and thoughts that have been inspired at special times and in special places have been gathered by their author into a little volume that offers particularly pleasant reading for a quiet hour. The title, "A Book of Meditations," might seem to indicate that the themes are of a strictly religious sort, but Mr. Griggs neither dogmatizes nor theorizes upon ecclesiastical interpretations of good or evil. His book is made up of what might be selections from a diary wherein he had registered the ethical and aesthetic impressions made upon himself by certain things. There are some pages devoted to his understanding of Pierre Loti, of whom he asks: "Has he sold the spirit to the senses?" There are other pages given to Shakespeare, and he questions "What does such tragedy (Anthony and Cleopatra) do for us?" He has something to say on Lecky, a great deal to say of Constantinople and many interesting fancies on Art, Titian, Venice, Florence,

Greece, Wisdom, The Desert, St. Francis, Immoral Kindness, Nature, Love, Life. Some of the sketches are but a few lines, others cover pages, but each has value, and the book is one that will give especial pleasure when taken up in a mood of optimistic reflection.

"A Book of Meditations," by Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Hulbasch, Publisher, New York. Price, $1.50.

A little volume on California geography having a good digest of the subject with vocabulary of Indian and Spanish names making an excellent reference book has been sent out. The author is a well known writer on like subjects that are in demand as text books, and in a hundred pages of comprehensive digest is given the topography, as well as the climate and atmospheric conditions, and the industries of the State. There is added a summary and a vocabulary of Indian and Spanish names with their meanings

Tarr & McMurray's Geographies, Supplementary Volume. California. By Harold W. Fairbanks, Ph. D. The Macmillan Company, Publishers, New York. Price, 30 cents.

EDITORIAL DIGEST

THE importance that any event has for literature may, it would seem, be estimated by the sort of imaginative writing it inspires. Any other kind of composition, even the essay form, must gain its impetus from facts alone, however much this may be hidden in historical, critical or even logical amplification. But imaginative work, dealing also with facts, although on other bases, sublimates their plain actualities to that state wherein what is called the ideal may so treat with them as to enable the mind to retain a hope of their developing in the highest, most alluring forms. Thus fancy enriches what it deals with, and its expression in literature serves to make permanent the bare outlines of narrative.

Of late, events especially important to literature have brought into unusually prominent notice three races against which general sentiment has usually abounded, while sympathy has so often stood aloof or regarded them only impersonally. A war of fire and blood has drawn attention to the Latin; battles of the books have brought into relief a more ancient people, the Hebrew, and fiercer contest still has been and is being held, over the cause of the black race. Each of these races is putting forth its claims to notice, not only through narratives of authenticated events, but through that subtle and often underestimated medium, called fiction, which is but the grouping of the known real with the unknown real, and often has such a quality of luminousness as to reveal what, without it, would remain hidden.

In last month's issue, reviews were given of literary productions of a very old and famous race, the Hebrew. The articles gathered in this number are descriptive or representative of five races. The plea Mr. Lumholtz makes for the Mexican and the Indian. "What we now call the primitive people have not yet had time to reach their full status. Europe and America should not overlook the fact that the backward races need time to develop their statecraft, the germ of which is found wherever we go," is implied also for the blacks, in Mr. Mighell's touching story of a quadroon's accepted fate. These books cause us to glance over the other contents of the magazine to find support for a belief that race superiority is shown through what a people accomplish.

But while the peoples represented are Ethiopian, Malayan, Polynesian, Indian and Caucasian, the latter will, in this country at least, sub-divide itself and regard the Latin apart, until it is desired to prove, through numbers, that

the white is the superior race. It has been said that the ability of the Caucasian to absorb every race that mingles blood with it, shows the superiority of the white. Yet a singular statement is made of a contradictory kind—one that Mr. Mighell's book again brings forward—the inability of the white race to ever wholly dominate a strain of black blood is to prove the inferiority of the black. Marvelous paradox! Degeneracy is the thing to be feared, the terrible, supremely just plea for discrimination against race mixtures, and degeneracy is proved by failure to lose individuality! According to the code of to-day "The Inevitable" has an inevitable ending; even in fiction no other would be tolerated in this age of toleration, in spite of the fact that the most notable effort ever made to show just recognition to a citizen as an individual was made by President Roosevelt in his reception of a man of the doomed race.

"The World's Work" for March reminds us that fewer negroes have been appointed to office during the present administration than were appointed by McKinley and Harrison, not to speak of other Republican Presidents, and that there are fewer negroes holding office in the South now than there were when Mr. Roosevelt became President, but that "there has been a louder cry against him in his attitude to the negro than against any of his predecessors for more than twenty years." The reason is plain. President Roosevelt is thought to have shown social recognition of a class, called in America—North America—the United States—degenerates.

It is a term that has not been so loudly applied by other nations to a race that, within memory of living men, has shown ability to grow from savagery to the best forms of civilization. The descendants of the first blacks who were brought by Spanish galleons to this continent, live now in the free Spanish Republics under no such ban as is imposed on their kindred in this democracy, and as those who, in the ancient Islands of Philip fear, looking with apprehension at their new governors. If cargoes from the Philippines four hundred years ago included slaves for the markets of the Isthmus, the descendants of those same slaves may to-day attain social distinction in the country that adopted their ancestors.

As a matter of fact, records show that far more consideration was given both negroes and Indians in Spanish colonies than is generally thought to have been the case. The code drawn up in 1680, conceding to Indians and free blacks the privileges of minors (the only privilege of citizenship that one-half the population, the women, in all but four of the United States of North America, are now granted), and furnishing them with legal advice without charge. Every Spanish colony of those old times was governed by the same code, and when there used to meet at the Isthmus the fleets of the Pacific bearing the riches of the Orient to be exchanged for supplies brought from the mother country by the great flotilla making stately tour of the coast, the fair held for forty days and bringing together a marvelous gathering of peoples and produce, was less marked by restrictions on persons of color than such a meeting would be to-day on the shores of California.

The remedy for this present condition will not, however, be found as "The Inevitable" teaches, through the deportation of the negro. Here, on this continent, where the enslavement of the race reached its culminating period, its stand among the nations' citizens must be found, and the "World's Work," to quote again, intimates the only solution of the problem:

"The remedy for the conflict of opinion, for the solidity of race-parties, for the lack of a wide enough national spirit is training of the children to useful work and clear thinking, and to the opening of the door of equal opportunity to every one * * * * * * One thing is fortunate, and certain and necessary—the door, in industry or in politics, is not shut, and must not be shut on the worthy individual, be he (or she?) black or white. That would be a denial of American institutions."

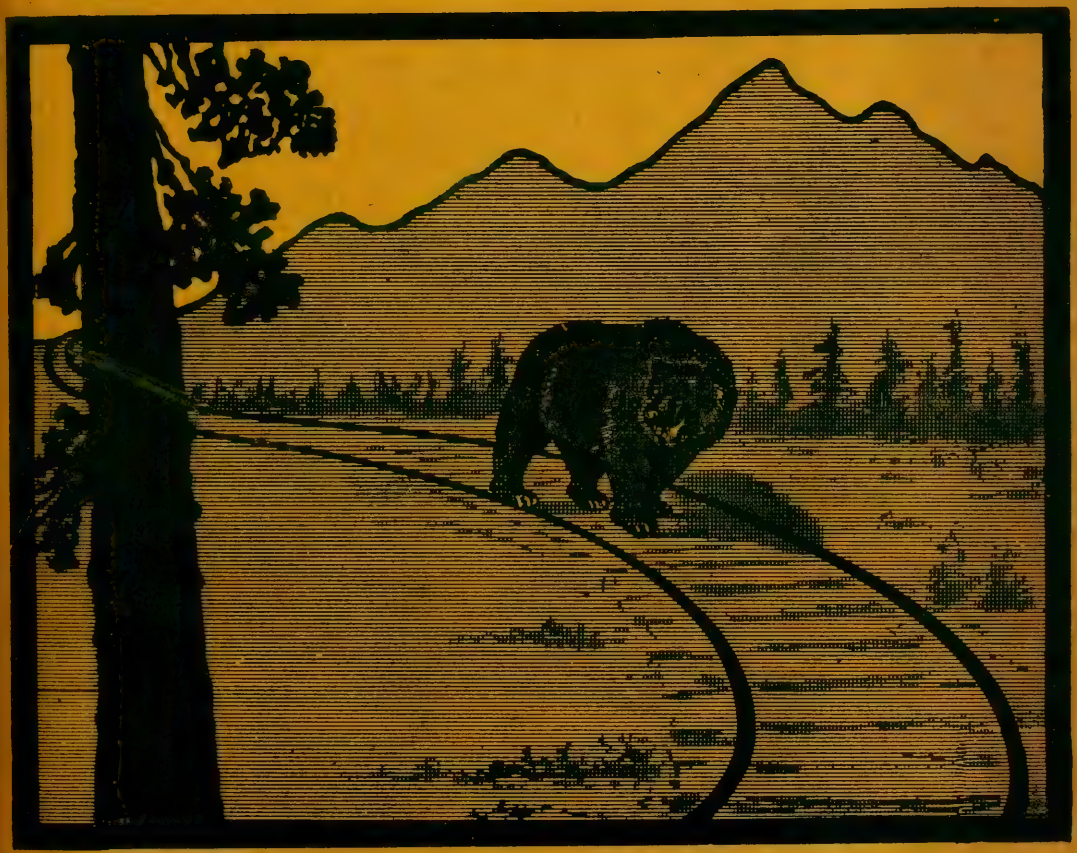
F. JACKSON.



Dreams wild and strange, bewilderingly fair,
Ride on the clouds, and whisper in the air

From the painting by G. de Sanctis, in "Modern Art."

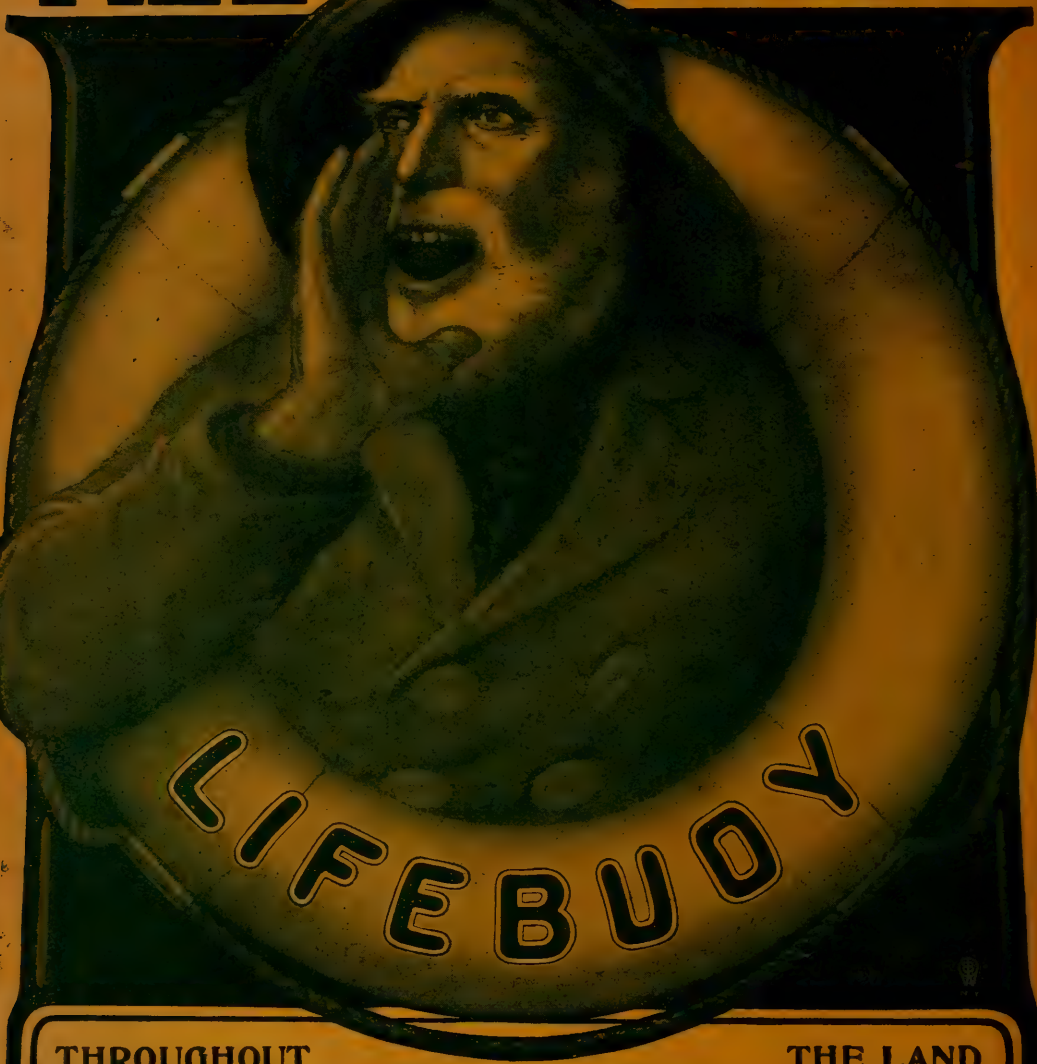
Overland Monthly



·May · 1903·

San Francisco. Price 10¢

"ALL'S WELL!"



THROUGHOUT THE LAND

should ring the "All's Well" in every household where this wonderful cleanser and disinfectant—Lifebuoy Soap—is used. What electricity is to gas, Lifebuoy Soap is to soaps. Lifebuoy is more than soap, yet costs no more but does more. Destroys dirt and disease germs.

An atmosphere of health prevails wherever Lifebuoy Soap is used. Used the same as ordinary soap and costs no more. Money refunded if not satisfactory.


No. 31. Lake Tahoe from north of Cave Rock.
Waters

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLI. May, 1903. No 5.



Olympic Range from Puget Sound.

GEM OF THE OLYMPICS

By H. F. DODGE

WE are always looking for distinctive features in sport and scenery when we plan a trip for vigorous outdoor recreation. Our struggles to locate and exploit original territory for pleasure-ground in which to conquer the wary inhabitants of the water or the fleet occupants of the wild lands, are becoming sharp and stern. Our imagination insists, too, that there shall be a touch of romance in the adventures, and that Nature's wholesome beauties shall surround us while we skillfully beguile the trout or laboriously seek the cunning animals of the forest.

An ever-changing bold shore line that gracefully rises from the water to heights of three to four thousand feet, the steep ascents thickly wooded with stately fir, pine and cedar, forming points, bays and inlets in succession and so varied that they cause constant surprise, gives to a lake a distinctive, coupled with romantic, isolation; and add to that the roar of the waterfall, cloud effects of marvelous variety, sunsets of streaming beauty that last for hours, an air as balmy as the southland, and water as blue as ultramarine, to say nothing of the absence of flies, mosquitoes and gnats—this would be an ideal spot even if the presence of fifteen to twenty pound trout were not taken into consideration at all, or if the watchful buck



Our Comfortable Quarters.

did not come to drink at the water's edge, in plain view.

Speak of "The Olympics" to even a well-posted sportsman, and he will likely admit that he knows nothing about them. Vaguely, they are in the minds of many Western travelers who have caught a glimpse of their snow-covered crest when turning about from a gaze at gorgeous Mount Rainier. But while somewhat inaccessible, they hold within their domain ideals of sport for many; and I demonstrated the futility of attempting to explore this garden of grandeur and gratify one's wishes within the time usually allotted. I went there to test the fishing possibilities of the most important lake within the mountain's embrace, and came away feeling that bigger fishermen than I would reverently say au revoir to the spot, but not good-bye.

At the outset, I must say that my success with the big fish in the lake was poor, due principally to lack of time. I had a struggle with a fifteen-pounder that I will relate later on, but the method employed in taking the largest trout I do not regard as sportsmanlike, namely, trolling with a heavy copper line. This style of deep-water fishing, I am sorry to say, seems to be gaining in favor in the very few large-trout lakes left for enjoyment, and is the outgrowth in the West, apparently, of a practice that has been in vogue at Lake Tahoe, California, for many years, with the result that the big fish in that lake are exhausted. In my opinion, the largest fish in Lake Crescent can be taken with fly or spoon at certain seasons of the year, notably spring and late fall, and the sport will be of the first quality, long to be remembered and related, and worth going a great distance to enjoy.

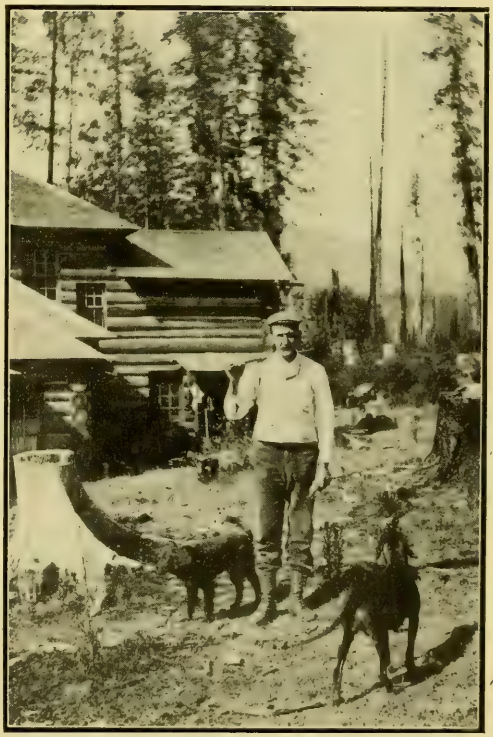
My trip from the eastern seaboard was made without incident, and from St. Paul Westward was through a princely sporting section of our nation. I longed to leave the train with a hunting party at Billings, for they knew what they were going after, and were equipped for a month's scouting. The camping parties of sportmen visible from the train on the Clark's Fork, in Idaho, looked prosperous and happy, and Lake Pend d'Oreille, more beautiful than Lake George, beckoned me most temptingly. As we rushed along the ever-turning banks of the Green River, in Washington, or stopped at some hamlet to take aboard a happy angling party, returning homeward laden with the fruits of their work, it seemed as if I were really going away from the sport I was seeking.

We left Seattle at midnight. The chug, chug, of the "Rosalie's" engines quickly lulled me to sleep, and I was awakened at Port Townsend at 6 a. m. by a driving rain on the hurricane deck. This might have been expected, for we were within fifty miles of the wettest point in the United States, and the peculiar sunset of the evening before was significant. But forest fires had been

raging of late, and this would put a stop to them; besides washing the sky and freshening the woods. At 11 o'clock the fog whistle and the creeping movement of the boat, indicated the pilot's anxiety to locate the landing at Port Angeles, our debarking point, and presently we were fast to a long wharf over the edges of which the rain was driving merry rivulets. The nature of my baggage indicated my mission, and the genial liveryman quickly greeted me, stating that my rig, previously arranged for, would leave at 1 o'clock sharp for the lake. "The roads are bad," said he, "and it will take five hours to make the eighteen miles. We have a twelve-hundred-foot hill to climb." A topped rig could not be used, for the big trees had lately burned and fallen over and adjacent to the road, so a bare and small wagon only could go through with good dodgers as occupants. The rain soaked us all the way, and we had hard work protecting our baggage, but the lake was reached at 6 o'clock, a small boat meeting us and conveying us two and one-half miles to our stopping place, a most quaint and comfortable log tavern. "Did the camera and films get through without damage?" "Yes." "Good, that's luck." The blazing fireplace brought the fall season to our minds, yet it was midsummer. Some dry clothes, a hot dinner, a snooze before the fire, and absolute rest came unerringly.

The fisherman is king at Lake Crescent. In every desire that he may have to experiment with the growing possibilities, enlarge upon the catches of others, or advance his ideas in pursuing the art, he will receive high-minded and generous assistance from the host and hostess as well as the valuable guide. The mere guest who comes to breathe the fresh air, walk among the pines, feast lazily on the kaleidoscopic scenery, or perchance peevishly await the arrival of the meal hour, must expect to hear fish-talk at all hours of the day or night, and not feel hurt if he shall take his dinner alone, while the balance of the late-arriving and fish-smelling guests sit down in ravenous exhilaration at 10 o'clock p. m. But few there are who do not enter the arena, even with borrowed tackle and no previous experience, and it is not an uncommon occurrence for the novice to have a ludicrous fight with a twelve-pounder that oddly enough wins a well-hooked fish.

The trout of Lake Crescent have been classed by Professor Jordan as distinctive species, and he has written very interestingly of them, though they belong to the salmon family, and closely resemble, in form, the salmon trout of Puget Sound. For a lake fish they are remarkably strong and active, possessing a cunning and stubbornness that taxes heavily the resources of the angler. They have been taken



The Guide.

weighing twenty pounds, these being, of course, the oldest fish. The lake which they inhabit is of extraordinary depth, reaching twelve hundred feet, and the water is so intensely blue that indigo seems to visit it. The largest fish, and the smaller ones of the same variety, have backs colored with a blue sheen that matches the water precisely, but the moment the trout are taken the brilliant color begins to fade, and in a short time after exposure to the air, the backs become a muddy black. The fish, when first landed, are probably the most beautiful specimens of trout known.

I was told on my arrival that the time was inopportune for hooking, in any way, the big fish of the lake. It was late in August, and the guide a voluble Welshman of eleven years' residence, could hold out no encouragement toward success in securing the large ones. True, the season was approaching when the best sport was to be had, but August was not considered a good month, though the night before a twelve pounder had been brought in, and I had a piece of it for dinner. The prediction really seemed good, for in two days' fishing, only ordinary sized trout were taken, and all parts of the lake were exploited. I longed to see one of the big bluebacks land in the boat, but abhorred the use of the copper line to drag them from the bottom of the lake with but slight resistance.



Starting for a day's Sport.

On the third day I sat alone on the end of a narrow and loosely built platform that juts out to the edge of the deep water near the tavern, carelessly trying some new flies, and landing several blue-backs of a pound weight. The water was so still that the trout could size up the whole apparatus of destruction with perfect accuracy. Speckled beauties of two to three pounds moved leisurely beneath me, and when schools of thousands of little bluebacks chased their leaders through the water in such correct procession that they might be considered as one fish, I saw numbers of large ones in their wake, some weighing fully eight pounds. I backed away from the end of the platform and hid behind a small box used for a fisherman's seat, and cast fifty feet outward. One large one made a dash with wide open mouth and I stiffened the pole for the strike, but he skimmed the fly, and jumped clean into the air, so quick was his change of mind on closer inspection. Taking a boat I pulled out into the lake, removed the flies, and on the leader placed a small silvered spoon about the size of a coffee spoon bowl, and provided a triple hook and swivel. This



A Sunset to which the Camera Club cannot do justice.

spoon had been condemned by others, so I had some faith in it.

Using as much line as possible, I cast toward the wharf, moving the spoon slowly and very close to the surface of the water. Before I really could prepare myself for the surprise, a fifteen pounder had struck, was well hooked, and simultaneously leaped a half-dozen feet in the air, with shivering tail and distended gills. My seven ounce rod and 225 feet of light line put me at a great disadvantage, but I had longed for battle, and had some confidence in the result. The initial struggle of the fish was terrific. The water was churned to a foam, and his darts and dives were like lightning. He took seventy-five feet of line instantly and started for deep water. Rowing the boat with one hand and steering it with the taut line, I went after him, but he swung downward with the strained line like a huge pendulum, and in a few seconds was exactly beneath me with 150 feet of line out. Here took place a series of struggles, eases and strains that taxed everything to the limit, yet with all I gained fifty feet on him, and when he again came to the surface about one hundred feet away, he showed a desire to come up to the boat and argue matters with its occupant. When his big glaring eyes beheld me however, his curiosity was gratified, and he started across the lake like a hurricane. I followed him for five hundred yards, using, at times, every foot of line, but this move brought an exhaustion to the fish that left him capable of merely moving slowly back and forth within a radius of fifty feet. Taking advantage of this, I began to close the gap, but my thumb was so numb, and my hour's work so strenuous, that it took all my strength, with the aid of an oar, to bring the fish to the boat.

Here took place the last struggles and maneuvres to secure escape by dives under and around the boat, during which time I occupied



Nearing the Summit.

every part of the craft, from the forepeak to the stern. The beauty was slowly towed alongside in unresisting exhaustion, and the gaff was under his throat. Proud moment it was; and I mentally measured his length, placing it at about thirty-four inches. Then occurred the thing that always happens with careless fishermen who carry bad equipment. The point of the gaff had been dulled, so that when the landing jerk was given, the steel instead of hooking, only slid along the smooth skin, caught in the spoon and hooks, pulling the whole thing out of his mouth. I watched his highness swim away, so slowly that I felt like diving after him—and indeed did make a lunge for him with the treacherous gaff—and disappear in his indigo home; then sat down and felt as a banker feels when all is lost. My comrade, who watched me from the shore, offered consolation and advice by the car-load, but the deed was done. On this portion of the lake I afterwards caught, with fly and spoon, dozens of two and three-pounders, and one five-pounder, but the really big ones, whose struggles live in your arm and brain for all time, were denied me.

A trip had been planned to the top of one of the "Heavenly Twins," a pair of peaks rising four thousand five hundred feet above the lake, in order to give four lady travelers a taste of Olympic mountain climbing, and those of us who wished to go, a cursory survey of the haunts of deer and elk, though the game could not be killed for ten days. The start was early, and the party a merry and confident one. One of the ladies had climbed extensively in Switzerland, another had conquered Mount Rainier, and the others had the appearance of being good stayers, but made no representations of unusual prowess. All were fairly well equipped, exultant and eager.

I have noticed that mountain climbing, or perhaps more properly speaking "mountain walking," has a great place in the hearts of our feminine associates. They appear to love it naturally, and to take great pride in their conquests. When looking for vigorous exercise, that seems to be their ideal. There is a great difference, however, between "mountain walking" and "mountain climbing." In the former the head and figure remain upright, and the mild ascents are overcome with only the expenditure of a little more steam and a slowing up of the gait. But "mountain climbing," with hands and feet, like a climbing animal, scaling and balancing in dangerous places, when once encountered, will impress itself very forcibly on the feminine mind, and time will not erase the memory of it easily.

The first two thousand feet of our climb was the hardest, from the standpoint of expenditure of strength, over stumps, trees and un-

dergrowth with no trail, and at an angle of about fifty degrees. There was not a quitter in the party during this effort, though the occasions of rest were too frequent to suit the more eager ones. Full four thousand feet of altitude was scaled, a mile and three-quarters of distance, so the difficulty can be figured. The photograph shows the character of climbing near the summit, yet the ladies hung on with fiendish persistence, alternately wavering and rallying, their eyes and lips set, nostrils distended and hair flying. A disappearing deer would not turn their attention, and only the sight of quenching water running from a big snow bank near the top, diverted their thoughts. We passed along a ridge near the summit, covered with soft earth, and which divided two deep basins; then down into one of the basins we noisily plunged. On returning to this ridge in the descent, we noticed that at least ten deer had crossed the trail since we left it, they having been frightened from the basin we occupied. There were tracks of several large buck, with evidences of halting to survey the field, and I stupidly lost the opportunity of getting a picture of their flight. "This is fine hunting ground," said the guide, "and with the opening of the season next week I shall camp here first."



Alone on Lake Sutherland.



The Patriotic but lonesome School house.

Certainly it was an ideal spot. In all directions lay the deep gorges, wooded almost to their summits, then capped with a green grazing ground which the deer and elk call their own. The glaciers on Mount Olympus, like immense opals among the rugged rocks, seemed not five miles away, though fully twenty;



Farewell to Crescent.

and on turning the eyes westward, treacherous Cape Flattery jutted into the Pacific amid the blinding light of the setting sun. To the north, the mountains of British Columbia were distinct for fully a hundred and fifty miles, and to the east lay the tortuous channels of Puget Sound like a succession of lakes, with snow covered Mount Rainier and Mount Baker on the horizon, grandly looming above the Cascade range. The air was not cold, but motionless, soft and fragrant, so different from other altitudes I have visited, and the beauty of the scene held our wondering attention so tenaciously that we did not notice the flitting time and the drawing on of night. How I hated to leave. Lake Crescent was beneath us, looking like a big green cup half full of blue paint, and across the Straits of Fuca, the nestling city of Victoria was clear in the evening light. But the guide's warning was at last heeded, and we began the downward climb. In one hour it became evident that the upward way could not be found, so the guide was obliged to turn us loose with general instructions, discard the rope because of the extreme weakness of one of the ladies, and seek the avoidance of serious accident by a liberal use of his voice and a pairing of the party. The moss-covered, slippery logs lying near the edges of dangerous declivities, had to be scaled or burrowed with care, when the darkened woods made the sense of touch and instinct of location our only guide. Accidents happened, but they only bruised, and the spirits of the weaker end of the party were stimulated by the guide's constant injunction that each ensuing difficulty would be less than the preceding one. At ten o'clock, after five hours of tension that exhausted all, the party reached the lake. One of the ladies was carried the last thousand feet, having lost the use of her limbs, but the conquering spirit still controlled

her. The others were in hysterics, and the camp fire at the water's edge illuminated a scene that, to a suddenly transported observer, would have possessed elements of strangeness not common even in a locality of such wildness and witchery.

Lake Sutherland is a body of water lying two miles from Lake Crescent, and so walled in by precipitous and thickly wooded banks that we could not see it when we came into Crescent, though we passed within two hundred feet of it. I surmised there had been no fishing there for a long time, and accordingly started alone to spend my last day within its shores. After rowing two miles across Lake Crescent, I pulled the boat up on shore, made fast, and started on the trail toward the other lake. I had not gone far when a crackling turned my attention to a log about fifty feet from the trail. Walking from me on the log was a black bear, weighing probably two hundred pounds. He did not see me, jumped off the end of the log, and was gone in the moving bushes.

No gun, therefore no different story to tell; but only the day before two bears were seen near the landing at the log house on Crescent, and the scholars who lately came to the thinly attended and lonesome log school house were annoyed by the sight of several dirty black marauders on the road. This is not an uncommon occurrence. "They are easily gotten" said the guide, "and in the winter we are fond of their meat."

On reaching the only house on Lake Sutherland, which is occupied by a game young lady all alone, I was told that the fishing was liable to be poor, but after arranging for a lunch, I pulled out of the little nook in which the flat-bottomed boat with mismated oars was kept,



Lake Sutherland.

and proceeded to explore the lonely shores of the lake, the waters of which are as deeply green as Lake Crescent's are blue. At the extreme west end is a pretty bay, one arm of which is lined with reeds, the other a steep mountain side reaching up fully four thousand feet, and threaded with a stream that brought its waters in fall and cascade roaring and tumbling to the lake's edge. This looked like good fishing ground, and my little silvered spoon was thrown up to the reeds in confidence. A three-pound genuine speckled trout, game to the core, and very strong, was landed in fifteen minutes, then a two-pounder, another three-pounder, and success continued until a full basket, and approaching night, brought the fun to a close. No blue-backs, however, were hooked, and I was told the lake does not contain them. The largest trout taken in Sutherland weighed a little less than seven pounds, and was captured about two years ago by surface trolling. The trudge back through the twilighted woods, and the row on the lake to Crescent in the beautiful moonlight with trout jumping all around was a pleasant little jaunt after a successful day's sport, and I felt better still when fried chicken with brown gravy, hot biscuit and



As we passed the Elwha.

coffee were set before me.

I left for Port Angeles the next day, and as I turned for a last glimpse of the beautiful blue lake dissolving in the firs, I said to myself, "This is surely hard to beat. Gem indeed of the Olympics, and worth three times the stay." Five miles from Port Angeles we crossed the Elwha River, a green and rapid stream coming from the snow-banks of Mount Olympus. I looked down and saw two fishermen casting vigorously from each bank. "What luck?" I megaphoned through my hands. "All we can carry," came the reply, and one held up a string of beauties, some of which would weigh three pounds. "They are mostly rainbow trout," said the driver, and we hurried on.

As soon as the salt water was reached the air seemed different; the softness and piney fragrance had been left behind, so I put on my overcoat, turned up the collar, and shivered a little in the driving wind down the Straits.

SPRING SONG.

EDITH F. PARSONS.

Forgotten now
All the winter's pain,
All the grief and tears, all the hope deferred,
And we care not how
We begin again;
All is new and fair once more at God's word,
Forgotten now.

Forgiven now
All the winter's sin,
All the evil done, all the good unlearned,
Though we know not how,
There's a book they're in,
But forever to us the page has been turned—
Forgiven now.

For the sky is blue,
And the wonderful green
Is spread on the hills like a mantle divine;
Only good now is true
When the fair poppies' sheen
Is seen once again in the glad sunshine.
There is light for us, too.

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK

By NORA BATCHELOR

ON the summit of the Cascade mountains, in southwestern Oregon, lies a body of water which has long been an object of interest both to the scientist and the lover of the sublime and beautiful in nature. Although far remote from the railroad and the teeming life of the fertile valleys, Crater Lake annually attracts to its lofty altitude hundreds of tourists and pleasure-seekers, who gladly climb the ninety miles of wild mountain road to the rim of the huge old mountain which holds this wonderfully beautiful lake in its bosom.

Not only does the lake itself possess charms, but a camping trip thither and return is esteemed delightful. Leaving the railroad at Ashland, twenty miles from the California line, the road runs to the north and east, winding over mountain ridges and through heavy forests, where the great firs—many of which measure six and eight feet in diameter—stand so closely that the sun scarcely penetrates even at mid-day; past Mt. Pitt and Lake of the Woods, lying in gem-like beauty among the wooded hills, along the shore of Klamath Lake, and up the wild, picturesque canyon of Anna Creek. Five or six days are consumed in the journey and the camper finds his enthusiasm roused to a high pitch as he nears the last camping ground, one and a half miles from the rim of the lake. From here the ascent is made on foot or on horseback.

After an hour of hard climbing, up the steep, winding trail, through dark fir forests, one comes to an open space among the trees, and there before him stretches the deep blue water of Crater Lake. Imagine a huge rock basin, from seven to eight miles in diameter, sunk in the top of a lofty, forest-clad mountain, and half filled with the bluest of blue water, whose placid surface reflects the floating clouds above and every detail of the high precipitous walls which surround it with absolute perfection, and some conception will have been formed of the general outline and appearance of Crater Lake. But to be appreciated it must be seen, for no pen can describe its wild, rugged grandeur, nor the strange spell which it exerts upon the beholder; no canvas can portray the vastness of it, nor give back its exquisite coloring, nor more than shadow forth its sublime, unearthly beauty. The photographer's art is weak and impotent before it; outline it may record, but size, distance, color, it cannot grasp.

By descending the inner surface of the rim a short distance to a projecting cliff known as Victor Rock, an excellent view of the lake is obtained, the eye from this point sweeping nearly the whole of its twenty miles of precipitous cliffs. On the northern side the water meets the enclosing wall in an almost unbroken circular line, but the southern shore is notched by numerous canyons and sharp wooded ridges which run downward into the lake and greatly enhance the beauty of the scene.

Away to the north lies a cluster of broken mountains, surmounted by the sharp, rocky point of Mt. Thielson; while on the south rises the rounded dome of Mt. Scott. Near the western margin of the lake, two miles distant, but apparently much nearer, lies Wizard Island, together with its reflected counterpart in the water below. Near the foot of the cliffs on which

the observer stands, the water is of an intense, almost indigo blue; but farther out it changes gradually to a lighter shade, and near the opposite shore resembles the azure of the sky, whose varying aspect it reflects with mirror-like fidelity. In each little shallow bay and inlet along shore, the deep blue water changes to pale green, and over it quivers and palpitates all the colors of the rainbow. Prominent points around the rim have been christened



Late Spring on the Lake.

The Watchman, Glacier Peak, The Palisades, Castle Creek, Eagle Crag, Red Cloud Cliff, etc.

From a contemplation of the lofty walls, which rise to a height of 600 to 2,000 feet above the surface of the water, the eye travels out over the blue water, while the mind endeavors to realize that at the lake's deepest point a stone dropped from the hand would fall 2000 feet before it struck bottom. Then, adding the height above to the depth below, and glancing again across the seven miles of space to the opposite wall, the beholder strives in vain to realize the size of this enormous cavity in the ground—a cavity which it has been calculated would require twelve cubic miles of earth to fill.

In this high, pure atmosphere, 8,000 feet above the sea, it is impossible to estimate distances properly, and the sight-seer has no conception of the height of the walls until he has descended to the water's edge. On the southern side a steep trail leads downward to the lake, rendered fairly passable by the many, many feet which season after season have gone eagerly down and toiled wearidly back. Standing on the narrow bit of beach at the foot of the cliffs, and gazing out upon the limpid water, one longs for a boat. But no boat is there, and one can but watch with envy the



Rim of Crater Lake.

single lone pelican, sailing serenely over the placid surface, and long for his powers of navigation. After the long, hard climb upward, which requires one good hour to accomplish, one is in a condition to comprehend more fully the immense depth of the crater.

The magnitude of the recent catastrophe upon the island of Martinique conveys to the mind some impression of the terrific display of energy which must have fashioned the rock-ribbed basin of Crater Lake. Ages ago, it is said, there stood upon the site of this majestic body of water, a towering mountain peak, which no doubt lifted its snow-capped summit to an altitude of 14,000 or 15,000 feet above the sea, and strove with Shasta, Whitney and Rainier for the title of Monarch of the Western World. But woe befell that proud old sovereign of the sunset sea. In an evil hour the pent-up forces within its breast gained outlet, and the result was a collapse so mighty, so terrible, that its hopes of supremacy were lost forever.

When Crater Lake was first discovered and described, the general opinion was that its formation was due to some tremendous convulsion of nature, in which the whole top of the once mighty mountain had been blown away. But careful study of its geological features by well-known scientists has discovered the fact that the summit of the great volcano went down and not up. Underneath the heavy forests, for miles around, lie the lava streams which once flowed from Crater Lake mountain. The geological evidence is clear that, during the volcano's last great eruption the lava flood, forced upward by the titanic energies beneath, burst through the side or the lower portion of the mountain, and poured itself out upon the surrounding country; and that the top of the mountain, being left thus without support, fell

straightway into its own bosom, partially filling the cavity and forming the bed of what is now Crater Lake. Some one's lively imagination has suggested that Wizard Island may be the top of the engulfed mountain. But investigation has elicited the fact that the island is a cinder cone, built up on the floor of the crater by a subsequent eruption.

For the waters of the lake it is not difficult to account. Immense quantities of snow fall in this region during the winter season, and as precipitation exceeds evaporation, it would be but a question of time, if the lake possessed no outlet, when the basin would be completely filled. Without doubt, a subterranean outlet exists, through which the waters slowly drain away, to reappear in one or more of the many beautiful mountain streams which pour their clear, cold waters in foaming cataracts downward to the sea.

The Indians regard the lake with superstitious awe as an abode of the Great Spirit, and not a child of the forest can be induced to look upon its face. Many legends and traditions are connected with the history of the lake, and it is little wonder that the untutored red man regards this marvel of nature with such awe and fear, for even in civilized bosoms it awakens a kindred feeling, so mighty is it, so majestic, so incomparably beautiful.

With curiosity satisfied, but with the desire to gaze upon the strangely fascinating scene still unappeased, the sight-seer reluctantly turns his back upon it all, and takes his homeward way, down the course of the Rogue River, which in its mad haste to join the ocean, goes leaping and tumbling in a never-ending series of falls, rapids and cascades down the mountain side.

The 249 square miles of Crater Lake National Park contain no human habitation, nor is one to be found within twenty miles of the



Southern shore of Crater Lake and Phantom Ship.

lake on either road, going or returning. Over mountain, vale and canyon stretches the evergreen mantle of the forest primeval, untouched by the hand of man, traversed only by the wild creatures of the deep woods, save along the narrow trail which leads upward to the margin of the strange, weird, marvelously beautiful lake. Silence and solitude reign supreme over this vast territory, and the venturesome sight-seer, when climbing upward for the first time through the grand old forest, feels the spell of a strange enchantment upon him, and realizes that with every step he is mounting higher into the region of grandeur and sublimity, every moment approaching nearer one of those majestic spectacles which nature has placed here and there in the great world for the enjoyment, the instruction, and the inspiration of man.

Professor J. S. Diller has said of it: "Crater Lake affords one of the most interesting and instructive fields for the study of volcanic geology to be found anywhere in the world. Considered in all its aspects, it ranks with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, and the Falls of Niagara, and it is interesting to note that a bill has been introduced in Congress to make this region a national park for the pleasure, and instruction of the people."

That bill has now passed, and received the signature of the President.

THE FOOTHILLS.

JOHN BRAYSHAW KAYE.

From where the mountains and the meadows meet—
Among the foothills—where, below, is spread
Earth's level floor in verdure carpeted.
While far above, the wooded slopes retreat
Skyward, in rugged grandeur, and repeat
Scenic surprises, as the gaze is led
From height to height; to where the rills are fed—
To tallest peaks roofed o'er with snow and sleet,
We catch the clearest view of all the ground
In our horizon: All the shades and lights
Meet on these minor summits and are blent
In harmony; and so in life, 'tis found
Man's best affections throng the lesser heights—
Life's foothills—where extremes meet in content.



The Snow-Capped Peaks of the Cascades.

The Legend of Lake Washington

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

I
The Arrival.

IN the month of October, 1890, I was a passenger on board the Pacific Coast steamship Umatilla, entering Puget Sound and bound for Seattle. This was a new country to me, and because of my guide-book's fervid and unlimited praise I was prepared to find it anything but attractive. I was bearing down upon it only under promise of exciting sport thereabout in the way of trout fishing, and the abundance or dearth of beautiful scenery was of secondary consideration, if not a matter of total indifference, to me. But a callous and unimpressionable mind it must be that would not retain some memory of the panoramic grandeur of the northern country after having once seen it, and I found beauties in the Sound scenery of which even the inspired pen of a guide-book compiler fell far short of just description.

The soft haze of five years hangs between the occurrence of these events and the present record of them, but, as vividly as though I again viewed it from the deck of the Umatilla, I see the white-crested Olympics forming a grand perspective for the dark, sober foliage of many great tracts of pine forests. Less majestic and more picturesque, the sleepy foothills lay warm and comfortable in the purple haze. The waters of the Sound are beautiful in the waning light, the crest of each wave touched with a dash of crimson. Occasionally I see a flash of silver, as some large salmon, more sportive than his fellows, leaps from the emerald water but for the wanton pleasure of again diving into its cooling depths.

The beauty of the scene brings with it a sense of delicious rest. I am lifted, for the moment, far above the pettiness of mortal ways, and remember only the infinity of space and the lotus breath of the pine needles. I feel that Norway skies and Alpine glaciers would lose in comparison for beauty with the grandeur before me, and wonder if any other of earth's pictures can

equal this one. As though in answer to my question the sun's ruddy finger points toward the east. My gaze follows the shining shaft of light, and I behold—"The Mountains' Madonna," the Sphinx of the Pacific, the masterpiece—Rainier!

A feeling of awe overpowers me, and I murmur:

"The spell of thy passionless calm
comes between
Ourselves and the world; and we
know we have grown
Nearer the Father and nearer the
Throne."

Again, as five years ago, I seem to hear a remonstrating voice that breaks my reverie, and Pedro at last makes me comprehend that we have arrived, and that every one is preparing to go ashore.

Faithful Pedro. Little did I then think that this was to be our last voyage together, or dream what dreadful fate awaited you "ashore."

II

The Tragedy.

It was on a clear, bright, fresh morning that I started for our little camp on Lake Washington. I had sent Pedro and Rufus ahead some days before to put all in readiness previous to my coming; one of the established formulas in my code of life being to take my pleasures comfortably, and never, by any chance, to encounter the inconveniences of being too precipitant.

Pedro was my companion now, owing to the fact that he had arrived from camp a few hours before to tell me that all was prepared for my coming. We were walking briskly along a narrow trail leading to the hut of Issaquah, an old Indian guide, and as we journeyed, Pedro, half reluctantly, was giving a cursory account of various insubordinate acts of the mutinous Rufus, whose swarthy visage and keen black eyes, I regret to say, had never favorably impressed me. I had picked him up in the northern part of Iowa, at a hurried and strenuous time, knowing practically nothing of his capabilities or disposition, and the further we had left his home behind, the more remiss he had become in his duties. He often showed utter disregard for Pedro's instructions, and through his wilful neglect was caused no end of annoyance and inconvenience. His chagrin, consequent upon Pedro's, to him, assumed authority, was growing into dislike which was often manifested openly and with vituperation, and it was of such an instance that Pedro was now telling me as we journeyed toward the guide's cabin.

I promised the lad that when we broke camp a more amenable assistant should be found him, and the fervor with which he thanked me made me suspect that greater offense than that related had been given him.

I have visited many beautiful countries, and camped on ideal sporting grounds, but standing above them all, par excellence and unparalelled, is Lake Washington. Words are inadequate to describe the beauties of the lake, the magnificence of the surrounding mountain scenery, and the grandeur of the snow-capped peaks of the Cascades that form a long barrier to the east and fade away in the dreamy distance. Looking toward the west, Mount Olympus charms the eye, and to the north and south, Mt. Baker, St. Helens and Rainier. In the midst of this crown of pearls lies the sapphire, Lake Washington.

To admiration is added the piquancy of interest when you pause to consider that this vast body of fresh water is three miles wide by forty long, fed by streams innumerable, some of which could be justly dignified by the name of rivers, all flowing into and helping to swell an immense lake from which there is no visible outlet. Seasons, wet or dry, effect no noticeable change in the average high water mark, and

the generally accepted theory is that there exists an underground passage which drains the lake and empties into either Puget Sound or the Pacific Ocean. This theory as to a subterranean outlet was practically substantiated several years ago by the discovery, in the salt waters of Puget Sound, four miles distant, of the body of an Indian known to have been drowned in Lake Washington. Pleasure-seeker and sportsman alike are not averse to acknowledging that through their admiration runs an underlying current of fear, which develops into something closely bordering on superstition after having once run the gauntlet of the lake's Black Squall. By such name is designated a peculiar and sudden commotion of the water, arising from no apparent cause, and affecting strips varying in width from a quarter to half a mile. White-capped rollers, with every semblance of a driving wind behind them, come tumbling and hissing over the surface of an otherwise peaceful lake, while the inky blackness of the stretch of water thus affected has gained for it the appropriately descriptive appellation of the Black Squall. Such a squall subsides as quickly as it arises, and though not necessarily fatal to those caught within its toils, yet a strong arm and a cool head are requisite to pass its path unscathed.

My Chinook guide told me, prefacing the remark with a very ominous and portentous grunt, that no white man's body was ever recovered from Lake Washington after having found its waters the exit from this troubled world. I did not then think, when I so carelessly listened to his words, that I would soon have occasion to speculate as to their truth.

We had been in camp two weeks. I had tasted the pleasures of every variety of lake fishing; trout, bass, white fish, and a dozen other species with which the lake abounds, and, satiated, was pining for new fish worlds to conquer when Pedro suggested Cedar River for a few days' change. I consented with alacrity. But before starting, I found it would be necessary to dispatch Pedro to the city for such fishing tackle as was requisite for river fishing, and with him went Rufus to purchase and convey to camp the necessary provisions with which to replenish our reduced larder.

They took the skiff and started at sunrise, that they might return before the heat of the afternoon. It was a still, sultry morning, with the heavy smoke from the forest fires hanging close and hot overhead. Not a breath was stirring, and I could hear the rythmic dip of the oars long after the boat had disappeared. I expected their return at noon and did not leave camp. Noon came and went, and the afternoon was drawing to a close. My impatience had grown into anger and anger into anxiety as the time dragged on. At last, faintly across the water, came the sound of a squeaking oarlock, which grew uneven and agitated as it drew nearer. Because of the smoke I could not yet see the boat, but something in the uncertain dip of her oars made me instinctively feel that all was not well with the person or persons who advanced. I strained my eyes to catch any faint glimpse of them, but the smoke was impenetrable beyond a short distance, and not until the boat was close enough to recognize its occupant was it discernible.

I felt my anxiety again give place to anger as I beheld the derelict Rufus, but the reprimand with which I advanced to meet him died upon my lips as I glanced at his livid face and noted the intense excitement under which he was apparently laboring. The boat had not properly grounded, but, in his agitation, he seemed to take no heed of it, and jumped into the shore-water knee-deep in his haste to disembark. I hurried to his assistance, and without any definite intention,

fearing I know not what, half led, half dragged him toward the tent. As we went I rained questions upon him, to which he succeeded in making only unintelligible sounds in answer. With the Chinook's help I got him into the tent, and, after forcing a stiff draught of brandy between his chattering teeth, again put to him the pertinent question:



Weird arms swept Pedro under.

"Where is Pedro, boy, where is Pedro?"

"God knows, Mr. Webb," he cried in a choken voice. "God knows. I just looked round and he was gone, sir. I just looked round and he was gone."

Over my confused brain flashed the remembrance of his hatred for Pedro, and a thought scarcely formed made me seize him roughly by the shoulder, and in no tender tone demand his meaning.

"We were returning; we were near Mercer Island, Mr. Webb. Pedro had the seat behind me. It was late and we were rowing fast. As we pulled out from the lee of the island, there, across the lake, came the Black Squall."

Rufus was interrupted here by a portentous and prognostic grunt emanating from the Chinook, which noise so irritated my overwrought nerves that I threatened to exterminate the whole Chinook race, and one guide in particular, if he dared to interrupt in like manner again. He withdrew to a little distance and sat down. His beady black eyes made me unreasonably and profoundly nervous in their intent and eager look, but mastering my antipathy to his presence I begged Rufus to continue.

"It was late," he said, "and Pedro, fearing you might be anxious, was for pushing on. We started, much

against my will, and as we left the shelter of the island the waves struck us broadside; the boat shipped water, and I thought for a moment that we would capsize. With a couple of strokes we righted her, and she jumped from wave to wave with a most peculiar motion. We bent to the oars but seemed to gain no headway. I turned half round to ask Pedro the cause of this when the waves seemed to reach up on every side, the boat was completely gulfed for a moment, and a sound like the shrieking of a thousand noises was all about us. She roled to her side as though some heavy body dragged her over. In order to right her I instinctively threw the weight of my body to the opposite side, and lucky for me that I did so, for as I swerved a dark arm swept over the place where I had been, and, missing me, seized Pedro. Instantly there was a circular flash of a knife, and the next moment the waves were stained with the blood from a dangling scalp. Clear and shrill above the confused noise I heard a cry; a cry that emanated from no human throat; a weird, a fiendish cry that froze my blood and left me in a paroxysm of fear. Transfixed with terror I gazed at Pedro's mutilated, blood-stained visage. I saw him rise and stagger. His lips were agape as though petrified in the utterance of some exclamation; his eyes still retained a look of surprise and non-comprehension, and his contorted features looked so ghastly, crowned as he was with the ring of blood, that an agony of horror passed over me; I uttered a half-articulate cry, sunk at his feet, and remember no more. When I came to my senses I was facing the bow of the boat with the bailing bucket in my hand, and staring stupidly at Pedro's empty place. Both oars trailing, the lake was as calm as a summer's day, and I was slowly drifting back into the lee of the island."

He paused here, and the conflicting emotions with which my mind was filled rendered me speechless. The very fluency with which he told the stupendous lie acted as a stuperfacient upon me, but the inertia soon gave place to horror and disgust, and the innate desire men instinctively feel to annihilate that which is fearful and loathsome passed over me in a passion too strong to be resisted. Quickly springing I seized him by the throat. The brute in me cried for blood to cleanse the stain of blood. Justice was forgot, and the uplifting influences of a hundred generations were instantly eclipsed in the physical opposition of man to man.

"Liar," I cried, "you have killed Pedro, and with the help of God I will kill you."

His head rolled back and he sunk to the earth, but my hold relaxed not the fraction of an inch. Between his face and mine I at last became conscious of the outline of another; dark fingers were seeking to relax my tenacious grip, and finally the remonstrating and terrified voice of the Chinook guide sounded not unfamiliarly upon my passion-drunk senses. In a revulsion of feeling for what I had nearly accomplished I stagged to my feet; great beads of sweat started from my weakened body, and in an agony of mind I feared lest the thing I had so fervently desired might already be consummated. In trembling haste I applied various restoratives, and in solicitous anxiety watched their successful or unsuccessful working. The greatest joy of my life was when the twitching of those swollen features proclaimed the lingering spark of life, and I heard from the Chinook a low grunt of satisfaction.

"I save him," he said laconically. "Boy good to Indian. Boy no lie. O pale face, Issaquah know that what he says is true. Listen, and the Chinook will make clear the place that is clouded in the white man's mind."

III
The Legend.

"Many moons ago, when the hills along the big salt water were covered with the sweet smelling pines, and the grouse and quail nested where the pale face now has his home, there was a big chief—chief of my people—Chinook, with brave heart, no afraid, heart like Manito. He ride on the bosom of the big fresh water, where his people, his brave warriors, afraid to go. Manito show his anger at the great chief's courage and lash the water into fury to make him afraid, but he only laugh when the hissing spray tingle on his cheek, and his canoe, as calm as a sleeping sea bird, continue to rise and sink in the white-crested billows. The Chinooks gloried in the bravery of their chief—a chief who defied Manito and sported on his sacred fishing ground. But one day the Chief Tahoma's people looked out over the big fresh water and saw his canoe winding across its surface in an uncertain path. Then the brave Chinook warriors gathered at the water's edge and waited for their chief's coming. A great cry leapt from their throats as his canoe grated on the pebbled beach, and they saw what the great Tahoma, the Chief of the Chinooks, was trembling—trembling like a sick squaw. His brave heart was at last afraid, and his people murmured.

"'Manito has conquered,' cried a beardless boy.

"Peace," I commanded, and each eye faltered before my gaze, for I was then a power among my people, O pale face, and not the Chinook dog scenting trails for the white man that you see me now. "Peace, I said, the Great Chief trembles because he has seen and spoken with the Manito."

"And though it was but to silence the impertinence of youth that I spoke the words, yet they were as inspiration given, for Tahoma, recovering his brave heart, thus addressed his warriors:

"'The Manito, the great Manito, has spoken to Tahoma. I am a mighty chief, my people, but when I looked upon the face of Manito, my courage faltered. Like the rushing cataract was his garment; his shining face was enveloped in a swirling mist, and his voice was as the shrieking of winds through the pine boughs. You have defied my power, O Tahoma, he said, and have laughed in the face of my anger. You are brave above all other chiefs. And because of your bravery there shall be reserved for you a special and befitting abiding place. Hearken, Tahoma, to the prophecy of Manito. Soon there is to be a great change with your people. The haunts that know them now will see them no more. They will be as the land bird in the midst of the big salt water—without rest or hope. A pale face will come among them, who will feed their hearts to the vultures and divide their lands among his kind. The Chinook will dwarf and dwindle, but before this shall come to pass there is to be much glory for your people. Many are the scalps that shall hang from their girdles, and their ears shall be replete with the noise of warfare. And you, O Chief of the Chinooks, shall list to the songs of many a speeding arrow and drink in the music of many a vibrating bow. Grieve not that your life will be given in battle, for with your death you will come into the inheritance of a god. I, Manito, relinquish and give to you this lake as a hunting ground—a hunting ground for human beings. And so long as one of the least of your race shall inhabit the earth, that long will Tahoma be a menace to the pale face in revenge for the insults done to his people. Manito goes to prepare for the brave Chief of the Chinooks his future home."

"Saying this, he vanished, and only a ray of sunshine told where he had been.

"The summer came and went, and even the winter's storms broke but

a tiny ripple on the lake's surface. It was as Manito had said, the lake was Tahoma's, and the spirit of Manito visited it no more. The brave warriors at last made for themselves canoes and rode fearlessly upon its calm bosom. They pitched their tents on Manito's island and cooked at their camp fires the trout from his sacred waters. Time passed, and with it passed remembrance of the prophecy. But Tahoma remembered, and I, his head counselor, had not forgot; so when, one day, the pale face came, when he had killed our people and had taken our lands, then Tahoma repeated the words of Manito. The Chinook shall be as the land bird in the midst of the big salt water—without rest or hope. He gathered together his warriors, and they buried the pipe of peace where the tomahawk had lain, and in the gathering dusk the flower of the Chinook race noiselessly directed their birch canoes toward the white settlement.

"All would have been well had not a young squaw, shame be upon her name, slipped away under cover of the darkness and warned the settlers of our approach. They armed and waited as the hunter waits for the unsuspecting deer. That night many braves found their way through Manito's lake to the home of their fathers. With them went Tahoma. All the bodies of the Chinook warriors were recovered—not one was missing—but that of the Chinook Chief was never found, though through many moons his people waited for its rising. I, who remembered the prophecy, saved my sight for better purpose. I knew I should see the form of Tahoma no more.

"To know that Manito's word with regard to the fate of my people is being fast fulfilled, you have but to look about you. The white man has taken his living, his land, and his life, but of his vengeance he cannot deprive him. And the Indian, sometimes looking out into the pale moonlight, beholds the white man's boat silently slipping over the glassy waters. Across the lake's shimmering surface steals an inky line of threatening darkness. The pale face trembles, for he knows that it is the Black Squall. The Indian laughs, for he knows it is the arm of Tahoma, ever seeking, ever restless, ever ready. Cautiously it creeps upon the white man as the white man crept upon the Indian long ago. The thin line widens; drives and rushes, and with suddenness, fierce and threatening, the breakers hem him round; the boat sways and trembles in the hissing surge; from the crest of a wave a dark shadow shoots forth; there is a shimmering glint of light that circles and vanishes. The Indian's eyes are keen, and the little flecks of red in the waves that lap the shore at his feet tell him that to Tahoma's girdle is added one more white scalp. An overturned boat tells the pale face that his brother is gone. Only the Indian knows the manner of his going. And this I say, O pale face, in proof of my words, that since the time of Tahoma's death and the recovery of the forms of his warriors, no white man's body has been recovered from the big fresh water. It is the will of Manito, and his will even the pale face may not question."

THE MOONWITCH

A LEGEND OF LAKE TAHOE

BY MARTINETTA KINSELL

WHEN the Summit-valley's fold themselves away for the Long White Sleep, the Sierra Indian crawls into his nest of squirrel-skins, under the snowed-in wigwam, as cosy and warm as a grizzly in his den. There he lies all winter, munching from full baskets—if his squaw has been a good provider—and sleeping much. But at times he must wake up and repeat the old tribe-tales, sound for sound, as learned from his forbears. Then from the half-buried hut comes a chanting mutter, a monotone of rhythmic gutturals—like a brook gurgling under ice-blocks.

It was longer ago than can be reckoned by the white man's book. No lake was there then where Tahoe spreads to-day, but only a chasm that burrowed down among the peaks of the Sierra. It reached to the bottom of the world, and was full of devils.

At times, fire and smoke came out of this pit, with roarings and tremblings of the earth, so that the medicine-men—who alone understood such sign-talk—warned their people not to go near it, and for untold generations the hole lay black and enchanted, given over to demon-craft.

But, although the Indians—whose rancherias filled all the west-land—dared not climb above the snow-line, the White Sleep was their harvest god. Its depths gauged their food supply; their springs and streams, the yield of fruits, as well as bread-seed and the root-wales, all waited upon the mood of the storm. It was, too, the hunter's calendar, for when the sky-ranges put on their blankets of white, the redman got ready his traps and snares. But —no snow, no game.

The boundaries of the Chaparral tribes were the great valleys on the west, and the snow, or danger line, above them to the east. At its best it was a zone of fatness and plenty, and every summer when bush-crops were heavy the thankful tribes held a sacred dance on the foothills. In this—feast and pow-wow as well—all were expected to join. But when the snow-god forgot them, instead of a thank-feast the tribes staid at home, and generally killed off their medicine men for failing to win favor with the giver of nuts and mast.

Now a time came, when for three winters the Sierra frowned bare and black, with only a few caps of snow that melted in the first desert-breath from the south; the north wind raged, icy and dry, through the shivering foothills, and summer brought sand storms from the fire lands of the Mojave to scorch what promise the dying thickets put forth. Game there was none; the roots withered, the trout pools burned dry.

Under this drought the Bush-Tribes were famishing. Smoke-dances and magic brought no relief; medicine-men grew scarce. As if to sharpen their woe they saw their mortal enemies, the kelp and fisher-flolk of the coast, sluggish with over feeding from the sea, their food mother. But hardest of all to bear was the sight across the danger-line above them, where mountain hollows that had been snow-pockets still drank from hidden cisterns. There, game fed in droves and nut-pines cast their cones among the ripe oats.

In despair, the braves crouched in their lodges with covered heads, that they might not see their women mourn by empty baskets, or their papooses die with hunger.

But there was one young chief, Tahoe of the Upper Hillmen, who despaired not. He looked ever toward the mountains. Wise, he was, and a hunter of might, who feared nothing in flesh or spirit. The camp fires of his people circled the chaparral mesas for ten signal peaks, and all the tribe looked to him—their brother and chief by the sacred bond. Save them he must; but how? As the gods of the bush failed him he would find others; he watched for a sign, but none came. At last, when he heard small children wailing for food he could wait no longer. Calling to his braves he pointed to the forbidden heights:

"Who will follow me into the land of devils to slay meat?"

"He is crazed," said the others. With cunning they caught and bound him, and sent for their magicians to come and drive away his evil spirit. Now, Tahoe was crafty as well as bold, and after a day and night in the sweat-house he said:

"Lo, I am cured; cease your leapings and bellowings and unbind me."

At this moment came runners, themselves gaunt for food, to tell of a stranger-witch who with her tribe of Shining Ones—socerers all—was hard beset in the plains below. The stranger's boat had come up from the ocean into the bay of Bitter Water one evening just as a full moon rose before its time to face the going down of the summer sun—a thing, as all know, wrought only by ghosts and magic. The coast villagers were terrified at the sight of this monster canoe. It was like a bird in form and motion; its beak



The Shining Ones sailed into the Bay.

was golden, its wings flapped in the sea wind. In through the harbor gate it floated—straight out of the sunset, and along the track of the risen moon. The women and the men in this canoe rowed not, but moved with enchantment and against the tide. They were not dark, as living people should be; their hair shown yellow in the sun, their eyes sparkled like the blue of deep water, and their faces gleamed whiter than the clouds of noon. As they came, they laughed and sang, and looked ever toward the moon-rise.

Three days and nights they floated around the bay, until they came to the mouth of the Long River—flowing clear then, as its icicle fountains in the Modoc land. Up they went, as far as the tule-huts in the great valley, and all the Indians followed along the shore, though sore afraid of the magicians, but most they feared a wondrous squaw who stood often at the boat's prow.

She was fairer than the others, with a mantle of hair more shining than golden sleep-flowers that burn among the young grass. Her eyes were the eyes of a sorceress; yellow they were, with glints of flame; the hill leopardess, hovering over a pool —as do her kind before drinking— meets such eyes in the unlapped water. And because of her hair and eyes, and the charms she threw as she laughed and sang to the full moon, the people knew her for a moon-witch.

Warriors, looking upon her, felt their strength leave them. Armed with spears and arrows and stone-axes, these fighting men blackened the river banks, but as soon as they saw the woman's face their weapons fell from their hands . Strange to tell, the Indian woman and maids felt no charm, only a blindness of rage instead. Like furiese they snatched from the men their unused weapons and fell with such hate upon the sorceress and her friends that they were forced to leave their sinking boat and fly for the hills.

The strangers carried stone-slings and knives of an unknown metal— like a new moon for shape and glitter—and so well they defended their way through the hot valley and up the ridge paths that all of them were left alive, though spent and ready to fall, when at last they neared the boundaries of the starving Hill-men.

Here they met no more fighting, for when Tahoe heard of their plight he threw off his cords and shrilled the battle-scream of the Bush-men.

"Better to die in battle or by strange ways of this Moon-witch," he cried, "than by the slow fire of empty stomachs. Let us rescue her, and win new scalps from those baked dogs of the plains!"

In the hot fight that followed, both Tule and Kelp-men joined with their women; but the Bush-warriors, led by their chief, fought like starved lions, till at last their enemies fled down the trails, leaving heaps of dead.

Tahoe himself saved the shining-haired woman from a score of axes and carried her, weak and fainting as she was, to his mother's lodge.

To the strangers were given the last scraps of food. Their wounds were dressed, and after a night of rest in the safe wigwams they came forth fresh and whole. But they hungered, and as they looked about and saw no meat, and that their hosts were thin with fasting, they wondered much, for there was game herding in plain view, on the upper slopes. To this they pointed, but by signs the Bush-men made them understand—devils owned there.

The Moon-Witch stood in her lodge door and laughed toward the sun. Tahoe looked upon her, as a man looks at but one woman in a life. He forgot his people and their woe, forgot himself, and saw only that laughing face, so much fairer than a living maid's should be.

"I hunger," signed the woman. She smiled at the young chief and pointed to the herds of game.

This time he did not wait for braves or sweat-blankets. He caught his bow and quiver, climbed with swift leaps to the danger line, crossed it at a bound, and sprang on from ledge to ledge toward the quarry. The Shining Ones followed him with their stone-slings.

By this time, the tribes were gathering from north and south to see the strange visitors. When the hunters were out of sight in the glens above, a great fear fell upon the people; in silence they waited, but no hope was there on any face.

"Soon the earth must open," they whispered one to another, "and devour us all, where we stand!"

The Moon-Witch climbed a high rock that stood as in warning—a finger of granite on the edge of the snow-line, and while the dark multitude cowered on the mesa below, she laughed and sang and preened her mantle of hair; it shimmered like a cloud of gold in the noon-light.

"We know her for a sorceress," said the women.

"She has sent our young chief to the devils," muttered the maids, "but for our fear of coming death we would slay her with fire, here and now!"

Hours passed, until, sick with dread, the crowds set up their death songs. But as the wailing grew louder it changed to a mighty cry of joy that echoed from hill to hill, and was answered from the steeps above, where the lost hunters came again, dragging great loads of game —elk and deer and mountan-goats.

This food was brought first to the priests, who ate, though in fear. Then the hungry crowds—seeing was left.

fire and carried it to the Moon-Witch on her rock. She made him

Tahoe ate not, until with his own hands he had dressed a portion with fire and carried it to the Moon-Witch on her rock. She made him sit beside her to share it, the while she glanced and smiled and murmured to him in the sweet sounds of an unknown tongue.

The good news spread like a beacon flame, and at once the Bush-tribes left their homes in the chaparral and hastened up the Sierra, feeding like hungry locusts as they went. The ungleamed territory was a vast grannary of roots and seeds; game swarmed to their traps. Forgotten were their years of famine as the hill-men fattened on the chase; children were glad under the nut-pines and women mourned no longer as they stored the great baskets that had been empty so long.

Tahoe let his young men do the the hunting. He was learning the strange speech of the gold-haired woman, and teaching her the tongue of his own tribe. Together they wandered in the forest; he built her a lodge of cedar boughs, and his old mother trimmed their evening camp-fire while they two sat in the flare of the balsam logs.

Behind the higher summits the Indians dared not go, but they camped by a chain of fish-pools, far above the hill mists, and went on feasting day and night. Of this dull work the shining ones grew tired; they cared not for the gorging, and soon wearied of game that stood unafraid. So one morning after a night of talk, they signed farewell to the camps and started for the summits. With them went the Moon-Witch and Tahoe climbed by her side till they came to the crest by a path the hill goats had beaten.

"I go also," he said, "even into the chasm."

But she bade him return to his people. "Be ready, when I come again, to follow me with a few of your boldest," she commanded; and he, who ruled chiefs with a look or motion, stood still in the trail at her soft tones.

"Only come thou soon," he murmured. Alone up there against the sky his people saw hom waiting for hours after the woman disappeared.



The Moon-Witch and Tahoe sat by the shore.

Then he came back to his mother's fire to sit and brood, or wander by himself like a lost hunter.

Much time passed and the Shining Ones came not back. In two more moons the Long White Sleep would be upon them. Many grew afraid. "Surely," they said, "the devils of the bottomless hole have devoured our new friends. Let us go home or we too shall be destroyed.

Tahoe called his head men together around a great council fire.

"Let every chief speak his mind," said he. "For me, I shall stay on the high mountain. All who fear may turn again to their old rancherias."

Three days and three nights the pow-wow lasted. Quarrels there were, and lamentings, but a small band of men and women with brave souls stood by Tahoe. Many of these lost family and friends when the faint-hearted host struck camp and filed off down the ridges—the timid, the old and the sick—to seek again their starved huts in the chaparral. There numbers of them died miserably, as cowards should. Others kept alive on rank herbs and bitter roots till the drought ended. They became Diggers, and are so called to this day.

But Tahoe and his few followers who held to the high Sierra made a great feast with a sacred dance to the next full moon; and they chanted a new song:

"We are the mountain folk. This is our happy hunting ground; if we die by magic we can but go to another like it. Mountain folk are we forever!"

Thus a bold new tribe was formed. Its men were the strongest and best of all the foothill nations; as for the women, none but the young and handsome who were skillful hut-wives, were allowed to stay.

Still a secret fear of the unseen chasm was upon them, and they kept away from it. Tahoe alone went often to the crest and waited there in the wild-goats' path, but he spoke no word as he sat in his mother's wigwam, the one brave who had chosen no mate.

One night as they crouched by their log fires planning how to keep warm, when the snow came, they heard a voice they knew well calling to them. The voice was like a song, and Tahoe answered it with a cry of joy and welcome, for there on the ridge above them was the Moon Witch. She laughed and beckoned. As under a spell, Tahoe and his band of strong young men and women arose and followed her. They followed all night, through unknown trails, and over those notches in the sky—the tracks of the storm-god—till they came to a great valley that lay close under the stars. And what they saw there under the moon and by the white beams of morning, drove all fear from their hearts forever.

For here was no bottomless chasm, but a snow-fed sea, that gleamed and flashed its billows of blue as far as the eye could follow. Its surface trembled with the dartings of trout; upon its banks roamed herds of deer and elk. Farther back, meadows of wild grain met and mingled with cone-woods that cloaked the mountains to their frozen tip. Held in this frame-work of forest and barrier peaks the lake shone like a mirror.

"I give you this land," said the woman, "in return for that you did for me and my tribe in our need. The lake shall be called Tahoe after your chief, who saved me from death. You and your children shall hold the region long, long—until another race, white-faced like the giver, shall take it from you. You may stay without fear. But the storm gods claim sacrifice—the lake will never give back its dead. Drowned ones must float forever in its depths, and their spirits haunt its shores and waters."

Then she lead them to a spring near the edge of the lake and laid a

spell upon it so that it became a cure-all for sickness. There it bubbles hot and healing to this day.

She taught them to make wigwams that are warm under the snow; she helped them to fashion nets and snares and weapons of a new cunning. To the squaws she gave basket-patterns, fine and strange; and she showed them the "squirrel-skin weave"—and no other tribe can make such fur-robes.

shall carry you away."

For answer the woman shook her mantle of her hair more closely around her, and turned shivering again toward the lake.

"I love not the snow. I would laugh always and sing to a warm sky. Come thou with me, Tahoe."

"Whither."

"To our new tribe-land south of the moon-rise."

"And my people?"



Flitted straight into the heart of the Moon.

Then she taught them how to store their food for winter; with many other wise things that the mountain Indian remembers, even now.

And ever, as the Moon-Witch came and went at these tasks, the young chief walked beside her. Autumn began to chill the short days. The pair sat by the shore.

"Why look you across the water?" asked Tahoe.

"A boat should come for me."

"Nay, we are promised; no boat

"They need thee not; behold them fed and warm in the land of plenty I have given them."

"I am their chief; they love me."

"I love thee, thou swart and bold one. Thy lodge and no other will I trim. I know a valley where the trees hold bloom and fruit of gold to a sun that knows no cloud. There—even while this land burrows under frozen drifts—will we fashion our shelter of hewn-rock."

Tahoe looked at the woman as a

man looks at but one woman in a life; then he gazed over the water toward that gap in the southern peaks.

"Yes, yes," cried the woman; "it is there, that warm valley, with its birds and flowers and sun fruits! There waits our home——"

But Tahoe turned away. His face was like the face of one dead.

"A hill-chief is bond to his tribe. I may not forsake them."

"Choose between them and me," said the woman. Her eyes burned with strange fire, her arms beckoned him. But his lips were like stone as he answered her:

"Truth to the tribe-bond."

"Can nothing free thee?"

"But death—or madness."

"Then be thou mad," cried the witch, "but only for me, and when summer nights shine on the water, for then will I come back to thee —true man as thou art—and the tribe-bond shall hold me also."

That night a full moon swung low over the lake and dancing along in its beams came a canoe; winged it was, and the Shining Ones on board of it rowed not but moved with enchantment. The woman bade farewell to the Indians, who mourned with sorrow at her going. To her lover she spoke what none other might hear.

"Wait my sure coming!" she called again as she entered the boat and sailed away in the track of the moon.

But through that pass in the southern peaks came a gale of wind that smote the lake as with the slap of an unseen hand. The flying boat was made to toss this way and that among coils of black water as a moth might flutter among writhing snakes. Then it rose on a high-flung billow and a last glimpse saw it flitting straight into the heart of the moon.

All night the storm raged over the boiling lake.

"They cannot drown," said the Indians; "sorcerers all, they ride safe where living boatmen must sink."

But they never saw the Moon-Witch again.

The White Sleep came and melted away. Summer ripened and a great feast was made ready. The chief's lodge was woven with boughs and vines from the thickets, and every night as the moon rode on toward its full Tahoe waited by the shore and gazed along the shining trail for the boat that came not.

"Madness grows upon him," said the others; "see where he laughs and beckons and calls in the unknown tongue."

Summer came and went. One harvest night when the lake glowed and trembled under the magic of a great white moon the Indians, sitting at their feast, heard a cry of joy and welcome and saw their mad chief spring into the lake. In vain they called to him; swift and strong went the swimmer. Far out under a pool of moon-beams hovered a mist-like shape. There he disappeared, but they heard his laugh again, and with it what sounded like the laugh of a woman.

They saw him no more. In vain they searched the waves and shore and heaped the funeral pyre. Lake Tahoe never gives back its dead.

Sometimes, when harvest moons weave meshes of silver between the long green days, they who sit at summer feasts in the high Sierras chant muttering rhythms of a Moon-Witch and storm gods.

The tribes remember. Every year in all the centuries they set their tents in the old way and burden the fine-stitch baskets for the winter. And when the Long White Sleep comes down over the Summit valleys the Indian crawls into his nest of squirrel-skins under the snowed-in wigwam and sleeps—sleeps and wakes, and mutters his stories over and over again, to be passed on as long as a redman is left in the Tahoe land. That time may be short—the white-skinned race has come again.



IT was a cold, dark morning in December when the collier Aztec left Mororan, which lies in the Straits of Isangar. The ship was dirty, and her officers utterly wearied by the effort to get to sea before an approaching storm should seize them harbor-bound. So when the last load of "coalies" had put off for the shore, the third mate without delay reported to the captain that the steamer was clear of the men and women who for ten days had been dumping their coal baskets in every conceivable opening from the entrance to the engine room, to the lazarette ventilators.

"Thank heaven!" said the captain. "Up anchor, Mr. Stallard."

When they were clear of the harbor and the grimy Aztec was sniffing the stiff Easterly wind, the mate left the deck where he had spent the last twenty-four hours and went to his room to clean up for breakfast.

In the gloom of his cabin he did not at first notice that the bunk was occupied. When his eye caught sight of a form under the blankets he gasped. A thousand fancies flashed within his mind, but they all vanished when he somewhat roughly turned back the edge of the covers.

He left the room, closing the door softly after him and went around to the third mate's cabin. He found him deep in soap and water, thrust a towel into his astonished hand, and dragged him out on deck. "What in blazes——" commenced the third mate.

His superior deigned no answer but opened the door of his own cabin and pulled him in. "What in Heaven's name," protested the third mate, angrily, "what in Heaven's name have I done now?"

"Done!" echoed the mate. "Look here!" and he drew back the blankets.

Sound asleep, with her head on her arm lay a little Japanese girl of perhaps twelve years. The two men gazed and were silent.

"I thought," said the mate presently, "that you had seen to it that the ship was clear of this trash."

His subordinate dried his face with the towel and muttered from under its veil: "I did go over the ship, sir, but I'm beggared if I thought it necessary to look in here."

"You're a fool," responded his

chief. "You've had experience enough in these places to know that these girls drop their coal baskets when they get a chance and hunt a warm spot to sleep in. Hush, she's waking."

The little one opened her eyes and looked fearlessly upon the officers. "Good morning!" she said softly.

"What are you doing here?" growled the mate.

"It warm," she answered, patting the pillow. "On deck heap cold."

The third mate threw open the door and pointed out to the waves running by. "We're at sea," he said gently, "and you're leaving home."

Her eyes shone, somewhat mischievously the mate thought, and she stretched out her hands. "You be kind, matey, you be good? They beat me at Mororan. No good."

"What?" gasped the mate.

"You be kind!" she repeated shyly. "I make you nice wife. Can make tea, can make cigarette. Good wife to you," and she nodded her head gravely.

"I don't want you for a wife," thundered the mate. "I've got one home."

There was a child-like note of appeal in the girl's voice when she turned to the younger man. "You like wife?" she asked.

Before the third officer could utter a word, the mate broke in: "No, he doesn't, and if he did, it would not be you, my girl."

The tone was harsh. "Don't beat me," she cried piteously.

"Mr. Stallard," ventured the third mate, "suppose we see if we can't get the old man to put her ashore at some fishing village."

"That won't do," answered the mate, after a pause. "Poor little thing. We can't do that."

"Something's got to be done," said the other.

The little Japanese had followed the expression of their faces, and with a timid assurance she whispered: "You keep on ship. I be good. I know how to be good English fashion. I missionary girl."

There was no answer to her appeal, and with a cry of despair she sat up. "I good missionary girl," she pleaded. "I love God. I sing."

Softly and clearly she sang:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock up
Edgeways."

"That settles it," said Stallard, huskily, when the plangent voice had ceased. "She's mine. I'll adopt her. Little one, you be a good girl, and I'll look out for you."

It was with much diffidence that the mate sought the captain. To him he explained the situation bluntly and without sentiment. "Simply a case of have-to," he concluded. "Can't put a kid like that ashore in a strange place. She's been ill-treated enough and worse is ahead of her. I'm a married man and I guess I can adopt her."

"You're crazy, Stallard," said the skipper warmly. "You get infatuated with a little coal girl and want to adopt her. What will your wife say?"

The mate flushed. "We haven't any kid, sir, and I give you my word that I mean to do a father's duty by that little girl. She's out of a ditch, I know, but she doesn't know what sin is, and I think, sir, that maybe I can bring her up to be what a girl should be."

"Nonsense," said the captain. "You ought to be acquainted with her sort better. They're no good."

"Trust me, sir," said the mate, doggedly.

The captain pondered a great while. Finally he rose and pulled down the log-book. "We'll make it ship-shape. You sign the log, saying you adopt her and I'll certify to it. Stallard, I don't like this business at all, but it seems the best way out of it."

"There is no need," the mate



We're at sea and you're leaving home.

suggested, "of telling the rest any more than that I've taken her to educate?"

"We'll put the whole thing in the log," said the captain. "You can tell 'em what you like outside."

So the entry was made and signed and the girl, now christened Mororan, after her birth-place, was installed in a vacant cabin. Few cared to inquire into the matter, beyond the details which the mate saw fit to divulge.

The very first night Mororan stationed herself unobtrusively behind the mate's seat at table and served him. This was against his purpose, but threats and promises were of no avail, and he had finally to accept it.

Within a week little Mororan was perfectly at home, and no smile was provoked when the mate referred to "my daughter." For at sea the unusual is the inevitable.

When the Aztec had worked her slow way down into warmer seas the stalwart mate spent most of his spare time on the after-deck with Mororan beside him. In his awkward way he strove to tell her the things he thought a good girl should know. She listened, accepted and practiced dutifully. It was not long before Stallard found that he was the pupil and she the teacher. She taught him the fancies and longings and purities of a maiden's heart. There was but one aspect of her mind that was always dark to him. "Missionary girl" she evidently was; she talked that kind of English. Her creed was orthodox so far as he knew, but her idea of the God she worshiped seemed so changeable, so misty, yet so human that he failed to recognize any of his own conceptions. He tried to fathom her thought, but it always ended in fixing her eyes upon him and singing:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock up Edgeways."

"Who has taken your feet from the mire and the clay?" he would ask.

"God," she always answered, looking at him solemnly.

"Who is God?"

Then she would look at him with eyes that he could not read, and the catechism was finished.

One day she varied the usual formula, and when he asked her "Who has taken your feet from the mire and the clay?" she answered him with a sob.

He had never seen her cry before, and with an uncontrollable impulse he lifted her into his arms. She lay there choking with emotion. Suddenly she checked herself, and with closed eyes kissed him gently. It was the first caress she had given him and he triumphed paternally. "I thought, little one," he murmured, "that you did not kiss in Japan."

Blushes stole over her cheeks, and she knelt at his feet. With her head bowed on his knees she whispered:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock up Edgeways."

The mate was puzzled and thought great thoughts. All his dreams now were of living ashore with his newly found daughter. He decided that he would keep her in a good boarding school where he would call every afternoon; he wondered if his wife would quite agree to take Mororan to the country with them for dinner of a Sunday; he tried to fancy how the girl would look in European dress, and most often he simply smiled upon her largely. So he dreamed and she grew into his heart.

Within a week's sail of Honolulu it was discovered that the cargo of coal was a-fire. For two days and two nights they fought to quench it, but their efforts were futile, and the hour came when they



Over that form, the gaunt mate strove to pray.

must abandon ship. They launched the boat into a summer sea and lay by till the Aztec was gone. Then with dreary faces the occupants of the several boats hoisted the lanteen sails and started on the long voyage to land.

In the mate's boat were Mororan and five sailors. They were but scantily provisioned with food and water, but still there was enough to last with good weather.

For two days fortune favored them, and though the other boats disappeared, Stallard's heart grew lighter. The disaster had put his dreams to flight, yet now while they rocked on the cradling swell of the southern seas he dreamed again about his daughter. And she sat before him and sang cheerfully little scraps of song such as the coalies sing at their work, or slept by his side the sleep of careless childhood. The men, in a world quite apart, listlessly trimmed the sail or pulled at the oars when the breeze died with the colors of the sunset.

On the third night the wind rose and with it the sea. In spite of the utmost skill of the mate the boat shipped seas heavily, and in the morning they discovered that the fresh water was spoiled.

When Stallard had tasted of it, he ordered it all thrown over the side, and shifted his revolver into a handier pocket.

Days passed, and drying lips commenced to mutter dangerously. At a week's end two men crouched in the bow of the boat, and when they gazed at the mate and remembered the death of their companions they strove to form words that would move him out of his impassive attitude of authority.

Human strength was failing, and Stallard prayed over the upturned face of his daughter that God would grant him to kill these also without murder. Then, open eyed, he slept and dreamed of walking in the Park with little Mororan. And he tasted the water of a fountain under the trees, and saw the dew of its cool draught upon the little one's lips. That dream faded, and his mouth was parched. But in another scene he felt upon his hot lips a kiss from her he loved. That kiss awakened him.

He awoke in time, and without the guilt of murder he came to be at last alone with her. She lay unconscious between his knees, her hot face to the implacable sky in mute appeal. Over that form the gaunt mate strove to call in prayer; but his jaws set in agony, and his tongue refused to say anything but "Mororan! Mororan!"

The sun flamed toward its setting and the ocean shone as brass. From the far horizon dark shadows beckoned to the solitary man in the boat. Strange ships hailed him and unknown gods chattered out of the sky. Still he called: "Mororan! Mororan!"

The form of the girl stirred and she opened her eyes. With a quiver she tried to speak.

No sound came, and the mate thrust his knife into his arm and bathed her lips in the blood. "God!" she murmured.

"Who is God?" asked the mate thickly.

There was a blind outstretching of her hand, and then the voice rang out:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock of Ages."

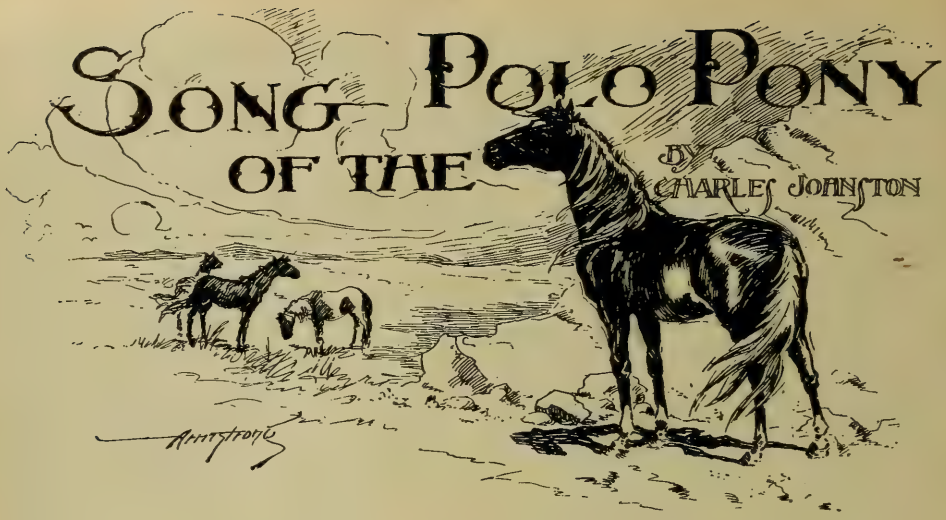
"Who is God?" cried the mate, struggling with Death.

Mororan stretched out both her arms toward him and whispered: "You have taken——"

But her arms never met about his neck, and her final act of worship was unaccomplished. She and her God were dead.

Song of the Polo Pony

By Charles Johnston



FOALED on the dust-blown prairie land,
Brave sires we did not lack,
Strength they gave us, limbs of steel,
Breadth of flank and back.
Loose we ran from the snow-clad hills,
Through cactus rift and sage,
By cooling shade of the cotton-wood,
Where snow-filled torrents rage.

Free we were to come and go,
The gray wolf sniffed the lee
Of the rollicking, kicking broncho pack,
Foe-flanked, but always free,
The rattler sprang from the gray-ribbed rock,
From the pine the lion snarled,
The sneak coyote at dusk ran in
From gloom of the timber gnarled.

Then man came—the master strength—
His keen rope caught the neck,
Held hard, we knew not what it meant,
Clean limbed, **we knew no check;**
Kick, bite, and plunge, we fought the hand
That bound us to our fate,
The bitted barb we frothed in vain,
Strong grip soon cooled our hate.

'Twas then we learned the tutor will—
Turn right, at the guiding knee;
Halt! at jerk of the leather rein;
Charge! when the strap runs free.
Driven and shod in a hot corrall,
Our school was the school of might—
The raw-hide and the rowelled heel,
The whip tongue's burning bite.



The East next had us, wild as yet,
We sniffed of the wind-blown surf,
Our tempers soon were put to test,
Our strength, on the line-checked turf.
The white-garbed riders, strong of limb,
Sat close, their strength we felt,
The swivelled bit we learned to love,
Keen hand and buckling belt.

Swing out! for the rolling ball's between,
Swerve! for the goal-posts swim;
Jump! as the cutting mallet head
Bites by, with snapping vim;
Halt! with forefeet firm and close;
Rear! for the rope's ahead;
Turn! for the ball runs near the goal;
Buck! and save your head.

A lunge to the left, and hit your mate,
In Paddock friends—not here;
Bear stiff to the right, and use your weight,

Then hark! to the ringing cheer;
Twist sharp about—now to the fore,
Wind! Wind! for the pace is rank;
Breathe deep, breathe full, and spread your legs,
The steel spur cuts the flank.

At last is life—our life of old,
The green turf soft below,
The rush, the flight, the loss, the gain,
Foam-flecked—away we go.
Lung up! plunge down! and kick again,
Pure joy at being wild,
The blanket waits with swaddling care
Wyoming's favored child.

(Chorus at the Club.)

Hurrah for the polo-pony!
A cool glass, fresh and clean,
To the mettled spirit, prairie wild,
Sand, grit, and muscles lean.
Up! Up! on the table, glasses up!
To the health of the brave and good,
To the snorting, plunging, child of strength.
To his daring Western blood!





At Matias's Mexican Restaurant.

The Humbler Restaurants of San Francisco

By ROLAND WHITTLE

"AT ease in mine inn," quoted Alice Meynell, the famous English poet and essayist in the big book at Matias Mortigia's, when she was here last year, and a very good place it is to be at ease in, as the writer of this can testify from many personal experiences. But the same thing might be said of many restaurants in the city of San Francisco, for this city is known to the globe trotter as the very metropolis of restaurants par excellence.

The semi-tropical life, the cosmopolitan population, and the absence of the home life in the beginning of its history, all combined to make the inhabitants of the city by the Golden Gate enthusiastic diners out, and it is to be questioned if any city in the world can show such diversity and individuality in public places of refreshment as can San Francisco. Of course, the rich and luxurious restaurants are here as in larger cities, only in greater numbers than the population of the place would seem to warrant, offering a variety and elegance of cuisine which can be approached by but few cities in the world. A dozen places might be mentioned which will offer the most satisfactory comparison with the famous hostelries of Europe both in respect of the cooking and the serving of the dishes. In fact, visitors generally go away with the firm conviction that San Franciscans do nothing but eat at restaurants and go to the theatre.

But it is not in respect to the more expensive places that San Francisco is peculiar, for these naturally approximate in style and manner to the pattern set by restaurants for the well-to-do everywhere. The cheap restaurant, which will give a full French dinner well cooked and



Autographs in Matias's "album."

served in at least an appetizing manner, with a good table claret included, for the sum of fifty cents, is at once the pride of the city and the wonder of tourists. And there are literally scores of them. Some of them are, however, so distinctive in their characteristics as to call for special notice.

The little restaurant to which reference has already been made, and in which not only Alice Meynell, but hundreds of famous people have eaten their dinner during the last eighteen months, is one of the cosiest and most delightful little eating houses to be met with in a trip round the world. It is a genuine Mexican restaurant, not an imitation one, where the meals are cooked by Mexican women before your eyes in the approved Mexican fashion. The little place is full of the atmosphere of the land of Diaz. Great strings of red peppers hang drying from the low ceiling, the walls are papered with the gay colors in which the inhabitants of the Southern Republic love to revel; the tables are small, and covered with coarse but spotless linen, and the queerest shaped gourds take the place of water-bottles.

Here one gets the perfection of Mexican cooking. There are five courses at luncheon, beginning with vegetable soup, which is hot enough to serve as a temporary substitute for purpatory, and accompanied by a bottle of the strong claret which the Mexican loves, but which is potent enough to make one long for whiskey as a light beverage. All of it is most excellently seasoned, and the black coffee at the end makes one realize that after all the Mexican can run the Frenchman pretty close in the making of that beverage, at which the all-conquering Saxon, as a rule, is such a complete bungler, and the price of such a meal as that is exactly twenty-five cents. Dinner is a yet more elaborate function, for which twice the price of a lunch is charged.

This place, which was originally started to cater to the requirements of the large Mexican population living in the Latin quarter where the restaurant is situated, became famous among the artists who found here just the place which they had long sought in vain, for its entire naturalness is its great charm.



Artist's "proof" at Matias's.



At Luchetti's on a Sunday Night.

These brought their friends, until, now, one may go and find representatives of all the arts and learned professions. And the landlord deserves every success, for he is a most engaging fellow, bright and witty, full of fun and most amusing, and has had the good sense not to let success turn his head, but still preserves in time of prosperity the distinctive features which have made his place famous all over the world. He keeps a book in which most visitors write down some sentiment and their name. Amid the mass of names, some one or other, on nearly every page, strikes one by its significance to the greater world, and amid the heaps of trash with which such a book is naturally encumbered the telling phrase or the striking sketch shows at once ment at times, and hundreds of dol- that the master of his craft has been there.

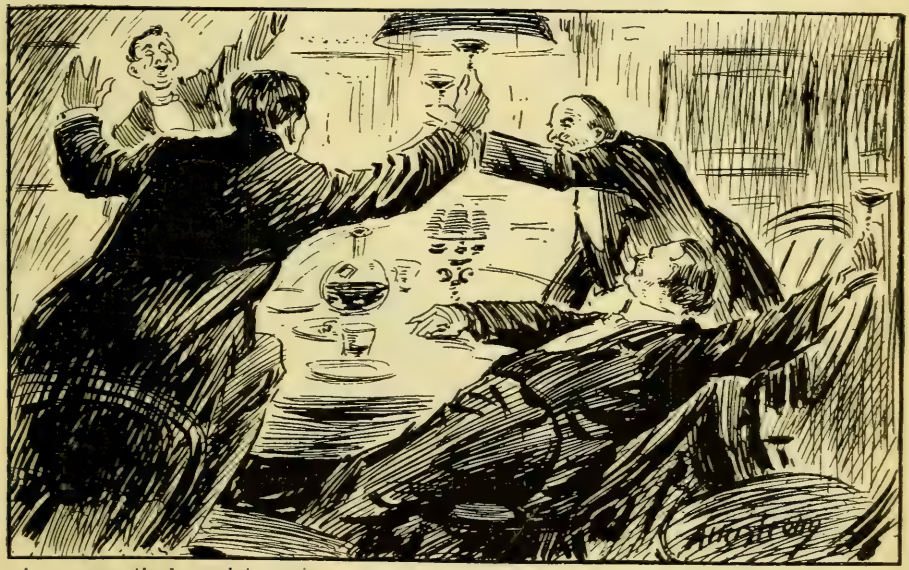
This little restaurant, which Robert Louis Stevenson has made an object of interest to the world at large because he used to dine there in the days of his poverty, has fed no one knows how many future great ones. It is just opposite the County Jail where the big van with the prisoners comes and goes, and sometimes the inmates of this gloomy and unsanitary institution get a meal there by favor of such of their visiting friends as have the price.

Luchetti's is quite a different place. A large, straggling barn, uncomfortable in its fittings and devoid of all artistic settings, it is the most prominent restaurant in the Italian Quarter, right in the heart of the fishermen's district. The walls are devoid of ornament, save for the gaudy advertisements of cigarettes and liquors, and at one end there is a large counter which serves as a bar, and as a place for taking the money of the patrons on crowded nights, for Luchetti's is a famous place, and many a gold coin passes over the bar into the pockets of the sleek and smiling Italian proprietor every Sunday evening.

This restaurant presents the greatest contrast at different times. Go in the morning, and the place is almost deserted save for a late breakfaster, whose eyes and surly demeanor tell the secret of his absence from work and speak of unwise indulgence in the "dago red," as the rough claret preferred by the denizens of this quarter is popularly designated. At noon, another class of customers is in evidence. The Italian fishermen come to take their meal before launching their felucca sailed craft upon the bay. Sturdy fellows they are—men of deep chest and a build which is not generally associated with the Italian type. They represent the whole seaboard of Italy, for they come from Venice, from Genoa, from Sicily where the winds still whisper the story of the classic times, and the tides appear to move to the music of Vergilian hexameters. They bring with them their local prejudices and their fierce feuds, and though for the most part quiet and peaceful enough, the hot blood flares out at times, and the rich oath of the Southern sailor is sometimes answered with a sharp knife thrust. Then the patrol wagon rolls up, and the too impetuous one realizes that the laws of the Anglo-Saxon take no account of the hot blood of the Latin. For the most part, however, they eat in peace, breaking now and again into snatches of music in which they all join, singing as only Italian proletarians can sing, happy in spite of the hardness of their lives. After the meal, they go up to the bar and have their great demi-johns filled with the heady claret, for they do not go out on their voyage without their well-filled jars of wine. Then they sally forth in their bright colored jerseys with the gum boots high up on their thighs, gallant, reckless fellows making with their swift, beautiful craft one of the most charm-

ing sights on the bay of San Francisco.

But on Sunday night Luchetti's is in its glory. Then the Italian leaves the place to the American, and young men and maidens come for a mad, wild frolic and take possession. The meal costs fifty cents, and is a sort of travesty on a good Italian dinner—soup, fish, chicken, raviola, spaghetti, fried cream, wine and coffee. As the evening wears along, the fun becomes furious. Rough flirtation is the order of the hour, and it is commonly said that if one takes a girl to Luchetti's with



A comparatively quiet party.

him, he can never be sure that he will bring her out again. Sometimes a piece of bread is thrown, and then follows a whole shower of onions and such scraps of food as may be handy. Some one starts a song, n ot the kind of ditty trolled out by our fishermen, but a banal, modern music hall production, and this crowd which haunts the music halls takes up the chorus, and the place rings with the strains of "The Good Old Summer Time."

There is generally music enough, queer little incongruous orchestras, consisting of various ill-assorted instruments played by men who have seen better days or ought to have done so. But what the music lacks in style, it makes up in "go," and it is not uncommon to see a man sawing away at a big bass viol and shouting out the words of some wild song, with a big cigar in the corner of his mouth, which his singing does not appear to disturb.

Occasionally the music is of a higher order, and an Italian will accompany himself on a guitar to one of those soft, haunting melodies which lie hidden away in the remoter places of Italy, and which are never tempted upon the stage either by the wiles of impresarios or the ambitions of opera singers. Such tunes do not continue to exist apart from the common people to whom they belong.

The heady wine mounts to the brains of the girls and they begin to giggle and crowd restlessly. Soon perhaps one bolder than the rest gets up and attempts to dance, a partner at once springs to her side, and a waltz is begun which at times develops into a Hula Hula. And so the fun goes on all Sunday evening, most of it quite harmless, b ut sufficiently boisterous and noisy.

This is the place to go if one



Sanguinetti's on a gala night.

wants to see the prosperity of the lower middle classes of San Francisco. They come in, boys and girls, fresh from a trip into Marin or Alameda county, laden with flowers, so that the whole place in the early spring, is glorious with the color of the yellow poppies. Splendid girls and well developed young men, full of animal spirits, and eager for any sport which may turn up. They have full opportunity of satisfying this natural craving for healthy excitement at Luchetti's, and they avail themselves of it to the utmost, especially as the place is remote from the center of the city, and there is but little likelihood of employer or parent dropping in to spoil the sport.

With all its noise and all its crowded revelry, this restaurant is a most interesting place to visit, and, after all, it will easily be seen that there are much worse places for the youngsters to spend an evening, for as there is food with the wine, there is next to no drunkenness, and the sport and frolic are but the expression of the natural high spirits of those who feel that youthful strength which is the greatest asset of the nation, and the most valuable possession which it can have in times of stress, for these young people are genuine workers in the week day's busy life.

Sanguinetti's, once the great Italian restaurant, as Luchetti's now is, is next door to his rival. The place is smaller, but perhaps more artistically attractive, as the low room with its beamed ceiling and dark walls makes a better setting for the swarthy crowd which patronize it, than the fresher and more garish glories of his neighbor. The form of entertainment is about the same as at the other place, with this exception: that as the tide of American favor has ebbed away, that of Italian has returned, and one can drop into this little place almost any evening, and hear the Italian folk-songs sung in the sweet, languorous music and tongue of Southern Italy.

There are quaint stories of the doings at Sanguinetti's when the restaurant was in its prime, a few years ago. On one occasion a great Italian, tall, broad and strong as Hercules, entered the place when the revelry was at its height. He began at one end of the room and kissed all the girls one after the other. The fun of the thing was that he did not show the least roughness or truculence. He stopped in the coolest way imaginable before each girl as he walked down the broad aisle and kissed her, bowing in the most courteous manner with the air of a young grandee, rather than of a tanned and weather-beaten fisherman. At last he came to one girl who refused to be kissed. She stood up and looked him full in the eye, and his eagerness of manner was checked at once. It was really funny to see this big fellow, who had conquered all down the room, brought to a stop by a little bit of a girl not more than nineteen. He paused a moment as if half bewildered, and then bowed and offered his hand, which the young lady took at once, and the terror of the Barbary Coast left the room.

It was incomprehensible that none of the men rose in anger at the affront to their companions, but as a matter of fact they simply laughed and enjoyed the demonstration as though they were not personally interested.

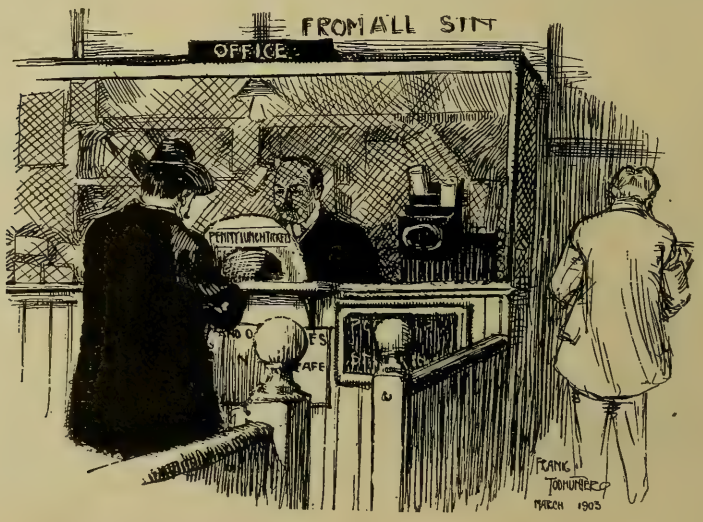
Quite a different kind of restaurant is the "Helping Hand," or, as it is known to the impecunious artists and others who are occasionally driven to partake of its dainties, the "Glad Hand." This place is intended to supply good, wholesome meals as cheaply as possible, and is under the supervision of some religious societies that combine evangelizing and restaurant keeping, a combination which has a certain amount of warrant in the Scriptures, and which is productive of

fairly good results; at least so say the present proprietors of the "Helping Hand." No dish here costs more than one cent. Good, wholesome and clean food is given sufficient for one meal for that sum. Five meals or provision for nearly two days can be laid in at the cost of five cents.

Few restaurants can boast of a centenarian as a customer, but if the recommendations of a man a hundred and seven years old counts for anything, the "Helping Hand" has, in a gentleman of that age, a certain Mr. Diamond, a most enthusiastic advertiser. He says that the meals given for this ridiculously small sum are the best suited to him, and that they are sufficiently wholesome to keep him in splendid health and spirits. If appearance counts for anything, no better recommendation could be given, for Mr. Diamond is hale and strong, walks with a vigorous step, and can hear well and see well and talk most intelligently. He is a very interesting man, withal, and shows the enthusiasm of a young man of sixty-five or thereabouts as he expounds his views on rational living on which he is naturally somewhat of an authority, and concerning which he has written a little book.

The bill of fare at the "Glad Hand" includes a complete vegetable menu. Vegetable soups, mushes, biscuits, and all the ordinary breakfast dishes are provided, the room is clean and well kept, and the only sign of the religious side of the enterprise appears in the numerous Scripture texts printed in colored letters upon the walls, and the organ at one end of the room, which speaks of evangelistic services. The cleanliness of the place, and the general good appearance of the customers are very noticeable in such a cheap eating house. The habitues are poor, very poor, perhaps, but by no means degraded; honest-looking fellows enough, who are temporarily out of work or have been sick and are thus compelled to patronize so cheap a place, but there appears also to be a considerable sprinkling of vegetarians like Mr. Diamond, who prefer the meals which they can get here to those provided by more expensive places.

These examples of San Francisco restaurant life are chosen almost at random, for there is a nearly inexhaustible store of material in the Chinese restaurants, those of the Japanese, the Slav, the American and the manifold nationalities which combine to make up the population of this intensely cosmopolitan city, and contribute to Bohemian life.



BUILDERS OF CALIFORNIA

By MORRISON PIXLEY

THIRD NUMBER

THE dramatic era of California history was that which succeeded the Mission period and extended from 1835 to 1855.

It commenced with the rather unusual performance of politicians grabbing for church property, resulting in the Government of Mexico ordering that the Missions be secularized, whereupon the padres set about in frantic haste the saving what they could from the coming wreck. Cattle were slaughtered by the tens of thousands till the barrancas ran bloody torrents and the grass of the hills was covered with hides staked out to dry, so that they might be bartered with the traders for last gifts from the Fathers to the neophytes.

The dignity of the Gobernador, who lived in state at Monterey, was supported by from twenty to two hundred soldiers, and a Castillo of adobe, set rear center upon the hill above, contained a dozen cannons, which made "much bang" when the action of the play reached a climax.

Read and re-read the book of the play as one will, not a name of any of these early Governors impresses the mind as one who did anything historical. Those were happy days that had no history.

Beautiful ladies, Indian maidens, villagers and savages, filled the whole cast and there were no speaking parts. Governor after Governor reigned and waned with no more than the usual occurrences of a far-away colony province, just as things happen in Guam nowadays and nobody knows—or cares. The seat of government being at Monterey, and the Spanish customs house, which yet stands there, being the only one on the Coast, to Monterey must come all the vessels desiring to trade with California. Every year came trading ships from Boston, and from them deserted sailors who staid and wooed the maids with the ardor that sailors have. And the daughters of Spain looked with more favor upon them than upon their own people, as is the way of maids with strangers, and they married as they wisted.

The Mexican revolution had thrown the Province of California under a bureaucratic rule of political carpet-baggers, who bound up the colonists in red tape until the freedom seekers were driven to strong measures to release themselves.

Monterey became a circumlocution office, the object of which was to put an eternal negative upon everything, with, of course, a right on the part of the petitioner to appeal by slow freight to Mexico for justice, if he had patience and time and money were not considered.

As instances of how this must have ground upon the feelings of both native and new-come residents, may be mentioned the time when Arguello, Commandante of the Presidio, San Francisco, built a small sailboat wherewith to cross the Corte Madera del Presidio for the purpose of getting out timbers to repair the Cuartel. The Governor at Monterey sent an insulting message asking how he dared commit such an improvement in the land of Land of Nod, ordering him forthwith to the capital for an investigation, and seizing the vessel, which he insinuated, was probably intended for smuggling. Apropos of the way they rode in those days, it was interesting to learn that young Arguello stopped that evening at Santa

Clara and the next at Monterey. Also it is consoling to remember that he succeeded in office the Governor who had so humiliated him. Another grand "stroke of Red Tape" was the case of El Capitan Enrique Domingo Fitch, nee Henry D. Fitch of Boston, who, as narrated by Bancroft, fell in love with and promised to marry Dona Josefa, daughter of Joaquin Carillo of San Diego, in 1826. The young lady was willing, the parents and the friar were willing, but the Gobernador Echeandia, it is said, forbade the marriage through his Alfereto, it being supposed that El Gobernador himself had aspirations. The eyes of La Bella Dona Josefa rained tears and El Capitan stormed, but the friar dared not proceed, though he dropped a hint of other lands where laws were laxer. Then her woman's wit suggested a way for her will. She said:

"Why don't you carry me off, Don Enrique?" And so he did.

The bride's brother, Don Pio Pico, took her upon his horse and galloped to the shore where waited Don Enrique in a boat. They rowed out to the ship of a sea captain friend, who was about to set sail for Valparaiso. After a charming sail through tropic seas, the happy couple reached their destination on the 3d of July, and were married by the curate Oriego.

This would have been happenings enough for most marriages, but not in comic opera, California. The next year Don Enrique, his wife and infant, set sail back to California, in their own ship, the Leonor. Touching at San Pedro, he was summoned to appear for trial before the ecclesiastical judge on charges of abduction. For answer the dauntless captain sent his marriage certificate to the judge and sailed on with the Dona Jose for Monterey. Here he was placed under arrest by Governor Encheandia, while his wife was "deposited in the house of a respectable citizen," as was the courtly custom of those days when a lady was to be detained by process of law. Captain Fitch, being unable to make the hard overland trip to San Gabriel, asked the privilege of having his case tried at San Diego, where it was alleged the crime was committed, protesting that his business was being ruined by his imprisonment. The ecclesiastical judge at San Gabriel referred the matter to the "Fiscal," one Palomares, who said that Fitch was guilty of a hineous crime and entitled to no mercy. Notwithstanding this, the Vicar Judge allowed Fitch to make the trip by sea, and later on his wife was permitted by the Governor, to be removed to the town where her husband was. This leniency of the Governor incensed Palomares, the crusty Fiscal, who wanted to throw Echeandia himself in jail for interfering with ecclesiastical authority.

Moreover it was found that time after time the court sat upon the case. The marriage was declared null by the learned fiscal, for the reason that "the certificate was slightly torn and blotted; that it included no statement of the city or church where the ceremony was performed—that the paper was neither legalized by three escribanos, nor vised by the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs; moreover, the Padre Orrego, not being the curate of the parties, could not marry them without a dispensation of the Bishop." All of which goes to show that El Fiscal was a bright legal light, and cast a powerful judicial glare on his entire surroundings. More witnesses were examined and a perfect stream of fees flowed from the captain's chests to the coffers of his adopted country. The case was thus tried at San Gabriel, and then, to oblige him, San Diego was allowed to have a try at it. Finally, it was decided that the marriage, though not legitimate, was valid, and El Capitan should, as partial

penance, give a 50-pound bell to the church at Los Angeles, and moreover the couple must appear in church with lighted candles in their hands, for three dias festivos and recite together for thirty days, one-third of the rosary of the Holy Virgin.

Thus it was that there grew up a desire for more independence and freedom than filtered to this far-away land from the fountain of justice at the City of Mexico.

In 1826 the overland barrier of mountain and desert was crossed for the first time by Jedediah Smith, who brought a party of trappers from Salt Lake to San Gabriel, and met with a cool and unpleasant reception from the officials.

Smuggling was at all times a profitable trade on the coast, and was continuously indulged in, for the single customs house at Monterey could not protect the whole sea-line, and there was no navy. A John Lawlor had a regular smuggler's den on Santa Catalina Island, off the Santa Barbara Channel in 1828, and from that island fortress he defied the authorities, who had not even so much as a row boat for a navy.

History was made as it is on the stage. A handful of men represented an army; half a dozen houses a town. With a crash of the drum and some extra hissing of the lime light focused for "solus," came Sutter upon the stage, speaking four languages and doing four things at a time, till heads were whirling, buying goods in lavish quantities on credit, chartering vessels by the fleet, dealing with governments, conquering savages, starting new industries, making himself a king, carving out his own kingdom and building his own castle, to be defended by himself and retainers against all the world, as in the days when there were real kings. Fremont, as the Conqueror, crossed the continent with less people than the average stage manager handles, and made more volumes of history in eight months than the historians could write up in eight years.

The gold discovery is so well known that almost every school-child can tell the story about the saw mill, the tail race, and the shining specks, and how the stage gold then became so plentiful that the property man did not bother to gather it up at night, and every one flung around purses of it as they do in comic opera, only this was real gold.

To the actors in this comedy, as to those on smaller stages, there was little of the fun visible; it was hard, tragic work, and we, spectators at this long distance, may thank our destinies for the leisure which their efforts won for us, and the sense of humor which they bequeathed us.

By 1836, California was sufficiently advanced on the road to civilization to have a taste for scandal and leisure for its discussion, which in one case led to the ignominious flight of a Governor by the name of Chico, who had brought with him from Mexico the Dona Cruz, who at first posed as his niece, but finally disposed of his peace.

But Johann August Sutter is the first man who comes out with individual prominence. He was a Swiss, of Franco-German lineage, with the mercurial enthusiasm of France backed by the solidity of the Teutonic disposition. For years his fort on the Sacramento was the one rock of security in the restless, troubled community. He had in earliest youth been fired by the tales of adventure of the middle ages and had longed most ardently to repeat the deeds of those days, when a man might, with his own arms, go out and carve from the world a kingdom of his own, and Sutter often expressed himself to the effect that it could still be done; that men and not the times changed.

In his own country he had been a bookbinder and then a dealer in

products of printers' ink, which ill-paying business soon left him in the hands of his creditors. Coming to America in 1834, he met in St. Louis the Santa Fe traders, with whom he went to New Mexico, and heard pleasing accounts of California.

Forming a party of seven—three Germans, two Americans, a Belgian and a Mexican packadero, they went to Oregon to avoid the difficulties of the southern deserts and steep Sierras. Then, as there was no direct route open to California, they took passage in a ship to Honolulu, from which there were usually many traders making regular voyages to California. The next one leaving for San Francisco after his arrival at the Islands, was to go first to Sitka to trade with the Russians, and from there to San Francisco; but according to Mexican law, it was necessary for the travelers to report first at the Monterey Custom house before being allowed to land goods.

Sutter, being a man of charming personality, was well received by the Californian officials at Monterey, who were pleased with his intentions of founding a colony in the north, which they looked upon as a desirable check not only to the Russians, but to the increasing influence of their own young Vallejo, who was rapidly becoming greater than the power that created his authority. Governor Alvarado advised Sutter to declare his intention of becoming a Mexican Citizen—then go into the interior, select any unoccupied tract of country that suited his fancy for colonial purposes, and return in a year, when his papers of naturalization and the documents ceding his grant of land would be ready for him. From Monterey Sutter sailed back to San Francisco, and then rode overland by the old Franciscan trail from the Cortemadera, past Mission San Rafael, to Sonoma, where he had a pleasant meeting with Vallejo, who desired him to settle at Napa, Suisun, or some point closer than the distant Sacramento. Rotchef, the Russian Governor at Ross, also received him well, and there sprung up between them a friendship which was much to Sutter's advantage in later days when the abdicating Russians sold him their fort's armament and much personal property of value. Rotchef also advocated Sutter's settling closer to the sea, for neighborliness, but Sutter wanted room for expansion, as he had ideas, and did not wish to be cramped by too close neighbors. He had made a tour of investigation up the Sacramento river, and determined to found his colony on that stream where it is joined by the American.

Sutter had with him a dozen Kanakas whom he had brought from the islands, and half a dozen white men, all well armed, and in addition three small cannon. For the transportation of these and of his tools and supplies, he chartered all of the disengaged tonnage in the port, consisting of two small schooners, the Isabella and Nicholas, property of Spear and Hinckley. Arriving again at the mouth of the American River, a walled fort was built of adobes, Indian aid being secured by kind dealing out of beads and fabrics. When the fort was completed the cannon were mounted upon the walls, and military discipline became the order of life.

Cattle were bought in large quantities on the easy credit plan which then prevailed, agriculture was prosecuted on a more extensive scale than California had ever before known, a grist mill was built of stones from the river bed, and trees from its banks, fastened where necessary by thongs of raw-hide. A distillery was started, which produced a rare brandy from the crops of wild grapes that grew in festoons from the river bank oaks. Sutter was court and king, as in the early days when kings were self-made, not born. He pursued uniformly a policy of kindness and forbearance

with the neighboring tribes of Indians, which won him their lasting friendship, and in return they worked for him, while he helped them with their wars against distant outlying tribes, and in so doing took many slaves who assisted in the growth of the rising principality.

It would appear that Sutter had dreams of founding an Empire in the West. He was nominally under the Mexican Government, but did not hesitate to defy its power and dare its representatives to combat when the Governor displeased him. So, being superior to the only power to which he even pretended allegiance, he was practically supreme, and the closest approach to a feudal lord that America has seen.

Sutter's fort has been happily restored, and the visitor to Sacramento may see it as it was at its best for the price of a trolly ride.

While this man's strength and that of other foreigners was growing, the Government of California was descending to ludicrous poverty and weakness. By 1845 its Indian policy had been changed to one of contemptible treachery and fiendish butcherings, as, for instance, when Salvador Vallejo and a mongrel crew slaughtered with butcher knives an entire tribe of Indians whose hospitality they had accepted. Continuous pilferings had so depleted the colonial treasury that not enough money could be raised in the State to send an envoy to Mexico, and even the legislators could not squeeze enough out of the public funds to pay their own salaries.

The beautiful missions were seized and sold to the highest bidders or rented out for barns or what not, anything to raise a peso with which to play at pedro or buy aguardiente, for soldiers and legislators were then as now.

While the civil and military authorities were quarreling over the last coppers in the exchequer, there suddenly issued out of the foothills of the Sierra, the semi-military exploring party of young Fremont, some sixty persons led by the famous scout, Kit Carson. At this time the United States was on the verge of war with Mexico. England and France were both keeping watchful and covetous eyes on California, and it seemed that Fremont was sent out to be on the ground as a secret agent of the United States. His character has always been something of a mystery to historians and people in general. Some have lauded him undeservedly for political reasons, and others have torn his reputation to tatters. The general concensus of opinion among the early pioneers was that his efforts did not amount to much, and that his achievement of crossing the continent was nothing of which to boast. But if a four days' trip across a continent by means of luxurious railway conveyance is still counted wearying, some credit must be due those who undertook adventure necessitating such labor and fatigue, to say nothing of dangers as men had to endure who marched over a trackless way in those days.

Fremont's party and their horses and mules were exhausted by their trip across the high Sierra Nevadas, and were in need of supplies and repairs, both of which were furnished by Sutter. Fremont went to Monterey to report himself and obtain permission from Castro, the military commander, to winter in California. This was at first given and afterward countermanded. Upon the happening of the latter event, Fremont intrenched himself on a mountain peak between the mission of San Juan and Monterey. Here he raised the American flag and waited defiantly for the Mexican forces, which, after promenading up and down making faces at him for several days, allowed him to depart, although he did so deliberately and with no undue haste or fear. Making his way toward the northern part of California, he was simultaneously met by hostile Indians and

a secret messenger from the United States. One or the other of them made him determine to go back and fight it out with Castro.

He accordingly took counsel with the few dozen Americans in the Marin, Sonoma and Sacramento regions, and from his encouragement or the stimulus of his presence arose the Bear Flag Revolution, which consisted of a dozen or so Americans seizing a lot of horses which Castro was removing from the Mission San Rafael to Monterey by way of tording the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and subsequently capturing General Vallejo and some of the other Mexican officials in charge of Sonoma. At this juncture, several of the Bear Flag leaders took fright at the magnitude of their operations, and wished to back out. Then from the level rose a leader.

William B. Ide, who had before been but a carpenter and farmer, explained to them that to back down would leave the whole party liable to imprisonment as horse thieves and robbers; that to secure themselves for the future they must become real revolutionists, march on, seize the fort and hoist the bear flag as the standard of the New Republic. The fort, with its nine brass cannon was taken and the men who might have been naught but horse thieves and burglars, were now glorious conquerors. Ide sent off Vallejo, captive, to Fremont's camp, and then explained to the remaining Californians that he had no quarrel with them, that his cause was theirs. That Mexico had oppressed the native Californians, seized the missions, and planned the driving out of the Americans, and that his new government was to give freedom to all. This was satisfactory to the natives, and in a few days Ide and his men were in possession of all of the country north of San Francisco Bay.

Ide was now elected commander in chief, "with all the power of the four departments of government. Feeling himself sure in position and his ability to hold California, he sent word by a messenger to the commander of a United States vessel at Yerba Buena, stating that he intended to turn California over to the United States as soon as he had it in shape, or words to that effect. Ide was fearful that the United States would interfere and rob him of his share of the glory of conquest, and particularly desired to be left to his own resources. By better fate, the commander of the vessel sent a lieutenant back with the messenger to reconnoiter, and the presence of this trim and self-confident naval officer immediately gave the people that faith in Ide's revolution which had before been lacking, and all of the surrounding country flocked under the Bear Flag, when, as they supposed, the United States was backing its principles. Fremont had been encamped near the Marysville Buttes. As soon as he heard of the Ide movement he had advanced to Sutter's Fort, where he waited until it was definitely stated that Castro would attack Ide, the "Oso Grande," as he called him. Fremont thereupon rushed his seventy-two men over to Sonoma, arriving in such haste during the night that he was nearly mistaken for Castro, and barely escaped a cannonade. The territory of Sonoma and Marin now became the scene of a regular campaign between the forces of Ide and those of Castro, in which Ide finally defeated and drove the Mexicans South.

The internal disturbances which Fremont had thus aroused had drawn attention away from the sea coast, and on July 7, 1846, Commodore Sloat, of the Flagship Savannah, raised the American flag over the customs house at Monterey. Ide had guaranteed the peace in the North, so Sloat was even more particular and minute upon this point at Monterey. The two hundred and fifty marines and sailors were given a special address before being al-

lowed to leave the ship; it was particularly impressed upon them that no insults to inhabitants, no violence and no looting would be allowed, and the severest penalties would be imposed for the slightest trespass on the rights of the inhabitants, who were to be treated as non-combatants. It will be seen that all of this work was apparently carried on without the slightest co-operation. Neither Sloat nor Ide had ever seen nor perhaps heard of each other. Fremont had met Ide but once, as far as the records show, yet he must have been here, there and everywhere. Somewhere there was a master, controlling, mind. It may have been Fremont's or it may have been some power invisible, but there was certainly a hand at the helm.

After the territory had somewhat settled down from the effects of the transfer to the United States, Sutter, foreseeing that there would soon be a large demand for lumber, sent out several parties to explore for a suitable site upon which to put a saw mill. Although the Sierras were covered with pineries and water-falls, no one seemed to locate a suitable place until in 1847 James W. Marshall picked out the place which is now known as Colma, on the North Fork of the American River, about forty-five miles northeast of Sacramento. Here he agreed to put up a mill to be run on shares, Sutter to furnish the material and labor, and he the skill and experience. The mill was completed in January, 1848, and the tail-race being found not deep enough to allow the water to flow freely away from the wheel-pit, Marshall conceived the simple plan of washing it out deeper by turning in a heavy run of water. The stream was allowed to run all night, and the next day, the 19th of January, 1848, Marshall turned off the water, and walked along down the bottom of the tail-race to see what amount of deepening the swift current had made. At the end of the deep ditch where it debouched into the river, he found several small pieces of bright yellow metal lying about on the gravel and sparkling brightly beneath the water. Its extreme weight and easy malleability convinced him that it was gold. Returning to the mill wheel where the carpenters were at work, he told one of them that he had found gold. They all doubted his statement, yet spent the leisure time of succeeding days in gathering samples of the interesting specimens which might mean so much.

A few days later, Marshall took occasion to go down to Sutter's Fort, and there confided to Sutter his discovery, together with samples, which Sutter tested with nitric acid and determined absolutely to be nothing less than virgin gold.

Sutter foresaw at once the ruin which would come upon himself if, as Marshall believed, the entire land was underlaid with treasure. His fields, herds, store mill and tannery would be deserted, and his entire fortune vanish for lack of care. Therefore he swore Marshall to secrecy, and Marshall requested silence of the men at the mill when he returned. But the wife of one of the millwrights had told the good news to a teamster who came up from the fort with a load of provisions. He of course disbelieved her, and to prove her statement she gave him a piece of gold, which, upon his return to the store, near Sutter's, he offered to trade for a bottle of brandy. The storekeeper would not believe it, until Sutter was appealed to, and he truthfully told what he knew would cause his ruin.

Then began the rush. Miners made from ten dollars up to a hundred dollars a day with wash basins and milk pans. Sutter's Fort was deserted, and incoming travelers turned their cattle to graze upon his fields and helped themselves to the stores that clerks had left unguarded. San Francisco was half, then three-quarters, deserted; the

rancher left his ranch and the Indian his rancheria. Unlike earlier and later finds, the gold fields did not pinch out, but widened; the further they were sought, the further they were found to extend, and each new find but widened the limits.

There were at this time two newspapers in California. "The "Californian" printed a notice in May that it would have to suspend publication, as its last employee had started for the mines. The following month the "Star" followed suit. Houses, land, everything except mining utensils became worthless, for no one cared for them. Now, indeed, was the Golden Dragon raking in men with his claws. All around the world the news spread, and to this day the Chinese, who are still in the Age of Fable, have no other name for San Francisco than "Gold Country, Big Town," and Sacramento is "Gold Country, Second Town."

Sutter and Marshall lost their all and died poor, largely the result of kind-hearted efforts to help the needy, who arrived in such numbers to hunt for gold. And yet, those whose countless fortunes they had made, grudged them even a pension.

Whether gold would have yet, at this date, been discovered without the combined efforts of these two men is by no means certain. The Spaniards had expected to find gold here, and came for no other purpose. They had a try for three hundred years, and found nothing. Fremont's scientific exploring party had walked over more gold than they could have packed on all of their horses. The Russians had scoured every creek in California, and had trapped every mink, beaver and otter in the State, until, when the later immigration came in, there was scarcely a specimen left for the zoologists, and the Russians themselves had left the country as stripped and worthless, selling to Sutter their "good will and fixtures."

It was fortunate for the United States that the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo was settled with Mexico within two weeks after the discovery of gold, and before the news had become generally known, else there might have been more difficulty in securing the fruits of Fremont's foray. Another fortunate coincidence which has not been generally noted, was that of the discovery of the enormous quicksilver deposit of New Almaden, the product of which was absolutely necessary to secure the finer portions of gold. Previous to this time, Spain had a monopoly of the quicksilver of the world.

From this time on, the Builders of California came in by the thousand, and must for a time at least be taken collectively, for in that mighty cataract of humanity which poured over the Sierras, as in the tidal wave of beings that swept round the Horn, individuality was swamped, and only the type prevailed. What that type was, even now, half a century later, it is yet too soon to say, for the fruits are not yet ripe. But first of all, they were the strong, not always the best nor the worst, but those who had most of desire, of strength, of endurance.

While the wonderful emigration was as mixed as all of the races on the face of the earth could make it, as far as nationalities went, there were more points of similarity mentally than are usually found in the inhabitants of any newly settled community. Civilization has been slowly working its westward way round the world, led by the Star of Empire. Always the stronger have gone ahead pioneering the way, and here at the world's end, the great wave of humanity made its final crash upon the Pacific shore.

A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY

By F. LORENCE

CHAPTER II.

"The world is a comedy to those that think."—Horace Walpole.

IN the rush of that startling recognition concerning the results of effort, Emily lost the thought of the countenance whose look of power had been such a tonic to her morbid spirit, and when she remembered and tried to see the face again she could not find it. Whether it had been at her own table or farther away, she could not tell, nor was she sure if the face had been that of a man or a woman.

On deck, later, she came upon it as she was blown, in an attempt to walk round the wheel-house, precipitately on a group of people gathered at the taffrail. Again, however, did the inspiring face disappear even before its accompanying figure could be distinguished, for while some one set Emily upon her feet and enunciated apologies she should have been the one to utter, the group dissolved into individuals all moving suddenly forward as if called by something of import and great interest. Emily followed as every one else was doing. The deck became a heaving mass of people seemingly actuated by the most urgent obligation to rush to its utmost length and then rush back again in search of something no one gave indication of expecting to find. Men were hurrying along, walking against both time and tide; women, scarcely behind them in speeding over the way, made little runs as the wind propelled them, and, doubling on the return tack as often as did the stamping trampers, brought up on the rounds with less blowing and puffing, if with less wind to their balance.

Quite as incessant and hurried was the babel of voices; excitement rose from the very breath of the nervous talkers and infused the air that blew cuttingly from the north. Charged with the electric spirit of continuous energy, the atmosphere became the transmitter of incentive to constant activity, and any idea that a human being could assume a state of rest seemed as remote from the fancies of the ship's entire company as was the expectation that the sea would cease its motion. Emily herself began to breathe hurriedly and to walk fast, or when she could not walk because of the crowd or her own uncertain equilibrium, she found herself clinging to the railing with every muscle and nerve tense, already imbued with the impulse to do something with all her might, if only to look on.

As she stood grasping her support, one of the women she had noticed as being most richly dressed, came up and stood beside her. "Guess we're going to have it rough," she said, pleasantly.

"Do you think so?" queried Emily for want of something else to say, and added: "It is not so cold as I expected it would be."

"No; that's funny, too, isn't it? You're freezing to death ashore, and think you'll be turned into an icicle at sea, and you're always warmer. Then if it's hot ashore, you cool off at sea."

"It will be getting warm in New York now," Emily stated at a venture. She had almost forgotten what the seasons were in America. Her companion enlightened her.

"You bet it's warm there, and wasn't it hot in Paris last week? I thought I was having American

weather without the trouble of crossing."

"Was it as bad as that?" Emily began to recall the climate of the States, to remember the wilted feeling she had had in New York and the homesickness she had felt there for California air.

"Bless you, yes," the woman was saying. "Weren't you in Paris?"

She was in for a catechism, evidently; there was nothing for it but to snub her questioner or to answer some way, and she was not disposed to snub the first passenger on the ship who had spoken with her. She admitted that she had not been in Paris for some time.

"Been over long?" pursued the questioner.

"Yes, several years, but I've not been in Paris recently."

"At school all the time?" came the next querry.

"Oh, no," laughed Emily; then seeing that she was expected to state where she had been "located," she added: "My father and I lived in France on the coast below Montpelier."

"All that time! Well, you must be used to warm weather."

"Yes, but it was delightful; the dampness in England is very trying after it; one gets a cold only to come across from Dover to Liverpool!"

"You have a cold, that's a fact," exclaimed her companion, looking at her sharply. "Now, what you want to do to-night is to take a good dose of quinine and a hot punch and go to bed warm. You'll be all right in the morning, you'll see."

Emily laughed, though she admitted it was a good prescription.

"Well, you follow it, then. Got any quinine?" Emily had not.

"Well, I have—never travel without it. Now, you just come to my cabin at bed-time and I'll fix you up."

"You are very good, I am sure," said Emily warmly.

"Oh, it's my way. I believe in being comfortable—having all your little belongings round you. Makes traveling so much easier, you see. Why, I never come aboard ship without my own fruit and wine and biscuits and any amount of little things. You'll learn you can't be comfortable unless you carry your own fixings. Nothing you can buy on board is as good as you can bring for half the money—not even the wine or the whiskey."

Emily had no reply whatever to make to these statements; fortunately none seemed to be expected. The woman suddenly changed the topic. She pointed over to the smoking room. "There, they are beginning to put up the pool," she exclaimed excitedly. "Do you know, I won it coming over." She linked her arm in Emily's and drew the girl to one of the windows of the smoking room. 'Did you ever win?" she went on, "no, I suppose you don't put up, but why not try it? It's great fun; you come in, say try it, I'm going in again, and I might win." She punctuated her remarks with odd little giggles, peering into the room where the men were crowding. "Oh, come on, won't you?" she begged.

Emily had no idea what the woman was talking of, but she felt that whatever it was she did not want "to come in."

"I shan't to-night either," the other said suddenly losing her interest in the matter, "there's time enough and I'm tired now. Paris always takes it out of me, I rush so. You can bet I'll have a good rest in New York before I start for California.

"California!" exclaimed Emily.

"Why, what's the matter? You don't mean you are bound for the Golden West too? You are?" as Emily nodded. "Well, I thought there was a fellow feeling moving me to speak to you just now. I declare we must talk things over. But you've been away so long and

I've only lived in 'Frisco five years, perhaps we don't know the same people at all, and we are neither of us very wild and wooly. Anyway, we'll see what each other knows tomorrow, by then this crowd will thin out and we can move around the decks in comfort, now I'm going below." Emily left her at the companionway; as she turned back the woman called after her:

"What's the number of your cabin—mine's 65; don't forget to come for the quinine."

"Queer people in this world, aren't there?" a bluff voice said at Emily's elbow as she went down the deck for another turn in the air. The Purser fell in step and guiding her by a hand on her elbow tramped towards the stern. "Now that little woman is a good soul I'm sure but she won't just hit it off with you, eh?"

"Who is she, that is, what is her name?" Emily asked paying no attention to his question and making for the stairway herself.

"Name's Mrs. Skinner, but I don't know who she is any more than you do. Going in? When are you coming to see me? You won't find any one fairer, I can tell you—better come." He laughed good-naturedly, and Emily got away under cover of it.

In her cabin, alone, the girl emptied her purse's contents upon the bed, and pencil in hand, began a calculation. Did ever first-class passenger sail in so grand a ship with so little money? She must know exactly how far it would go. She was interrupted by the stewardess, who came to ask at what hour the young lady would be called for her bath. Emily reflected, then decided she would have no bath on the morrow. "It would be another expense," she said to herself as the woman closed the door with another obsequious "Thank YOU," the emphasis and a rising inflection on the last word implying a condition the hearer might mentally supply before appropriating the acknowledgment of thanks.

Emily's careful calculation laid out her few remaining sovereigns in those extra expenses custom has made unavoidable, yet so great a drain on a slender purse. Ten shillings to the table steward; ditto to the stewardess, even though no service should be required; ditto to the cabin steward, to say nothing of the deck steward. One pound ten shillings—seven dollars and a half—enough to keep her a week in New York while she waited for the railway pass Uncle Bill had promised to send her, sure to be slow in coming. No, plainly she could not afford baths; there would be more shillings expected by the bath steward. She got up and read the card of regulations tacked to the back of her door: "Deck chairs can be had from the deck steward, five shillings." No, that she could not afford either. Would there be anywhere to sit, then? But, of course, she could remain in the music room or the library. Ah! she remembered seeing a fine lot of books there behind glass doors; might one read them? No, for that would mean another fee to the library steward. And why must one be forced to give all these fees because the employers of these servants of the public under-pay them and compel a tax from their patrons to make up the deficit? And the rich accede, the fees are paid; it's another way of barring out any but the affluent from luxuries and even conveniences. No one with fine feelings can receive service for which tips are expected, unless he means to bestow the tips; so then he is practically barred out from being duly served, and he is not allowed to serve himself.

Emily sighed again as she tied up her few golden coins; she was about to go to bed to seek relief from a sense of depression caused for the second time that day by the

heavy odor of plutocratic incense, when a rap on her door caused her to open it to her deck friend. There was no denying the kindliness that insisted upon carrying her off, and she was presently installed on the sofa in No. 65. The cabin was crowded with all manner of things a rich woman with extravagant tastes would gather around her. To make place for Emily, Mrs. Skinner had to displace a quantity of clothing, books, cushions, toilette articles, and what not, which she piled upon the upper berth, talking and fussing good naturedly all the time, not seeming to mind serving herself, and executing the duties a maid might have rendered acceptably. She rang, and the steward appearing, she ordered two cocktails.

"Oh, none for me," said Emily.

"What, no cocktail?" exclaimed her hostess. "Why, it's the best thing in the world for your cold—do have one."

"No, thank you, really," Emily declared decisively.

"A hot punch, then," Mrs. Skinner commanded. "You've just got to take that. Steward, bring some hot milk and one cocktail. I'll make a punch myself that will knock a cold to pieces in ten hours." She made a space on her berth and got out the ingredients for the punch, talking incessantly, and presently in quite a new tone said suddenly: "I am sure your cold isn't all the trouble, my dear; you are triste, I can see plainly. Now, that won't do, you know, when you're going to the land of the brave and the free—give it up. Here, take this quinine; the punch will finish it nicely, and to-morrow you won't know yourself."

The rough kindness went straight to Emily's heart; she had not been cared for in so long that thoughtfulness for her comfort well nigh overcame her; there were tears in her eyes as she swallowed the punch, and was bundled off to bed, her singular friend accompanying her to her cabin to see that she was properly tucked in.

It was while watching the taking on of mails and passengers at Queenstown the next day that Emily saw, in one of two fellow travelers similarly engaged, the face that had changed her whole tenor of thought the night before. It was the face of a woman of no more than her own age, although the hair that framed it in short waving masses was already quite gray. There was, however, a look of youth and buoyancy in the deep-set gray eyes, which contradicted any tale the whitening locks might have told. The complexion was pale, the features delicate, but the look of power and confidence defied the appearance of frail health. Emily's own warm coloring, her hair of ruddy lights and blue eyes darkening to black with emotion or excitement, might invite quicker attention, but the expression that had arrested her would win for the other woman notice that, once gained, would not be lost.

The woman was conversing with a man whose countenance might be that of a sphinx or a butler—it was as impassive as either, and like both, it showed every line and feature. He was an elderly man, though his ash-colored hair was glossy and his glance was lively and keen. Emily was so absorbed at the discovery of yesterday's inspirer that she heard the conversation that was going on without knowing it. The woman spoke in a voice that exactly suited the face:

"The most extraordinary thing in work or aspiration is to find the aspiration as well as the work always piling up before you. They are like house-work; you never get them done up—there's always more to do. Tired? I should think so. Dead tired often and often. Why, sometimes every nerve and muscle of

even my throat and jaws ache and ache from the voiceless but continuous muscular enunciation to myself of arguments, contentions, perorations in regard to the work under my hands. If I model a finger the whole process of thought about it has to work itself out in some such physical way. Day after day the fatigue goes on, too, but quit? Never! The zest of life is in the going on; yes, with the dead beat effort, in spite of the dead beat failures. Certainly, work doesn't slack—there's always plenty of it, even though one may not get the sort one prefers; and certainly, too, as long as one is straining every nerve to do it in the best possible way, aspiration can't slack either. But even if a bit of success—or what passes for that, touches one—at least, if it touches me, I'm blest if it doesn't always floor me with the surprise of it."

As the woman said this, the man looked at her with something like expression in his eyes: "I have noticed," with the least possible dryness of tone, "that most people play to the gallery in this comedy of industry we have staged in America. It is true that the very soul of the comedy is success—the accomplishing of a design, else it would be no more industry but mere abortive mis-placed energy. And the success that comes to cheap effort is that which is to be feared; it is the gallery god's gift. That is what I fear for Stratton."

"You needn't, you needn't, doctor!" cried the woman. "You don't realize what he's given up to stay in the West and give it all the energy of his youth. Such a chance he had to follow his art—to study where painters need to study—and he's given it up; he deliberately resigns the brush for the hoe. Do you call that cheap effort? Listen to what he says." She drew out a letter and read eagerly "'I feel that the city of my birth, this city by the Golden Gate, is grander and braver than older towns in older lands which have grown with the growth of men who were placed there, born there, forced into niches they could remain in and that had what would help to develop them—while here—here men dared to come and develop themselves, to make niches for themselves. There is no niche for me yonder and none here now apparently, but I shall carve one, and the West needs her sons who will stay and carve their masterpieces here, not take their effort elsewhere.'" As the reader looked up with a flash of triumph to her hearer, she saw the man's eyes were fixed beyond her; turning, her gaze met Emily's wide, eager look that, in a swift survey passed from her to her companion, and then without confusion was withdrawn.

To herself Emily was saying: "Stratton—Stratton? It must be little Stratton Wylie; it sounds like him. That's a Western name, surely, and Western boys are never Tom, Dick or Harry. Of course, he would be unusual."

And the man who had looked at her was saying aloud: "There is one of the few women I have seen who could find herself stared at without making any motion to arrange her hair or her garments. You are another, Frances. What is going to happen to this ship with two such prodigies of unconsciousness aboard?"

(To be Continued.)



THE CHEROKEE ROSE

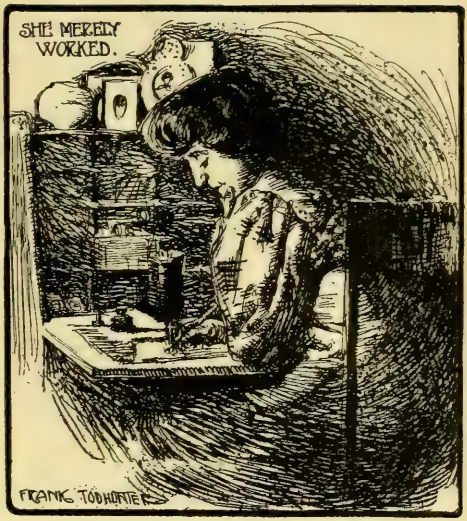
BY JOSEPHINE HOLYER

The bluebird sings upon thy trailing vine
Where here and there so graceful in repose
Blooms fairest flow'r that e'er became a rose.
Sweet peace and purity of soul are thine;
Simplicity and strength in thee combine;
Thou dost a freshness mild impart to those
Who through the love of nature dear, disclose
A heart receptive to thy gifts benign.

From Oriental shores thou here wast brought
By some discerning soul to join the throng
Of joyous birds and flowers in love and song.
Thou breath'st to us a mystic fragrance rare;
Thou lov'st, no doubt, the freedom of our air,
Then welcome be—a help to higher thought.

COLLABORATION

By Jefferson Noel



ON the Stratton horizon was a cloud no bigger than a bank check. That the cloud would become large enough to obscure the sun in Stratton's life never entered his wife's head as she glanced mischievously at its pale blue edge, peeping from beneath the pages of a magazine received an hour before. She fluttered about the breakfast table, the joy of living dancing in her brown eyes, the beauty that had been pinched from her cheeks by months of hungry anxiety back in them, giving her a youthful, holiday look.

When Stratton entered the room she covered up all traces of frivolity under pretense of ministering to the baby's wants. For she knew that, in common with every one possessed of a polite literature bias, he took himself and the world seriously—before breakfast. Several times she tried by side glances to follow his movements, but through over-anxiety to appear unconcerned, failed to satisfy her curiosity. As the minutes went by it dawned on her that there was a hitch in the scene—the action was delayed.

Everything had been planned as in a comedy. At his first word she would confess all; all the heartaches and headaches; all the struggles and disappointments, and weep out on his shoulder her thankfulness that the larder which had often yawned vacantly in the past should do so no more. Her cue would be his cry of surprise when he caught sight of the check. But the cue was not given; there was no cry.

Grasping, with a woman's quick intuition, the impending destruction of her air castles, she looked up and beheld her husband with the pale blue cloud between his fingers. His face was a study in complacency. After reading it over two or three times, he raised his eyes and said:

"But there is a mistake here, Vera. This check is made out in your name."

With all her efforts to appear indifferent there was a gasping effect, something suggesting strangulation in her voice when she answered:

"Yes, yes, it is a mistake. Let me have the magazine, please."

Perhaps the anxiety in the tone or the look on her face persuaded him there was more than a clerical error involved. Suspending the magazine half way on its journey across the table, he quickly ran down the list of contributors. When he came to her name he stopped. Then the truth broke in on him slowly, emphatically, and the look of complacency gave way to one of surprise and chagrin.

Choice among the flattering unctions Stratton had laid to his soul against the day when the world should recognize his genius—a recognition so far expressed by a shrug and a word spoken behind the hand—was the utter impossibility

of being accused of having his literary work done by his wife. And now!

Without a word he turned the pages and read. Several times he shook his head in evident disapproval, helping thereby to bring to the foreground the subtle antagonism Vera had always entertained for his literary standards. Throwing the magazine on the table at last, he said:

"I am sorry you did it, Vera, very sorry. You see, it is not literature, not real literature, you know."

For answer she only gave a little disappointed laugh. If Stratton caught the note of disappointment his egotism would not permit him to give evidence of it, and he went on:

"I must confess there is very little of what one might term art—that is, genuine art—in your method." Then, after a pause: "Now, take my stories"—he had tried every form of imaginative writing—"they do not begin in the middle and have the climax in the headlines."

Vera had fully recovered her self-possession now; and, though irritated as much by this tipping of the beam against her by piling on artistic failures as at the calm air of superiority with which it was done, she merely smiled into his eyes and answered:

"It is primitive, of course, to judge a thing by its results, but this"—picking up the modern certificate of genius which had fluttered down between the plate of toast and the sugar-bowl—"this is considered among the under-fed a satisfactory criterion of art."

From that day the marital reaction of the Strattons began, and about seven months later reached a climax. Vera's novel became "the book of the hour." Through her anxiety to share her fame, the climax was formally introduced. It was at the breakfast table as usual. Repartee in the presence of the morning muffins is the explanation of many of married life's heartaches. Stratton put down the book gingerly and waited for his wife to question him: he seemed anxious to have her at a disanvantage from the outset.

Turning from the baby, Vera espied the initial stone of her monument, and nodding her head toward it, asked with a becoming blush:

"Have you read it?"

Stratton carelessly toyed with the leaves for a minute, then bending over as if to inspect one of the pictures, answered indifferently:

"Oh, yes . . . I yawned through its entire length last night."

The blush deepened on Vera's face and neck, but there was no other evidence of her perturbation; the smile on her lips did not seem forced, and her voice betrayed no emotion as she resumed:

"Why should we not collaborate on something? You can be of some assistance to me; I can be of some assistance to you. My English needs to be taught to amble along on dress parade; yours to find a market. What do you say to letters?"

He looked at her calmly, though one could see with half an eye that he was furious.

"Has it come to the pass of riding into fame on my wife's back? Would you rank me among the mediocres who, having no genius of their own nor ability either, hang on the skirts of the much-spoken-about like so many monkeys that have lately discovered virtue in a clutch? . . . The hand-clapping of the mob is nothing to me; I write for posterity!"

"Posterity . . . Ah, yes, but that is merely the mob of to-morrow." Then, after pausing for a second as if to give weight to her argument, Vera continued with more animation:

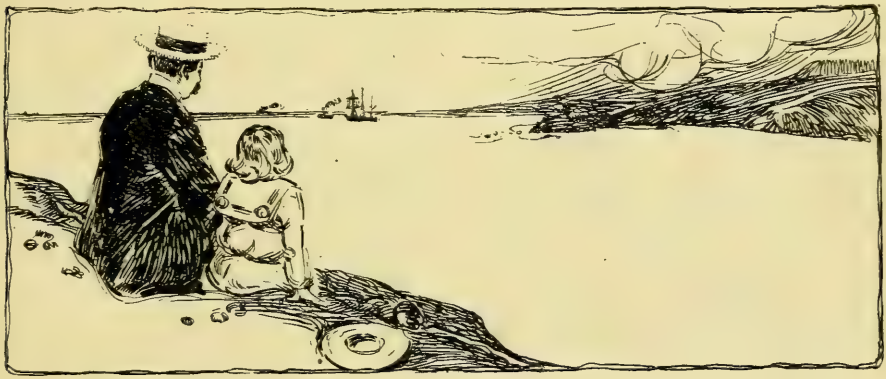
"Besides, a thing gives little evidence of life even for the future when it is still-born. Your work has not the sacred safeguard of

binding . . . You should collaborate with me to secure it."

Before she was quite finished he was gone, and for three days no word came from him.

Vera's heart divined that the reaction against the matrimonial curb was in full swing. Yet she knew he would come back—they always do—a little bit damaged, perhaps. And being a woman of character, she accepted the damage as the one tragic bit in the comedy.

Then came a letter from the law firm of Barcombe, Barcombe & Spears convincing her that an additional tragic bit, though not absolutely necessary to the scheme of the play, would, nevertheless, be not inadmissible.



Little Stella watched the ships.

She hated with all a woman's unreasoning hatred this addition with its wealth of circumlocution and redundancy; it was an impertinence, an intrusion. And she gave evidence of her hatred in the curt note conferring on the three lawyers or as many more as they wished to drag into the case power of attorney to sign all documents for her. "Whatever Mr. Stratton requests is my will," the note ran. "I am too busy to read your useless papers; I refuse to do so."

The lawyers were not satisfied, nor was Vera. But with the exception of a formal agreement whereby Stratton should see his daughter "at such divers and sundry times as shall be herein set forth and stipulated, to which the party of the second part consents, yields, accedes," an agreement which drew from her forgiveness for her recreant husband and something approaching toleration for the men of law, there was nothing done.

When the cold winds of summer, which have more of a caress than a bite in them, had squandered their strength frolicking with the dust along the shop-windowed canyon that stretches from Twin Peaks to the water-front; or danced merrily out Van Ness avenue to Fort Point, playfully chasing wisps of straw among the grim accoutrements of war; or tripping lightly through the Mission with roses for the cheeks of children gathered on the hillsides, and were, perforce, because spendthrifts of strength, compelled to assume the humble dignity of zephyrs for San Francisco's second summer, which lasts the rest of the year, Stratton put the formal agreement to the test. In answer to his note, he found the little Stella, radiant with expectation, awaiting ing him. A maid fluttered about her, smoothing a rebellious curl or pulling a ribbon to the place assigned in the general scheme of her appearance.

From the first, father and daughter were chums. Sometimes, when the day gave but indifferent prom-

ise, Stratton would sit in the house for hours with her on his knee; at other times, they would go off to the Park or to Land's-End to watch the embarked traders sail through the Golden Gate to far-away worlds.

It was a new sensation to have this little human being, the flesh of his flesh, grow into life holding his hand. He treasured the first questions lisped at him by the childish mouth; in a sacred place he put away the memory of the glad smile she gave when they met and the tear when they parted.

But these smiles and tears which caused Stratton to look kindly on his fellow men, brought to Vera a certain undefinable something suggesting pain. Not that she was jealous; the mother's heart is always too sure for that, and only fear of loss makes jealousy possible. But if her child found such joy in the company of another that she danced with glee the day he came and was dull and listless the day he did not come, was it not possible the fault—and she considered it a fault—lay at home? Was not the flat, monotonous life she lived, working, working, always working, giving only a brain-fagged hour now and then to the child, responsible?

She had a vague idea that children, if small or grown to the full stature of men and women, place most affection where they find most pleasure. When this bit of knowledge pressed forward from behind her head till it took on the bold outlines of a complete image, she reached for the "rules and regulations" that hung above her desk and tossed them into the fire.

Then the old fight by lamp-light began again. All that slow growth of the soul which makes literary work worth while had taken place under the usual stress when the world was sound asleep. Now, however, she confessed, there was some difference. There was none of that exquisite anxiety one feels when near the goal; none of the pain-flecked joy at a word from a kindly editor; none of that mad delirium which follows an acceptance; none of those delightfully sad and endearing impressions which come while watching the sun chase the cobwebs of shadow from the corners of the room the morning that brings news of complete, soul-satisfying victory. She merely worked.

Yet during the day mother and daughter laughed and sang as though there was not a care in the world or a fickle public to woo. They played hide-and-seek and pig-a-back, and when worn out they slept together on a couch or on the floor to suit the whim of the moment. It was during one of these rowdy times that Vera learned of the other woman. The baby said innocently when the game of pussy-wants-a-corner lagged:

"If only Mamma Cora was here we could have one in that corner" —pointing—"and one in that; it would be more fun."

The mother stopped on her way across the room and asked:

"Who is Mamma Cora, child?"

"Mamma Cora, aren't you 'twainted with her?"

"No."

"Papa takes me to her often. We are going there to-morrow."

"Is she nice?"

"Nice! She always gives me candy and she lets me play the piano when my fingers are sticky . . . Why don't we have a piano, mamma?"

Vera turned her face to the wall and answered indifferently:

"So that's how you become ill? It's a wonder your papa allows her to give you such things."

To this the child answered: "Papa likes her. He sometimes kisses her after I do. The first day I called her Mama Cora papa gave me a big white penny. We all laughed so much that day."

From the prattle enough was gathered to convince Vera that fate

was determined to insert tragic bits in her comedy till all the laughter should be gone and there would be room only for tears.

She had never been really angry with her husband. Accepting marital reaction as a grim fact she was determined to endure the consequences of it with fortitude. But there was a limit beyond which her reason could not carry her. At the menace to her motherhood all else was swept away before that reason of the heart which reason knows not. Like a tigress whose cub has been threatened she glared at Stratton as he carried off her treasure, and when she could no longer see him through the window she paced the room in agony, moaning at intervals:

"Suppose he should keep her. That—that creature might suggest it. They could go away together. To-day! Now! I should never see her again." Then, worn out, she threw herself face downwards on the bed, and not till the door-bell rang and she heard the patter of childish feet on the stairs, did the tears stop flowing.

By a strange co-incidence Vera was leaving the house with a gentleman when Stratton called again. It was the first time husband and wife had seen each other since their separation, and they bowed coldly. Vera's paleness merely accentuated the fascinating light in her fine eyes. There was also something in her poise, a suggestion of victory won that would have singled her out among thousands. Stratton noticed that she towered a full head above her companion and extracted considerable satisfaction from the fact.

But, somehow, with the constant repetition of the coincidence, his satisfaction over the disparity between the stranger's inches and his wife's dwindled. He fell into the easy habit of scowling when he saw them, and the more he scowled the more amiable became Vera's bearing towards her companion.

One day he called for his daughter and found the stranger in the parlor. There was no exchange of courtesy; they did not even nod to each other. For about an hour they sat, Stratton, with his convenient memory, forgetting the real object of his visit, nervously twirling his thumbs; the other rapidly turning over the leaves of a book. Occasionally they would glance up, and for a second eye would meet eye. But in the silent duel the stranger was no match for his antagonist; he would be always first to quail. With every additional proof of mastery, Strattons' jaw would set more firm. At this the other would give a quick intake of the breath and edge his chair towards the door. The tension grew till it was almost unbearable; then the maid came and said:

"Would Mr. Goldolphin please go to the upper parlor?" The words had not fairly left her lips before Mr. Godolphin was on his way. And simultaneous with every hurried footfall on the stairs, Stratton delivered a vicious kick on the book his victim had used to keep himself in countenance. When the closing door announced Mr. Godolphin's arrival at his destination, the unoffending volume went flying down the hall and struck against the newel-post, where it lay like a dead thing.

As the noise subsided, there came pouring in from somewhere near at hand a ripple of a laugh. Stratton's jaw fell; he was on the brink of realizing his stupidity, but unfortunately he remembered that the other was upstairs, while he still waited below.

He stamped up and down the room in that weak sort of fury which seems to accompany a certain form of the artistic temperament. Occasionally he would pull out his watch, and as the hours went by without an effort being made to appease him, the intensity of his fury increased till it became

worthy of any man. With the last gleam of the sun in the window, the limits of his endurance were reached. He called aloud for the maid. When she came, Stratton studied her suspiciously for a second, then said:

"Send your mistress to me."

filled the entire range of his consciousness.

For a full minute Vera, the half light merging her with shadows, had been standing in the doorway watching him; then the lamp flared up in the hall behind her, and her figure became sharp and distinct.



"Are'nt you 'twainted with her?"

He was determined to have some understanding. It was preposterous that he should be kept waiting while a person like Goldolphin—how he hated that name! "Enough to break one's teeth. And he is taken where I may not go in this—my own house!"

His passion was at white heat; it Stratton paused. Never in the old days before too close association had dulled his sense of appreciation had he thought her so beautiful.

Breathing deeply, like one struggling to master himself, he stretched out his arms. She made no movement towards him; she did not speak. It seemed a century to Strat-

ton before his parched lips could frame the three words that brought him back to life:

"Am I forgiven?"

At dinner with the joyous Stella seated on a pile of soft-cushions laid in an arm chair, Stratton asked indifferently:

"Who is that Godifin or Golphin or something—you know ,the little man?"

At the first word Vera resorted to her old habit of caring for the baby; when she looked up her face was quite serious and she answered:

"Oh, you mean Mr. Godolphin, the dear fellow. He was collaborating with me on some historical work. He is very learned; did you notice that he bears with him an odor of books, quite like some old library?" She half closed her eyes, possibly to hide the twinkle that was gathering in them, and continued: "In some strange way he became possessed of the idea that you were a little affected here"—pointing to her forehead—"that you had, in fact, the delightful idiosyncrasy of knocking people down who had the temerity to address you. Did he have a bad quarter of an hour in the parlor with you today? I fully believe that's what persuaded him out of all desire for further collaboration. The maid said something about his leaving by the back stairs. . . . I shall miss him very much."

When she finished, they both laughed, a kindly, tolerant laugh. Their happiness was that second honeymoon happiness which does so much to expand the heart and increase one's days. But that their kindly feeling and their toleration and their happiness was the quintessence of selfishness, they did not know nor care.

When they recovered their seriousness, Stratton reached over and taking her fingers between his own, said bravely:

"Since you are done with him, what do you say to collaborating with me? I believe I could do some good work under your guidance."

After looking at him for a second with a faint suggestion of doubt in her eyes, Vera replied:

"Very well. What do you say to letters?"

It was her final test. The curtain was up on the first act of the comedy. Bending forward she waited for the deep guttural tones of an angry man, and only a soft-spoken "As you wish, dear, but let them be love letters," came across the table.



THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA

BY J. OLIVER CURWOOD

ONE of the most daring experiments ever made by any people is that by which hundreds of thousands of good American citizens are being drawn away from their own country to settle as farmers upon the free lands of the Canadian Northwest.

In this extraordinary movement, the people of the Dominion are carrying out gladly and with a free hand a policy such as that for which the Boers sacrificed their liberty, their fortunes, and the lives of thousands of their citizens to frustrate. In a word, the Canadian Government seems intent on submerging the native-born population of the Northwest by an absolute flood of American immigration. From the Dakotas, from Nebraska, from Texas to the boundary, thousands of the best farmers in the world and thousands of stockmen are disposing of homes and ranches and leaving for the free grants of the Dominion, and it is estimated that soon 75,000 American citizens will have crossed the border to join the many thousands of other Americans who have preceded them.

So vast has this movement become that some Canadians are beginning to look askance upon the immigration policy of their representatives in Parliament, and to ask if this influx from the republic is not destined to result in the extinction of Canadian individuality. It is recalled that the liberal party, which now rules in the Dominion, has always been suspected of a lack of devotion to the principle of British connection, and it is intimated in some quarters that true patriotism would have suggested a policy different in many respects from that which is now being pursued.

The promoters of the scheme reply to suggestions of this character that it will be long before the American vote in the Northwest will have reached considerable proportions, and by that time they are satisfied that the new citizens and their descendants will have become warmly attached to Canadian and British institutions, and that they may be relied upon to support them, and even fight for them if necessary. To this it is replied that such indeed might have been the case had the Americans been settled more widely and scattered through the Canadian communities, but on the contrary they have been not only permitted, but encouraged, to settle in communities which will preserve all the traditions of American history, and eventually dominate the public sentiment of the entire Northwest.

Meanwhile, the Government is proceeding with its plans, seemingly in the most absolute confidence that only good will result from them. Every move has been studied. The generals of armies could not play their game more shrewdly than the men who watch the invasion from Ottowa. The scope of campaign has been carefully planned. It goes no farther east than Michigan and Ohio, no farther west than the Rockies. Into this great valley, between the coast ranges, into the very heart of producing America, has been thrown an army of 370 men, commissioned to bring under the flag of Canada every substantial American who can be induced to quit his own country.

These men are the only visible forces in the great scheme. But the Canadian Government is behind them. It is their duty to penetrate the farming communities, lecture and distribute literature. Farmers flock to the village meetings to lis-

ten to the glowing description of a rich country, much as they did when the Oregon trail and the wild West was a great unknown. They are offered 160 acres of land free, their own choice in a block a thousand miles square, and railroad fare at a cent a mile if they will live six months each year for three years upon the land. The Government does not say that they must become citizens. The Canadian Government knows that the prospects must be bright to drag a man and his family 3000 miles away. So it makes its offer to entice communities at once. It offers to pay the transportation of the delegates who will spy out the land and bring its glories back to their waiting neighbors.

And this is only one end of the great scheme. At the other, 3000 miles away, scattered over a vast plain, stretching westward from the Red River to the foothills of the Rockies, and from the boundary line to Athabasca, is another army of Government agents. Here the settler is met as he leaves the immigrant train, and for three weeks he and his family are given lodging at the expense of the people, while he roams the country to choose a homestead. The visitors are treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. The agents take them in parties all through the country, and show them the land that is good for wheat and land that is best for grazing. They impress upon them that their taxes will be only $4 or $5 a year, and that the Government builds a school in every community where there are at least eight children, no matter if they are all in one family, and that it pays seventy per cent of the teacher's salary. They impress upon them that the Government is more than solicitous for the new colonists, and that these schools are built so that religious services may be held in them, and all at the expense of the Government.

Such is the *modus operandi* in the gigantic colonization scheme that its promoters believe is destined to make the green plains yellow with crops great enough to feed Europe.

And already, as a result, there stretches from the boundary northward through Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, a country nearly a thousand miles square, with a people more generally American than the people of the State of New York. In it are 150,000 naturalized and native-born citizens of the United States; 50,000 British; 20,000 Germans; 5,000 foreigners of other nations, and nearly 100,000 Canadians. Than Alberta and Assiniboia, the two richest and most thickly settled of the Northwestern territories, there is no State in the union more Americanized. Following the course of the Canadian Pacific Railroads, the farmers of the Dakotas and Minnesota have settled the farms and ranches of Alberta with 40,000 people. Within two years Calgary has sprung from a settlement into a city of 12,000 inhabitants, and Edmonton, the northern terminus of the Canadian Pacific, has suddenly boomed into a place of 10,000. Between these two places, for 250 miles, are small settlements, towns ranging from 300 to 3,000 people, of which ninety per cent of the inhabitants are from the United States. From Alameda, the easternmost settlement in Assinaboia, to the Alberta line, the country for a score of miles on either side of the railroad, is dotted with typical American homes.

Alameda is a good representative of the new towns springing up in the Northwest. A few months ago nothing much more than a telegraph station, it is now an enterprising place of nearly a thousand people. Around and about it are millions of acres of wheat land, and the first and most important things noticed in it are its two big eleva-

tors, with a capacity of 500,000 bushels of grain. And two years ago this country was a howling wilderness. Like all the towns of the Northwest, Alameda is particularly free of saloons, for the hardy, industrious farmers who go there to make new homes have little time for such things. But politics has followed them, and at the last election, the little Alameda "town hall" was the scene of the first American hand in Canadian politics, when they elected their council and its president. Here, within easy reach of all the settlers in and around Alameda are the great Hazzard coal fields, from which an exceptionally high grade of coal is delivered to Alameda homes for 75 cents a ton. The farmers for miles around and most of the people of the settlements, come with their own wagons, and when they load it themselves are allowed to take away two tons for a dollar.

Heretofore it has been believed that China possessed the largest coal beds in the world, but the fact that one great bed extends for 500 miles along the base of the Rockies in Western Canada, and 200 miles wide, proves that the largest in the Orient, which covers 20,000 square miles, is only a fifth as large as the great anthracite and bituminous bed of the Canadian Northwest.

Besides Alameda, scarcely a year old, either Edmonton or Calgary, in Alberta, is a metropolis. They are hustling Western towns, minus the saloon and gambling elements, because they are agricultural instead of mining, and possess men who are as eagerly hunting their fortunes as were those who went to the American West when it was opened up. From Calgary to the terminus of the road, are three towns, in which the people are, to considerable extent, Americans. All along the line to Winnepeg there is scarcely a town of any size without one American citizen, while in the smaller settlements the Government has built ordinary school houses, at both Edmonton and Calgary it has instituted a regular high school and grade system. Among other things, in the absence of branch railways, the Government has mapped out an elaborate system of wagon roads, leading for miles back from the C. P. R. across the prairies, and every few miles along the line of the railroad has arranged for the construction of elevators. For almost a thousand miles there is hardly a station but what has its giant building for the storage of grain. They are not Government buildings, but for the most part the capital invested has been secured by the C. P. R. or the land agents.

In making country communication easy, the Government has opened up a territory stretching for 60 miles on each side of the railroad, and this country is now dotted with farms and ranches, some of them miles apart, but the comparative ease of communication by means of smooth roads is rapidly turning Western Canada into a country much like the old South before the Civil War. It resembles the South in that horseback riding and fox hunts are two of the pastimes in which the colonists indulge almost to the exclusion of all others, and especially in Alberta there is hardly a community that has not its "pack." The fox pursued is the real thing, for the country is full of them. It is a novel sight to see Americans out on the prairie playing cricket and polo instead of baseball.

Horses and building material are cheap; because of the climate, horses graze all the year, and the vast stretches of unbroken woods, in which the Government allows the settlers to build sawmills and cut timber free, makes lumber inexpensive; taxes are low; their homes are their own, for they are given to them, and so the moment the set-

tler has gathered his first crop he finds the proceeds do not go toward the payment of debts, but into his own pockets. He does not have to turn much of it over for fuel for winter, for in the few places where wood is not easily obtainable, coal is very cheap. Probably in no place in the wide world is there a more ideal climate and land to live in than that which is slowly draining the Middle West of her farmers.

Last year the average yield of grain was 30 bushels to the acre, or 110,000,000 bushels, the greater part of which was wheat. In Alberta alone there are now over 200,000 head of cattle.

In this country, filled with idyllic conditions, thousands of Americans are becoming British subjects every year, and it is the fond hope of the Dominion Government that these people will soon begin to look upon their new homes not as in an adopted country, but in a country which they have made, and for which, if necessary, they would fight.

MY LADYE

By Will G. Taffinder

My dainty, sweet etching in blue;
Not an angel in heaven like you.
Love says with precision.
The whole of life's vision,
Is filled with my etching in blue.

My dearest, sweet etching in blue,
My lone heart beats only for you.
No hell worse than this is,
The lack of your kisses;
My dainty, sweet etching in blue.

My dear, dainty etching in blue,
If you will—I will be true,
And the whole of life's aim
Is to fashion a frame
Of my arms, for my etching in blue.

My saucy, sweet etching in blue,
You are less than half angel, 'tis true.
I paid with my sighs
For the glint of your eyes,
You sweet, earthly etching in blue.

My dainty, sweet etching in blue,
Love me, pray, I beg—nay, I sue.
Life is drear, hath no charms
Away from thine arms,
My pretty, sweet etching in blue.

CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by Florence Jackson.

A LONG time ago, a man who is said to have been the wisest man who ever lived, solemnly declared that, "Of making many books there is no end"; and ever since, every man and woman who could be industrious enough to go through the toil, has endeavored to make books—of course, for the express purpose of proving how very wise the wise man's solemn assertion was.

When a reviewer comes to look at the piles of volumes ranged upon his desk (alas! for a neuter pronoun!) he might be pardoned the wish that an end would be to the making of books, especially when an embarrassment of riches is offered, as is the case while the presses all over the country are turning out their contributions to spring's creative impulse. It would, did time and space permit, be interesting to note the chief points in each publication, but that being impossible, it remains for the reviewer to choose only what can be digested as the diner must do, when he has to select from a rich menu a few dishes to satisfy his appetite.

A Victim of Injustice.

To review a book so widely read as the last work from the pen of Mrs. Humphrey Ward would be somewhat gratuitous, but that the impression made by it upon Western readers may show how extended can be the influence of an unusual handling of an unfortunately common incident in life. It is unnecessary to discuss the point of fairness or unfairness in the author's having chosen a "plot" from a parallel occurrence known to history; fiction must always have a basis of fact, of incident that was, or could have been real, and to weave such incidents into story is not only the right, but the duty of authors who are conscientious in painting life as it is, with perhaps a hope of showing how wrongs that have been done or are allowed, could be righted. The author who is accused of plagiarizing in using such incidents is, therefore, the victim of unjust criticism.

That Mrs. Ward's latest heroine was also the victim of injustice, an injustice the world has ever meted out, when it could, to the offspring of an irregular alliance, is, it would seem, one of the points the writer of Julie Le Breton's sad experiences has wished to show. She draws no analogies between Julie's situation and that of many a natural son or daughter of noted persons whose children have become the founders of great houses. We dispute the statement made by Hamilton W. Mabie, that "No woman whose moral standards were primarily conventional could have understood the temperament of Julie Le Breton," as many women, whose standard of convention is most rigid, will declare with us when they read "Lady Rose's Daughter." If Mr. Mabie means that narrow, uncharitable natures will not understand Julie, we agree with him, and with Mr. Henry M. Alden's judgment that she is "the most appealing type of heroine in all fiction," that is, if these words mean that the helplessness of Julie's circumstances, her being thrown—with all inherited and trained inclinations for the social class of her parents—a nameless creature among people who were her own kith and kin, and being singularly alone and desolate, makes her "an appealing type." Mrs. Ward has herself pointed out the only natures that can show

sympathy for such a storm-tossed creature—those that belong to "children of feeling allied in this, however different in intelligence and philosophy." But, except for her misfortunes, Julie, like most of Mrs. Ward's heroines, makes no place in the reader's affections. The author's approval of a character is indicated, and though the character does not always seem to vindicate that judgment, one must accept the estimate if liking is to be felt. It is, in fact, for Mrs. Ward's minor characters that the warmest sense of comradeship is generally awakened, so that in this book we are glad to come face to face with the most pleasing masculine personalities yet drawn by the author, who excels in painting elderly literary men and diplomats rather than heroes. As usual with this writer's books, the element of mysticism, which holds a place among the influences upon nearly every life, is supplied, this time by a man who seems "too good for human nature's daily food," if not for Julie, whose strength in the end becomes her weakness. Rather it would seem that the author in order to make a happy ending to a strenuous tale, has sacrificed not only art but truth to human nature, and makes Julie again a victim of injustice by implying her forgetfulness of a profound and tragic love, in a sentimental regard for a man with a title; her struggle to resign the title showing how much it really weighed with her. It should have taken more than one chapter, however long, and more than a few weeks in time, to show the development, in so intense a nature, of an affection that could be sincere enough to succeed that first regard, misplaced though it was, and the figure drawn on histrionic if not heroic linees, it pitably foreshortened.

And this brings to mind the incongruousness of the illustrations, which, fine in themselves, are quite out of focus for this book, since there is not a British nor even a French face or form among them.

Yet the figures in the story stand out in that positive way that compels attention to real things. We may be glad that Julie was modeled after a real being instead of a lay figure, such as must have posed for Lucy.

"Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros., New York. Price, $1.50.

The Woman Who Toils.

In her very preface Mrs. Van Vorst shows that the great subject she has started out to handle is, with all her sympathy, not understood even by herself. For she writes: "It is evident in order to render practical aid to this class, *we* must live among *them*, understand *their* needs, acquaint ourselves with *their* desires * * * put ourselves in *their* environments, etc.," and in the beginning she makes the inseparable barrier—We—They. We on the one side, they on the other, and while she admits the need of comprehending the class she sees needs help, she gives no hint of the need this class has of comprehending in their turn that which would help. It is another case of the relation of the citizen to the laborer. The searcher after light has not been one of those belonging to the life lived, and is therefore incapacitated from finding the real solution of the difficulty, and that solution will never be proved to be other than the absorption of one in the other, the interests of all being similar, until the poor can fully comprehend and sympathize with the joys of the rich (and with their perplexities), just as much as the rich do with the poor. This is plainly impossible. Two themes, two aims only, has human nature ever been capable of bestowing alike on all grades of intellect and of position, the love of family, the love of country.

"A moment gone in the service of

the pickle company." This is a false and unfair way of regarding the time given to work. The moment is gone to each worker in fulfilling an obligation assumed which, at the same time, brings to that worker the return expected—the wherewithal to live, and better than that, if they will but see it, the opportunity to not only live themselves, but to help many others to an enjoyment in something, aye—grim humor, maybe—if only in sour pickles.

The book cannot be a guide for the "classes," for it is written with the morbid impression made on the inexperienced by the unusual; it does not even show the morbid feelings of the actual laborer. The despair the writer found in the life was that it seemed, to one not before confined to hours, so filled with work as to leave no time for play; yet the real working girl found time for diversion and is criticised therefore, because she would take half a loaf when she couldn't get a whole one.

The work will have the dramatic effect of things done in an unusual way, and while it takes more hold upon the reader than would an appeal made by real working girls, we may hope that it will accomplish its end by making many think of conditions that could be bettered and make an effort towards their betterment.

"The Woman Who Toils," by Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. Doubleday, Page & Co. New York. Price $1.50.

Science of the Spirit.

A good book for the hour of thought is Dr. Bradford's "The Ascent of the Soul." The author declares his work is in no way a new one, but is that of one "whose whole time is devoted to dealing with the inner life," that "while one class of scientists are seeking to explore the physical universe, another class, with equal care, are studying the human spirit, and already startling discoveries have been made." Under "The Austere," he asks: "What has made the average of human life so much longer than it was formerly?" And under "Hindrances," he questions, "What should be the attitude of the soul in view of the hindrances by which it is environed?" "The inseparable companion" of man—his own soul—must be a thing of freedom, although bound by a type of law, and perfectness is the aim reached for in all aspirations. The captions of the ten chapters indicate the trend of ideas in the following pages, and an introduction to each is an appropriate selection from English and American poets, the last being from "The Crystal" of Sidney Lanier.

"The Ascent of the Soul," by Armory H. Bradford, D. D. The Outlook Company, Publishers, New York. Price, $1.25.

EDITORIAL DIGEST

What this Number Means.

WHILE this Magazine always aims to make prominent the interests of the West, the present number offers an unusual list of subjects bearing on Pacific Coast life, and the authors who have contributed to it have been especially happy in choosing topics on which to write from widely seperated points of view. To the lover of nature and of sport, the Lake Region of the Northwest invites enthusiastic attention, and in these pages they will learn of the rich returns it gives to the tourist and angler, of its wonderful history and enchanting legends. From the weird folk lore of the Indians, the

reader is carried to other scenes no less stirring and truthfully illustrative of the multiform phases of life met with in this region. The value of fiction, and its significance in the West are displayed in the contributions that portray California social conditions as they are to-day. Especially interesting at this time is the article on the American Invasion of Canada, which, coming upon the footsteps of the last contribution on "Builders of California," invites the hope that as the invaders of this once Spanish possession became rulers of it, so might the colonists of northern territories acquire the right to govern there.

South America's Past and Present

Analogy between happenings in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres of this Continent is forcibly presented in contemplating the facts given concerning the American invasion of Canada and those stated in regard to the Germanizing of South America. In passing, the question might be asked: If Americans, in settling in Canada are likely to be absorbed into the country and become subjects of it, should not the same be expected of the Germans who established themselves in South America? The answer will be: "Yes if the Germans, like the Americans became citizens of the foreign country." That they do not become citizens is certain, but neither do the British, nor the French, nor the Americans who settle in the Southern Hemisphere. The reason why these people do not become naturalized is the same reason that drives the German from the Fatherland—the requirements of military service. To escape this, the German performs many maneuvers. He goes the length of removing his family to beyond the frontiers of the adopted country so that his children may not be born citizens of it and thus be subject to service in the army. He thus shirks the responsibility of citizenship in his own and any other land and if he were not a good tradesman he would not be wanted under any condition.

Harper's Weekly (March 14) in recalling the fact that: "The United States never protested against the disruption of the old Colombian Confederation founded by Bolivar, nor against the disruption of the old Central American Confederacy" and asking how then could we object to the secession of a province or two from Brazil, does not consider that in the former case, the governments disintegrated to reform with similar constitutions to our own while in the latter the secession would be to a contrary form of government. But that such a thing will take place is not to be feared. Many declare with authority that German influence is declining in the world at large; this may well make desirable the colonization of new countries with the hope of arresting such decline, but to anyone who has lived a length of time in South America the establishment of a German Colony that shall seriously menace any Republic of the Continent seems altogether improbable.

All the trouble with different governments in South America, might have never existed if the advice the Count de Aranda gave to Carlos III had been taken. This statesman proposed to establish in America three monarchies; one in Mexico, including Guatemala; the second in Costa Firma, which was the territory of New Granada and Venezuela, and the third to be composed of the Vice Royalties of Peru and Buenos Ayres and the Captaincy General of Chili. This idea being rejected he proposed to cede Peru in exchange for Portugal and allow the Portuguese to establish a great monarchy across the central part of South America, Spain to hold her possessions to the South and North. This would probably have made a united government of Venezuela and Colombia.

But as matters stand now, Venezuela's past history does not cease to invite attention aroused by incidents in the present. At this writing Castro's action in resigning the presidency is judged to be actuated by a wish to avoid the payment of debts, but this would be a slight reason to weigh with a man who has met the difficulties that have encompassed the Venezuelan. It is barely possible the reason he is quoted as having given is the true one, and he may have followed an example of self abnegation which the early history of his country furnished. While Venezuela with Colombia was still a colony of Spain, and when the two territories were created the viceroyalty of New Granada one Villalonga, Count La Cueva was made Viceroy. The representative of the Crown was expected to maintain regal state, besides being required to send ample remittances to Spain. There was every opportunity for the viceroys to enrich themselves, and most of them did so, but after ruling for two years, Villalonga sent a declaration to Spain that the country was not able to support the expense of a viceroy and upon his recommendation it was reduced to a mere presidency, maintained at little cost. Honor among thieves it may have been but an honesty to the land ruled, and this may possibly actuate the later governor of the same district.

Governments' Religious Faith.

Not without a sense of the possible supposition that sarcasm is intended in treating the subject, is the above caption for this paragraph written, but a disclaimer of any such thought is made. The idea must have suggested itself to many within the past few weeks, while watching the contention in France between the clerical and anti-clerical factions, and it has special significance when that contention is thought of such importance as to warrant a cablegram on the action a woman has taken in regard to it, albeit a woman whose political as well as social position merits consideration of her words. To the London "Times" and from that paper to "The New York Times" was cabled a passage from a letter of the Duchesse d'Orleans to a partisan of her husband, in which a plea is made against the "dechristianizing of our dear country, "and a prayer to restore to France her glory and past faith". The Literary Digest of a month ago, printed a translation from the Journal des Debats which shows that in the contention regarding the three bishoprics, both the Pope and the Government are right in the different stands taken, and this seems to confirm the statement that while France is at heart Catholic in faith, she is first and foremost anti-clerical.

Seemingly this is contradictory but the statement is true, and it recalls the attacks I have heard made upon the United States for supporting no definite form of faith with governmental authority. Frequently the question has been put to me: "What church does the administration of your government stand for?" Upon explaining the state of the case, the utmost astonishment has been expressed and even at times incredulity, and this from men whe were professed free thinkers, agnostics, or atheists. In office, however, these same men give contenance to the established church of their land and cannot understand how a government can legally allow itself to go on unconfirmed by the support and approbation of a particular church. The religious faith of a government then means, to every country but the United States, a form of worship sanctioned by use of the administration, and to those who believe that a government should maintain a religious faith the lack of any seems a great calamity.

F. JACKSON.



Dolce far niente.

From the painting by Adolph Echtler, Munich.

Overland Monthly





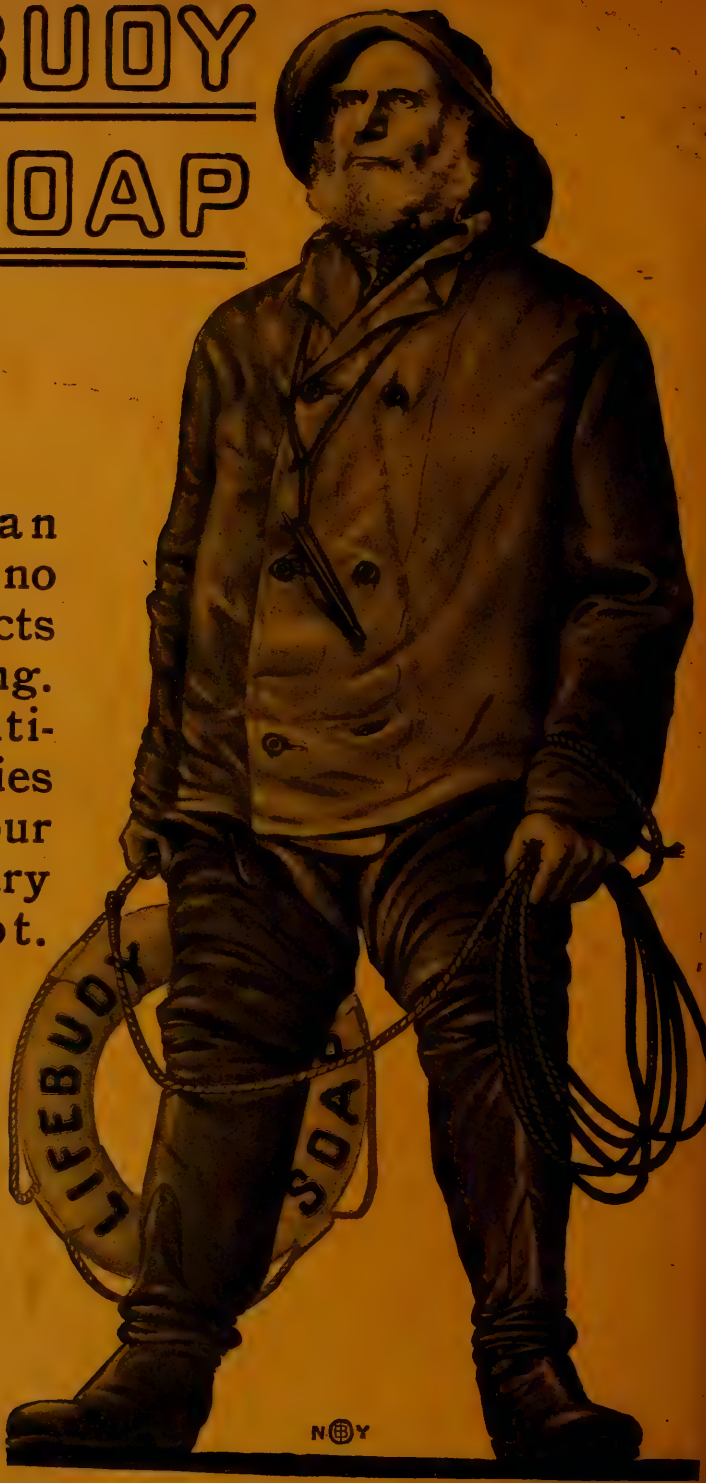
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San Francisco
June, 1903

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Ee-E-Ke-No—Evil Spirit of Pond Lily Lakes.

Overland Monthly

June, 1903.

Vol. XLI. No 6.



Union Mine Mills.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GOLD MINING

The Evolution of Quartz Mining in California

BY A. BURROWS

IT is doubtless true to-day as in the past, that the country that has gold mines must continue to be prosperous. Ancient Egypt derived much of its prosperity from its Nubian gold mines. Carthage successfully resisted all the power of Rome as long as she retained her Spanish gold mines. Spain remained the first of European powers as long as she received an abundance of gold from America. Russia, with a treasury to-day the largest in Europe, doubtless owes much of her prosperity to her numerous gold mines, and the South African Boer never thought of surrender until the English captured his gold mines. There are many other instances in history to encourage every resident of the Pacific Slope in the contemplation of the splendid destiny of these portions of the world where gold is found in great abundance.

Few of the rising generation, even in mining localities, recognize the evolution that has occurred and is occurring in the industry of gold mining, and the vast difference between the old style and modern methods of quartz mining. Yet it



Champion Mine from Home Point.

is true that the contrast is as sharp as that between the old-time agriculture with sickles and scythes and the agriculture of to-day, with its steam ploughs and harvesters. The "windlass," the "whim," the "whipsy," the little steam engines and the black powder of two decades ago have given place to ponderous machinery, to dynamite, to machine drills, to compressed air and to electricity, in the extraction of gold-bearing quartz from the stubborn embrace of old Mother Earth. All these changes have been the result of an evolution created by the change in the conditions under which quartz mining can be prosecuted for profit.

The gold miner has ever been fruitful in inventions and expedients. Even in the days of the Argonauts, the primitive pan and rocker soon gave place to the long Tom and the riffle box, and the same inventive spirit gave to the world, in a later day, a new disintegrating power, when it introduced the hydraulic monitor. Bret Harte and others have graphically depicted the humors and peculiarities of the early gold-seekers, but the darker side of the drama—the sickness, despair and lonely death of thousands of adventurers has yet to be written. The placer miner passed away, leaving a few towns or villages of his creation, but he left the hard bed-rock and the uninviting gravel heaps in every canyon and gulch.

In the meantime, however, the



Ore tester for bullion bars.



Ore chute to crusher.

quartz miner appeared on the scene. Indeed, one of the present foremost gold-producing quartz mines of the State was located in 1851, and has been a gold producer ever since. Of course, such a lengthy existence is exceptional, but affords an excellent opportunity to trace the history and evolution of quartz mining.

The earliest quartz locations, in imitation of placer locations, were what was known as "square claims"—that is to say, a parcel of ground in the form of a parallelogram. The common law of miner's customs was in those days supreme, for Congress had not as yet legislated on the subject. Soon, however, convenience demanded a different rule and by a change in the custom of the miners, square claims were succeeded by lode locations, in principle the same as that since established by law, except as to the length of the lode located which was usually limited to a hundred feet to each locator, and allowed only possession of surface ground, sufficient to work the location. In the opinion of many this style of mining law was superior to any that has since been introduced.

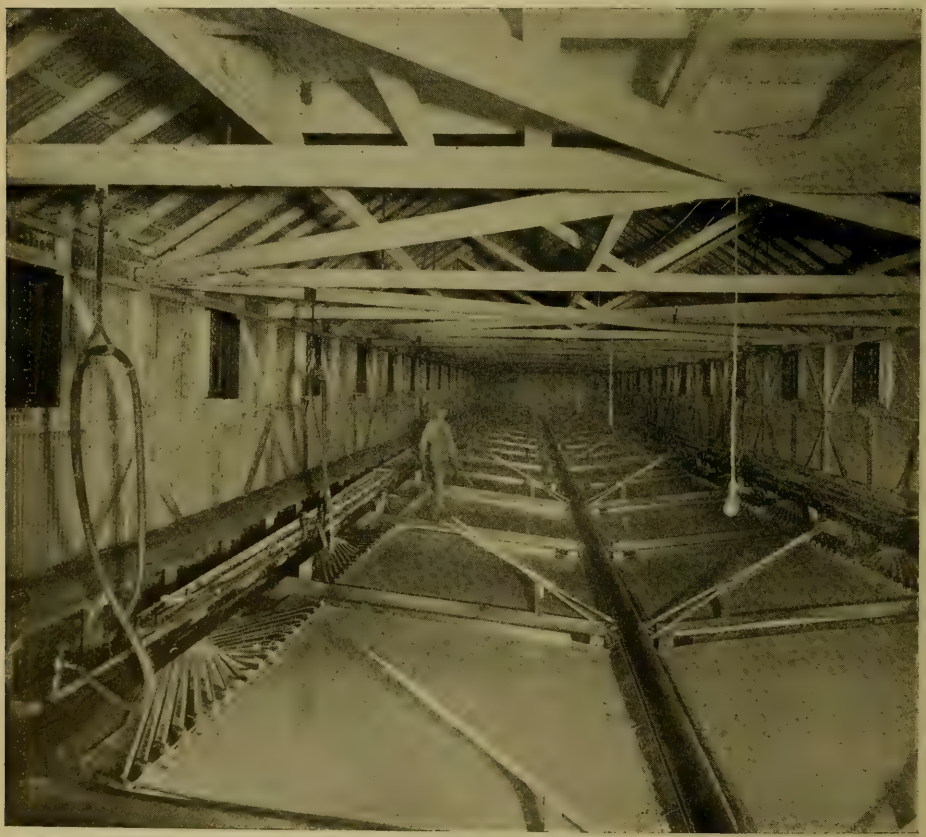
The early quartz miner depended on his out-croppings for a test. The rock he reduced to pulp by a system of iron stamps raised by power and allowed to drop on the glistening quartz until the whole mass was reduced to slimy pulp. Water and quicksilver afterwards separated the gold from the slickens. Singularly enough this model of the primitive stamp is essentially that still in existence in the most improved quartz mills. Indeed it is



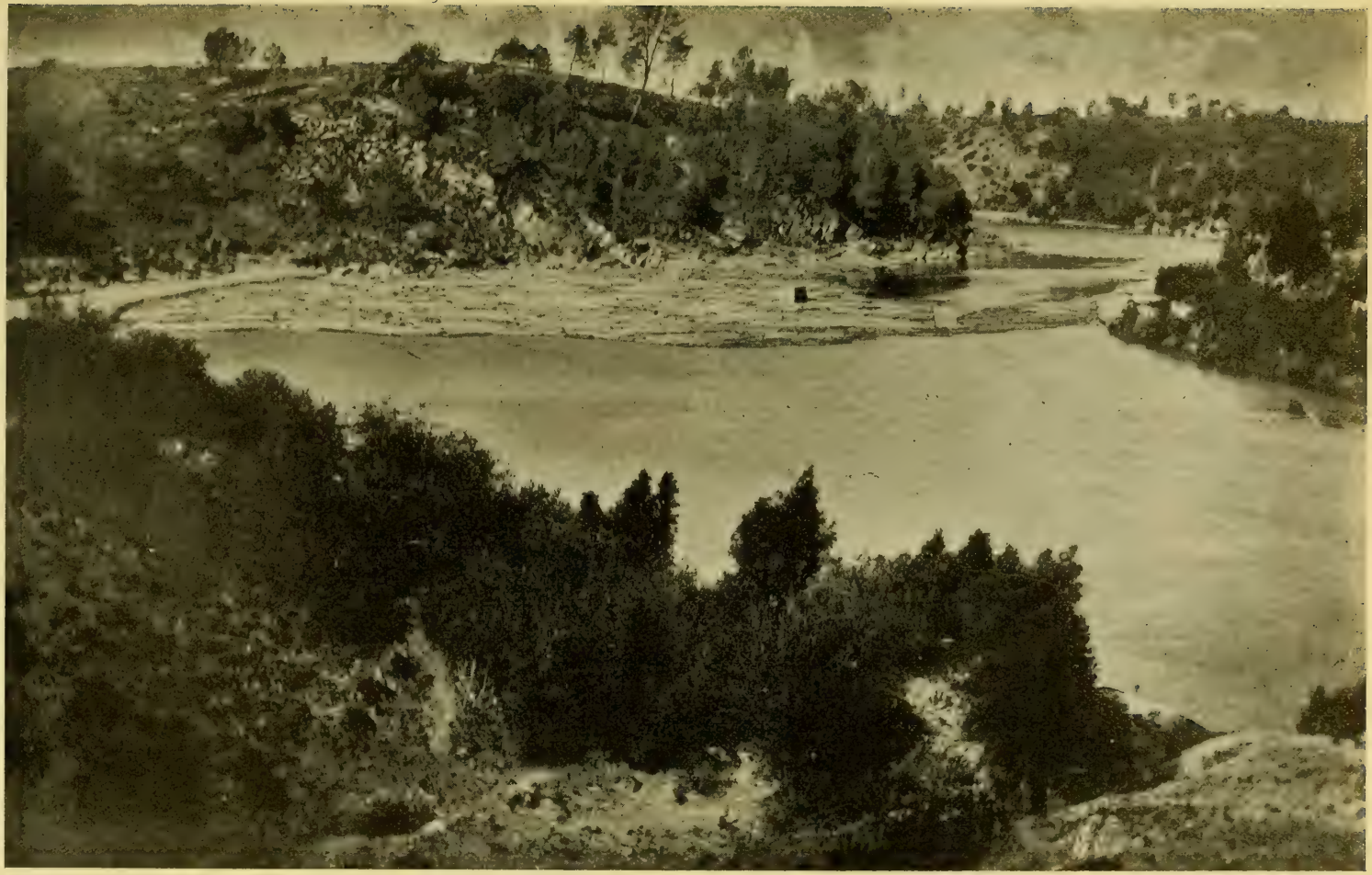
Providence Mining Works.

about all that remains of the old milling process. Every attempt to improve on the principle of the stamp mill, has in the opinion of most practical miners been a failure. Great improvements have been made in the methods of saving the gold, by the use of concentrators and appliances. By the old methods from fifteen to fifty per cent of gold was lost.

The contrast is not less marked in the old and new methods of the extraction of ore from the mine, preparatory to milling it. The shafts and tunnels of the early quartz miner were shallow. Many of them not below water level. In process of time all the ore above water level became exhausted and to sink deeper required expensive machinery and indeed in many cases the ownership of a single claim would not justify the outlay. At this stage the mining corporation appeared on the scene and the decline of the old time prospector was followed by the advent of organized capital. Evolution in this as in all other instances implied the death of one form of industry and the growth of the other as its successor. In the new type of operation in nearly every instance a number of claims secured and consolidated so that the same operations will develop not one mine, but several contiguous mines often covering a large area of territory. Individual mine owners whose claims have remained undeveloped are generally found willing to sell out at reasonable prices for cash. When the claims have thus been consoli-



Slime plant for working Sulphuret.



Where gold was first discovered on American River.

so far given new leases of life to the towns and villages of the mining counties of California. As a combinations of mines and capital must seem evident. It gives a needed stimulus to the most fascinating of all our industries and has dated the new purchasers proceed to the work of development. A central prospecting shaft a thousand or two thousand feet in depth will serve to prospect the entire group. The economy of such a method needs no argument. It admits of the purchase of the most powerful labor saving contrivances and when it is remembered that a hundred thousand dollars is often expended before a pound of pay-rock is extracted the necessity for such large system it is only the "survival of the fittest."

The Federal law recognizes such general miners' customs as are in force in the locality and do not conflict with the statutes. Such customs, however, except as the recording of claims, have become too vague to be of much value. It has been found impossible to prove them in court, for the reason that the practice is not uniform enough to constitute a custom in the eye of the law. These observations and the general drift of this article are intended to apply more particularly to the older mining communities of the State, where the lone prospector and small operator are becoming things of the past.



A section of a pressure pipe.

PLACER MINING

BY H. H. SMITH

EL DORADO, the Empire County, the county where gold was first discovered in the great placer mining region, is just starting in a race to lead all other parts of the country in quartz gold production. The question is why has this great interest been so long dormant in El Dorado County?

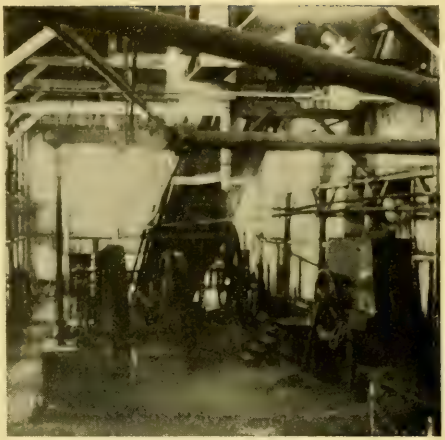
Within thirty miles of the great Mother Lode in its most perfect form, traversing the entire length of the district from south to north in its central and most available portion, two words answer the question: Started wrong. In the early fifties, marvelously rich placers were discovered on Mathenas Creek, and soon a town sprang up, on a small creek or gulch that crossed the black slate belt from the west and entered Mathenas Creek about midway from its head to its mouth. Above this gulch, Mathenas Creek was so rich that the newly-arrived doctors, lawyers and preachers who have an aversion to manual labor, could shovel

a few hours a day in a sluice or long tom, and pick out in that time a hundred dollars; but below this gulch the same lazy gentry could do less work and take out nearly double that amount.

This gulch, with its several tributaries had cut across a rich fissure on the Mother Lode, and for nearly one thousand feet in length its rich croppings had been uncovered and tumbled about. This quartz was so rich that even the placer miners could make more money gathering it to work in hand mortars, arrastras and small mills, which were soon erected, than by shoveling the rich sands of Mathenas Creek. The town named Oro City, with 4500 inhabitants, lacked only four votes of being made the county seat. Millions were taken from the creek, gulches and rich float quartz. A few men secured the fissure and its shoots; the creek and gulches were worked out, the people scattered, and the surrounding land was secured by the owners of the quartz mines. Mills were erected, the fissure was worked at one point to considerable depth, two to three hundred feet in length, and produced something over seven million dollars, but the machinery was too weak to work below 1600 feet, and the mine was shut down.

This work was done in a basin; the strike of the fissure was calculated wrong, and the mistake was not discovered until the property changed hands.

The explorations of the present owners, the Union Gold Mining Company, developed the fact, and it was discovered for miles to the north and south that the locations to catch this fissure had been made wrong. To the south the mines, opened and worked without profit and generally at a great loss, were from one thousand feet to a quarter of a mile too far to the west and to the north of the Union, about the same distance too far to the East. The Union Mine fissure has



North Star Hoisting Works.

been found to be the same as the Plymouth Consolidated, south in Amador County, and for that distance fifteen miles has never been opened and worked.

The owners of the Union, profiting by this discovery, have quietly secured tract after tract of land south as well as north, on the exact line or strike of this rich fissure, until they own almost continuous six miles north and south, and at many points both north and south have uncovered the rich ore of this fissure, showing the same ore they are now working at the Union Mill. To the north a mile and a half the fissure runs for 6000 feet in a delta formed by Mathenas Creek. The secret of that creek's great richness above the Union Mine is now disclosed.

This rich fissure has been eroded and ground up by the creek for hundreds of feet in depth for a distance of 6000 feet in length. The basin has been uncovered in this delta and found to be richer and more extensive than it is in the Union Mine. These many locations will be rapidly opened by the Union Mining Company, and the owners of that mine and the gold quartz product of El Dorado will soon be bounding ahead to outstrip the banner counties of Nevada and Amador.

El Dorado County has suffered from the mistake the early miners made in starting wrong. The Union Mine is now producing from the 900, 1000, 1200, 1300 and 1400 foot levels, with three ore shoots worked only 300 feet deep to be cut by these levels.

NEVADA'S PROGRESS

BY JAMES K. STINCHCOMB

NO little interest has been manifested of late by prominent mining men and capitalists in Searchlight Mining District, which is situated in Lincoln County, in the southern corner of the state of Nevada. While Nevada has long been a producer of gold and silver, the prospectors have, by continued and persistent searchings over desert country, discovered many mineralized sections heretofore unknown to man. Thus it has become known that Searchlight District is traversed by many veins of gold bearing rock.

Climatic conditions exercise control on geological processess of denudation which shape the hills. The whole district is typically arid, the scanty vegetable growth does not prevent such soil as may form from washing away, the rocks crumble under the influence of severe atmospheric changes the heavy rains wash this disintegration away to larger streams. So it will be seen that chemical decay is forestalled by mechanical changes, and this process exposes many veins and makes it possible to prospect the country rapidly and thoroughly.

The ore of the district may be classed as free gold ore. It is treated by the combined methods of plate amalgamation and cyaniding, which result in the saving of an average of ninety-eight per cent of the values. Heretofore the banks of the Colorado River, which marks the Eastern boundary line of the district, have been counted as the only logical place of location for a mill, but recent deeper workings in some of the principal mines have evidenced the fact that sufficient water can be developed at a depth of from four to five hundred feet to operate the reduction plants. This makes practical the erection of mills and cyanide plants at the mines, and eliminates the cost of ore transportation, so that a lower grade of ore can be treated at a profit.

The greatest cost connected with operating mines in this district is that of freight from outside points. Supplies for Searchlight District come to Manvel, California, by rail and then are hauled by wagon to



Concentrators.

downward; this shaft is now about three hundred feet in depth and exposes the vein, which is of good size and high values.

Automatic dumping wagons, drawn by horses, are used to transport the ore from the mine to the mill—a distance of one mile. A shaft sunk on the property furnishes the water necessary to operate the plant, besides supplying a large quantity for domestic purposes in the town of Searchlight.

The Duplex Mining and Milling Company is controlled by Western capitalists. It comprises a group of claims situated in the southeastern part of the town of Searchlight. They have a working shaft down to a depth of about five hundred feet. Ore from the different levels is hoisted through this shaft and trammed to the mill which is within a few hundred feet of the mine. the town of Searchlight, which is the immediate distributing point of the district. Lack of competition make both rail and wagon freights exorbitant. Steamers have been built with a view to frieghting up the Colorado river, but there is only a short season of the year when the river is navigable. Attempts have been made to interest the Government in dredging the river, but so far nothing has been done and other means of transportation must be resorted to if the cost of freighting to this country be reduced. There is on foot a movement for the construction of a railroad from Ibex, a point on the Santa Fe Railway twenty miles west of the Colorado River to Searchlight. This could be built without great cost, as the country between the two points is flat and carries but a small percentage of grade.

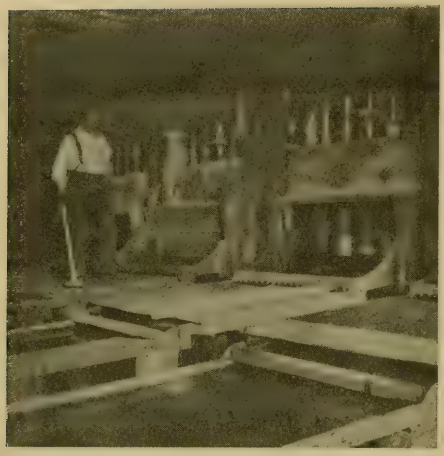
A great factor in reducing the cost of operating mining and milling machinery on the desert, where fuel and water are scarce, has been the introduction of gasoline engines for power. Hoisting engines, pumps,



Underground hand drilling.

mill engines, lighting plants, etc., are operated fully thirty per cent cheaper by gasoline than by steam power. The engines, while called gasoline engines, use as fuel a crude oil from the Coalinga oil fields, in California. Even the most skeptical mine managers and superintendents are now convinced of the economy of gasoline engine plants over steam plants, proof of which is shown by the fact that all of the mines in the district are now equipped with the former power.

Passing many minor properties three of the most important may be mentioned. The Southern Nevada Mining and Milling Company property is owned by an Eastern company. It consists of a group of claims lying in the north central part of the district, about one and one-half miles north of the town of Searchlight. Work is being done at present on the famous Blossom claim, which supplies a ten-stamp mill with ore of a very high grade. A portion of the vein is flat and very near the surface, and so is easily and cheaply mined. A shaft is being sunk where the vein pitches



Stamp Mill.

golden treasure group of claims, which lies about one mile southwest from the town of Searchlight. The important work done consists in the main working incline shaft six hundred feet in depth with many hundred feet of drifts and cross-cuts. The ore gets richer as depth is attained, and drifts on the ore in all the levels have blocked out large reserves. Recent development work on the sixth level has added so greatly to the value of the mine that the owners have refused to entertain propositions for buying the property until they learn more about the value of it themselves. This can only be determined by more extensive development work.

There are two mills in operation, one of twenty stamps on the Colorado river, sixteen miles distant from the mine, and the other of ten stamps about six hundred feet from the collar of the main working shaft. Ore is transported to the mill on the river by their narrow gauge railroad. The mill at the mine is furnished with ore by means of a short tram line.

The mine furnishes water for the ten stamps.

The Good Hope mine is now developed under a bond. All appearances indicate that the bond will be taken up at its expiration, as the vein has been cut, showing good values. Sufficient amount of water is hoisted daily to operate a ten-stamp mill. The working shaft is about three hundred and fifty feet in depth.

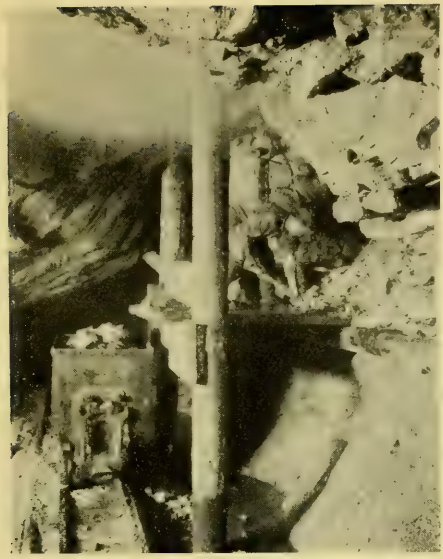
A party of Eastern capitalists is the owner of the Quartette Mining Company, the largest producing property in the district, and which promises to be one of the big gold mines of the United States. At present the company is working its

GOLDEN POCKETS

BY DENIS H. STOVALL

POCKET hunting in the early days of California and other gold fields was followed as a business—and an exceedingly good business it was—for those who knew the tricks of the trade. It was the pocket-hunter's boast that he was a "professional man." He was not an ordinary quartz-hunter or prospector, and to confound him with such was an insult slow to be forgiven. The prospector was content with a color or even an "indication" in any form or shape that presented itself. But with the pocket-hunter this was not so. He ignored sulphides, and all other "phides." He wanted the pure article, free and unalloyed. He wanted naught but the monometal, and he wanted it bunched close. He wanted pockets.

It was the most absorbing pursuit in the world. Those who became tinctured with it, as any old veteran of the shovel and pan will affirm, were "clean gone," and there was no hope for them this side of



Modern ore car.

the Long Trail. Many died rich at the business, as many others died poor, while still others labored assiduously for a score of long years without striking a trace, then suddenly the golden climax would be reached with the discovery of an Eldorado. But usually the pocket-hunter was not a capitalist. His stock in trade was his faithful pack and pan. He needed no other implements.

I once asked an old pocket-hunter to define a pocket. He did so very simply, and with a twinkle in his eye. "Look here, my boy," said he, shaping his big, horny hands as though to receive a double handful of nuggets, "jest imagine a hornet's nest made o' clay, any size from a goose egg to a house; fill it with bright plunkies, jest out of the oven, set it in the ground or hang it to a rock, an' you have a pocket."

Pockets of all sizes have been found in Southern Oregon, and many fortunes have been made by working them. This section of the mineral West seemed to be more "pockety" than any other, and this fact gave the section a widespread and notorious reputation of being a "pocket country." When a large pocket ledge was found, the arrastra, which was naught more than a primeval quartz mill, was built to crush the ore and separate the gold from the rock. In nearly every mining district of the West there are remains of one or more arrastras, relics of the gold fevered days of half a century ago. The machines were hand-made throughout and necessarily crude.

The principal feature of the arrastra was its vertical axis and horizontal arms. To these arms huge stones were attached and dragged about in a circular pit, over a smooth, hard floor. The ore, broken into small bits, was fed into this pit and ground into a powder by the revolving stones. A small stream of water, running through the pit, turned the powdered ore into a thin paste, and washed it out through a sluice, provided with riffles into which the gold particles settled. The refuse was dissolved and carried off with the waste water. In Mexico and California, where arrastras were first used, the motive power was usually a patient mule, but in



An Arrastra at work.

Southern Oregon a stream was in nearly all cases convenient and furnished the power.

The pocket-hunter left the main camp regularly when winter rains and snows did not interfere, and trudged along patiently up the mountain trail in the lead of his pack animal. On finding a favorable spot he halted and struck camp near a stream. He followed the stream and panned the dirt, washing each pan carefully down and eagerly scanning the remaining residue for colors of gold. If a little string of yellow followed in the corner of the pan close at the heels of the black sand, the grizzled features would brighten with a smile of happiness. That little string of yellow was the color of gold, and the black sand to which it closely clung was its inseparable companion.

If the pocket-hunter struck good colors he would pan again near about; then pan again, and if the colors grew better with each pan, he smiled more happily, for then he knew he was on a "trace," the correct following of which would lead him to a pocket. Once on a trace, the pocket-hunter was like a hound after a jack-rabbit—there was no stopping him until the treasure was either found or hopelessly lost.



A Pocket hunter "rocking."

Tracing pockets was hard work. More than that, it had to be done systematically. No two pockets have been found in which the conditions surrounding them were identical. Each pocket presented problems that were peculiar to that one pocket alone, and had to be figured out entirely independent of all previous ones with which the pocket-hunter had an acquaintance. Finding pockets was not luck; in truth, it was about the only feature of early-day mining which was devoid of the touch of the wings of the golden goddess.

The pocket-hunter was as much a part of the golden age, of the palmy days of the California '50's as were the workers of the rocker and the pan. But since the introduction of the modern-day giants of gold-getting he has been obliged to pack his grub kit and hie hither. The genuine pocket-hunter is a part of a story that has been told. He played his hand and played it well. He has struck his last "trace" and found his last "color." He, and most of his companions, have gone over the Long Trail, but the good they have done will live long after them. The pocket-hunter's "coyote-diggings," shallow as they were, have been sure indications of rich treasure beyond the reach of his shovel handle's length, which was his limitation. They have pointed the way to ledge-ribbed hills, from which the capital and genius of modern times are extracting millions. But it was the pocket-hunter who gave the tip.



THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

BY ARTHUR INKERSLY

HIDEOUS and unpicturesque as are many of the manifestations of a railroad, it has several undeniable merits as even a follower of Ruskin has to admit. One of the plainest and greatest of its merits is that it enables thousands of people to visit lovely spots and to see marvelous sights that must ever have remained hidden from the eyes but for the wonderful facilities of transportation afforded by the iron way.

For example, until a year or two ago it was quite an ardous journey to get to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the usual starting point being Flagstaff, whence a wagon-road leads through the San Francisco mountains past Cedar Ranch and Red House to Canyon Spring and Grand View Point. Now, however, the Santa Fe and Grand Canyon railroad from Williams leads directly to the Bright Angel Hotel, which stands on the very rim of the Canyon and at the head of one of the best trails to the Colorado River.

At the Bright Angel Hotel three San Franciscans arrived one lovely night last July, too late to see anything of the Canyon itself, though we did peer over the edge into a vast black cavern wherin nothing could be distinguished. Next morning, after breakfast, we took a carriage and were driven a few miles in a westerly direction to Rowe's (curiously pronounced so as to rhyme with "cows") Point. The edge of the Canyon is spoken of as the "rim" and from it project many rocky headlands, whence views of



The rim of the Canyon.

By courtesy of Santa Fe R. R.



Round Tower from Moran's Point.

the interior of the Canyon are obtained. The scenery from Rowe's Point is very fine, showing a bewildering array of mountainous peaks rising to a height of about 6000 feet from the land of the Colorado River, which can occasionally be discerned as a thin band of very muddy water far below. The Summits of the nearest peaks are just on a level with the eye, but the opposite, or northern, rim of the Canyon is 1000 feet higher than the southern rim, from which alone the Canyon is approached. The various mountain peaks in the Canyon have been named, and, after one has viewed the Canyon from various points and has spent some days upon its rim, one learns to know a few of the most remarkable and prominent. It is the fashion to say that they look like cathedrals, like castles, like towers, like spires. All sorts of fanciful resemblances may be detected, and names such as Zoroaster Temple, Angel Gate, Confucius Temple, Mahomet Temple, Buddha Temple, Buddha Cloister and Angel Plateau are plentifully be-sprinkled. One great mass of vari-colored rock is termed "Battleship Iowa" from a modern man-of-war.

But impressions produced by the Grand Canyon are not influenced by mere names. While I cannot say that my knees trembled or my eyes filled with tears, or a choking sensation seized my throat, I can honestly say that nothing I had ever seen is even remotely like the Grand Canyon. It is superb, magnificent, even stupendous. It is all that has ever been said or written about it and more. It fills one with great content and satisfaction to gaze upon it, without harrassing oneself to distinguish Vishnu Temple from Ayer Peak, or Mount Observation from Grand Scenic Divide. But, as with all wonderful and really great things, experience, time and cultivation are needed to appreciate it. One accustomed to the lovely scenery of England, to the soft, carressing beauty of her landscape, is ill prepared to grasp the



The finest Vista of the mighty gorge.

By courtesy of Santa Fe R. R.

vastness of the Yosemite, the Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon of Arizona. What does strike one about the Grand Canyon is its appalling stillness. No bird or animal is seen, no sound is heard. If a big boulder is detached and rolled over the edge, one who expects to hear a thunderous roar when it crashes at the bottom, though listening never so intensely, can distinguish no sound. The boulder is swallowed up in the vast silence.

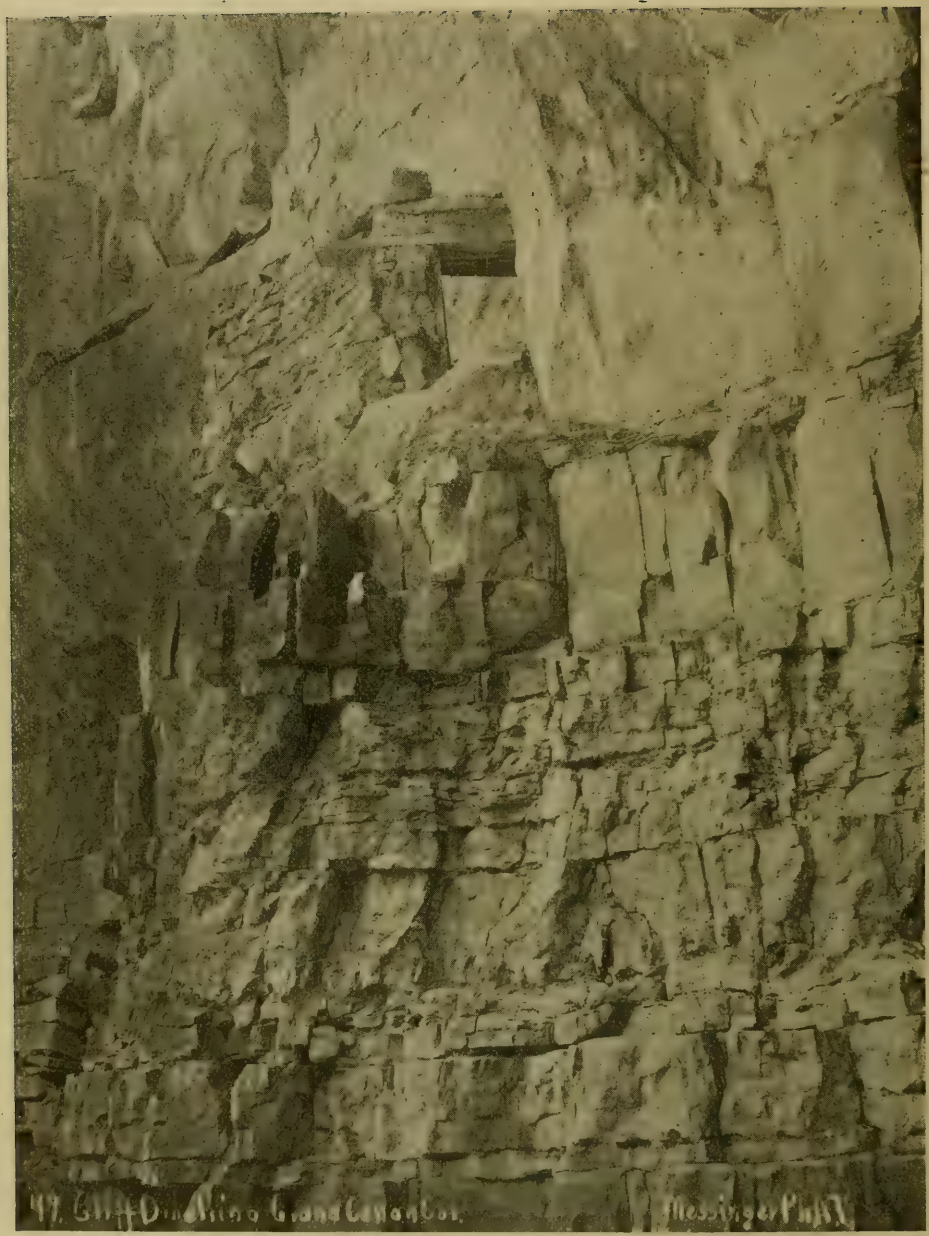
The variety of color seen in the Grand Canyon is very great. There are broad bands of grey limestone, yellow sandstone, red sandstone, great streaks of black and brown, wide patches of vivid green. The green comes from the trees, which cover extensive areas and seen from above produce the appearance of vast carpets, all sense of the height of individual trees being lost.

As the rising sun creeps up in the early summer morning, illumining the crests of the mountain peaks, while the deep recesses between them are still in shadow or shrouded in a blush-grey haze, the effect is superb. Towards evening, when the sun declines, the cavernous depths of the Canyon are plunged in gloom, while the upper portions of the pillars and mountains remain flooded with sunshine. As the sun drops still further in the west, the mountain-tops are glorified with the yellow, orange and roseate hues of molten gold, while the distant northern rim becomes violet and purple.

Figures are commonplace, matter-of-fact things that should intrude as little as possible upon the sublime in Nature or Art, but a few may, without offense, be given here. The Grand Canyon is twelve or thirteen miles across from rim to rim, about 6000 feet deep, and some 220 miles or so in length. At the very bottom, between great dark granite walls, about 1200 feet high and



The turbid Colorado River.



Cliff dwellings in the Grand Canyon.

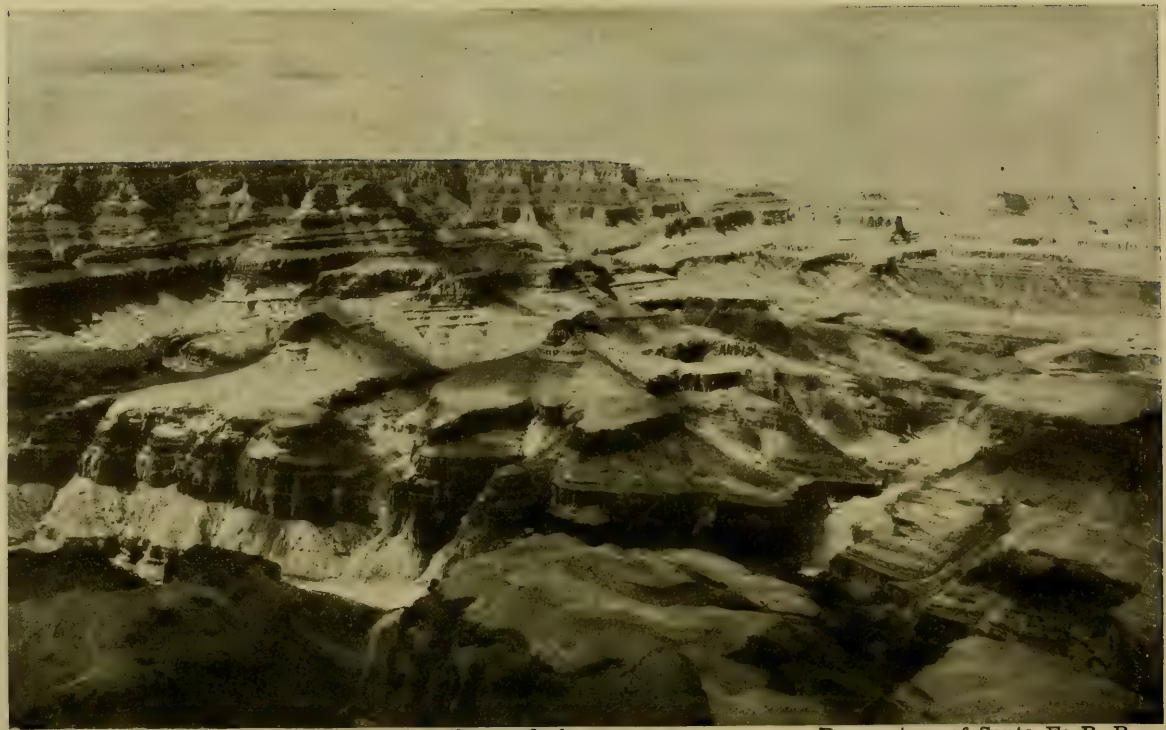
nearly perpendicular, flows the rapid turbulent muddy Colorado River. Whether this rushing, furious stream, which, from a height of six thousand feet looks smooth as glass and gentle as a lamb, but which has successfully resisted nearly all attempts to navigate it and has exacted the tribute of their lives from some of its too daring investigators, is responsible for all the vast confusion and gigantic formations of the Grand Canyon or not, I do not know, nor, to those not geologists does it much matter.

One who has dwelt on the Canyon's rim for years, and who has seen the gorge in sunshine and storm, by day and by night, in summer and in winter, in snow, wind and rain, has answered me enthusiastically that the Grand Canyon shows many phenomena that cannot be accounted for by erosion, the most obviously simple cause. How this may be I do not know, but there can be no doubt that the Colorado, ceaselessly, endlessly, untiringly working, has wrought much of what we see.

The man had equipped himself to talk of granite, porphry, upper and lower red sandstone, gneiss, cherty limestone, Upper Aubrey limestone, cross-bedded sandstone, etc., etc., it is obvious even to the non-geologic intellect (even as yours perhaps and mine) that different rocks have different degrees of hardness and of resistance to the wearing action of water. Hence the great masses of rock through which the river has eaten its way during countless ages have assumed the most various and remarkable shapes. Here and there isolated pillars remain and form striking and easily recognized objects. One of these is well named Lyell Pillar in honor of the great geologist. On the tops of others the early inhabitants of this part of Arizona took refuge from their enemies and begun the life of cliff-dwellers. In some parts of the Grand Canyon are great overhanging crags similar to those seen in Walnut Canyon near Flagstaff, and similarly used as homes by the cliff-dwellers. Huge rocks of resisting material are found resting insecurely upon wholly inadequate bases of softer substance. One of these is termed "Balanced Rock," and another "Seal Head Rock."

There are formations that recall the open-air theaters of the ancient Greeks, the castles of robber baron or the battlements of medieval fortified towns. It needs only a little imagination to find in the Grand Canyon something reminiscent of almost every architectural form devised by the intelligence and reared by the hand of man. There are pinnicles, pyramids, turrets, domes, buttresses, columns, obelisks. Dropping and running water have sculptured the rocks into a thousand shapes. There can be found no finer field than this for the geologist.

On the northern rim of the Grand Canyon are two great plateaus, the Kanab and the Kaibab. But the Canyon is never (at least by tourists or ordinary travellers) approached from the north. All the recognized trails are on the southern side. The most easterly of these is Hance's Trail, just to the west of Bissell's Point and Moran's Point. "Captain" Hance is one of the pioneers and characters of the Canyon. Much to our pleasure we met him one day and induced him (we had two ladies with us) to tell again for the thousandth time two or three of those yarns of his without which no visit to the Canyon would be quite complete. It is not necessary to relate them here. Are they not found in all the chronicles of the Grand Canyon? In his company we went out upon the top of a limestone pillar from which can be seen more of the waters of the Colorado River than from any of the westerly points. Later, we walked, sometimes on the level surface of the rim, at times along a trail a little be-



Dropping and running waters have cut a thousand shapes. By courtesy of Santa Fe R. R.

low its edge, to Bissell's Point, a splendid wooded promentory. Proceeding still further to the east, we walked to the edge of Moran's Point so named from the artist Thomas Moran, who has painted many pictures of Southern Arizona. This excursion was made from the Grand View Hotel, which is reached by stage from Bright Angel. A little to the west of Grand View is Grand View Point, whence a magnificent vista is obtained. The Grand View trail to the river is a good one and has the advantage that on the way it leads to some interesting caves and copper workings.

The Bright Angel Trail is probably more used than any of the others, as it starts not far from the hotel. Four miles of winding and zigzag paths lead to the top of the great granite walls between which rushes the fierce torrent of the Colorado River. These walls are 1200 feet high and the hotel is 4300 feet above the top of them. It is possible to get right down to the water. With two hours for luncheon and rest, the whole trip can be made in eight hours. It is usually accomplished by the aid of burros, or "Arizona canaries."

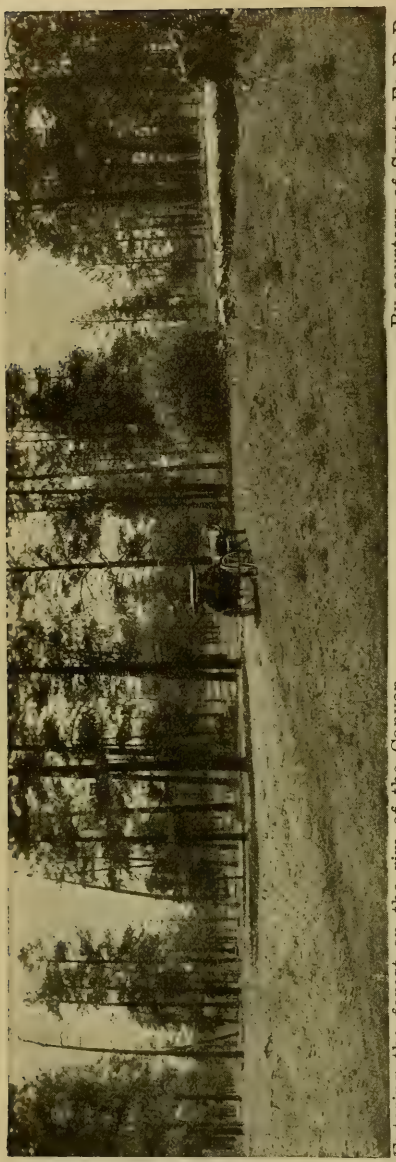
The most westerly means of getting down to the river is the Mystic Springs trail, at the head of which is Bass's Camp, reached by driving from Anita Junction. Bass's Camp is named from its owner, Mr. W. W. Bass, and, at the time of our visit, was the home of its proprietor; also of Mr. George Wharton James, the well-known writer on the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico; of his brother, Mr. Duncan James; of Mr. F. H. Maude, who has made so many splendid photographs of the Grand Canyon and of Cataract Canyon; of two young ladies, tourists from one of the Southern States; of Mr. and Mrs. Rose of Pasadena, and some helpers. The camp consisted of a small wooden house and several tents.



By courtesy of Santa Fe R. R.

Miles of zigzag path lead to the top.

On the way down the Mystic Springs trail one comes upon a great mountain called the Grand Scenic Divide, which is just half as high as the Grand Canyon is deep. From this vantage point in the heart of the Canyon itself, is obtaned what is probably the finest single vista of the mighty gorge. One can look to the East, to the West, away to the northern rim, down at the river rushing and tearing along 3000 feet



By courtesy of Santa Fe R. R.

Entering the forest on the rim of the Canyon.

below, up at Havasupai Point towering 3000 feet above. Many of the notable points along the southern rim, such as Rowe's, Grand View, Bissell's, Moran's, are in full view. On reaching the river it is possible to find a spot where one may safely take a dip, and welcome indeed it is, though the waters are laden with sand and mud.

Having clambered down the precipitous side of the Grand Canyon to the Colorado river, and having viewed the mighty chasm from many of the most prominent points on its southern rim, a tourist has probably grasped all that he can hold of the immensity of the gorge. Having seen the Grand Canyon once, he may consider that he has received a good preliminary lesson of which he may make excellent use later if a kindly province should enable him to pay a second visit. Of course, it is better to have seen the Grand Canyon once than never to have seen it at all, but every subsequent visit must add to one's admiration and one's ability to understand.

It is the most stupendous known chasm in the world, and no one who has not seen, can quite comprehend it. I can easily understand how the Grand Canyon may haunt a man and draw him to itself with an attraction that is hard to resist. The reader will notice that in this article there is very little detailed description and no "word-painting." The reason is that any effort to delineate so vast an assemblage of phenomena is apt to read like a Homeric catalogue of the Greek ships and to weary the reader's brain in a futile effort to attain a hazy realization of the writer's meaning. The only thing for each person to "do about" the Grand Canyon is to go there and see it for himself. Then if he has been gifted by the gods with any fitness to view such a sight at all, he will carry away an ineffaceable impression, an indelible idea of vastness and immensity that he never possessed before (though many of the world's great views may have never been seen) he will have acquired a standard whereby to estimate all the other things whereon the terms "gigantic," "titanic," "stupendous," have been lavished



THE first time he came into the diggings he was a short, black-eyed, grizzly-faced, straggly-haired little man. His clothes were far too large for him, so that he had much the appearance of a wandering scarecrow. He approached Watts, the foreman, who was piping at giant No. 3, and asked for work.

"Did you ever work in a placer mine?" Watts asked, as he eyed him critically.

"Yes. Ten years worked placer mine, Colorado." His words were sharp and jerky and they gave Watts the impression of a foreign tongue,—just what he could not guess.

"What can you do?"

"Pipe. Yes, pipe eight years Colorado."

Watts was in need of a day shift piper for No. 3. He had been operating the giant himself during that part of each day when time allowed, but he wanted a regular man.

"So you think you can handle a giant?"

"Giant? No savvy."

"You don't savvy, eh?" Well, that settles it. How in thunder can you pipe if you don't know what a giant is?" It made Watts angry to think he had listened to the grasshopper.

"Giant? You giant call that?" and the shrimp broke out into a loud bantam laugh. "'You giant call that?" he repeated, when he had recovered his breath, and pointing his finger at the cannon-like nozzle. "We call that monitor, Colorado."

Watts' angered countenance was brightened by a smile. The diminutive individual did know something about a placer mine sure enough.

To further prove his claim the loose-clothed man brought forth a bunch of soiled and worn letters, each introducing Antonio Martinez. They were all from prominent Colorado men. One was from an ex-governor of the State, and others were from leading mining men, some of whom Watts knew, for he had come from Colorado several years before. The letters were eloquent in their recommendation of the bearer. According to them Antonio Martinez was an expert placer miner and knew the entire business from the superintendent down to

the ditch-walker, and from the head piper to the diggings roustabout.

Watts considered himself fortunate. Here was just the man he needed. After a careful reading of the budget of recommendations he hired Antonio and told him to go to the bunk-house and wait till noon when a cot would be assigned him. After dinner he would begin work. He would take the day shift at giant No. 3.

When the miners filed in and seated themselves at the benches about the mess-house tables that noon, Antonio Martinez was among them. He was a minnow by the side of most of them. They all eyed him curiously, and one big miner, between his gulping bites of beef and beans "wondered which wind blew that cricket in anyhow?"

Of course the name Antonio Martinez was altogether too lengthy for ordinary usage. So they cut it down to "Tony," by which name he was known from the moment he donned the big rubber boots, coat and hat, and wool mits given him from the mess-house store.

Tony went down into the diggings and relieved Watts of his grip on the deflecting lever with the air of one who had been a piper all his days. Watts did something then he had never done before—put an absolute stranger to piping. His usual method was to "break 'em in, first at the diggings, rolling boulders, blasting, and doing other turns to show that they were at home in a placer mine. Tony was Watts' one exception in this respect. He took the newcomer to be just what the ex-governor and other Colorado citizens declared him to be—an A 1 man. Tony, on the other hand, did not inquire into the history of No. 3. If he had he undoubtedly would not have taken hold of the deflect-



We call that Monitor, Colorado.

ing lever with such unconcern. He did not know that old No. 3 was a man-killer; that old No. 3 was the wickedest giant in the whole battery of monsters that night and day hurled their mighty streams against that long and towering auriferous mountain wall. The remains of two men, in days gone by, had been carried home on a stretcher as a result of old No. 3's madness. At another time a Chinaman, working in the diggings, carelessly stepped in the way of that hissing shaft of white. After a careful search in the diggings the men reported to the foreman that they had found a strip of overalls and a "pig tail."

Tony did not hear these stories and it was probably well enough that he did not, for he undoubtedly would have refused the pipership of No. 3. To him, as to all pipers, the roaring, singing monster that yielded to the deflector's slightest touch, was a living, breathing thing. A giant is to him as a tamed lion to its master,—obedient, harmless, powerful; yet when maddened is wild, merciless, unconquerable.

Without waiting to see how No. 3 would act with Tony by her side, Watts turned, climbed out of the diggings, and walked rapidly along the trail to the mess-house.

The hungry foreman had just set himself down to a steaming dinner when there came a noise as of thunder from the diggings below, intermingled with yells and shouts. He sprang for the door where a clear view of the three giants was afforded. "Dam that Dago!" he exclaimed as he gave a quick glance at the scene below, and grabbing his hat, started on a run down the trail.

The worst had happened. The utmost confusion reigned in the diggings. Old No. 3 had "gone wild" and was having things all her own way. A little block of wood had in some way escaped the strainer at the head of the pipe that lay along the mountainside like a serpent stretched from the reservoir to the diggings, and coming down, was carried to No. 3. The block was too big to pass through the giant's nozzle. The deflector was given a sudden wrench and ere Tony knew it, and circling round and round on its the monster was out of his hands pivot. Tony dodged down instantly and lay flat on the bedrock to escape the great nozzle as it swung over him. He dared not run. His minute frame would have been caught in that powerful stream and hurled a broken unrecognizable mass far out in the diggings.

The great stream was being thrown wildly first against the bank, then round through the tops of the pines that towered above the ridge to the right. The limbs of the trees were stripped by the giant as though struck by a tornado. Then as the giant swung round the stream was thrown across the gulch 600 yards away, and whirling on dashed across the diggings again. The men on the bedrock scurried for shelter. They crept behind boulders and lay flat to avoid the hissing stream that came hurling over them and dashed its avalanche of water against the mountainside with every revolution of the giant nozzle. The pipers at giants No. 1 and 2 bravely stood at their posts. To have run would have set the remainder of the battery wild.

Three times around and old No. 3 changed her tactics. She ducked her nozzle downward and the white shaft ceased its hissing. The men in the diggings were safe. But alas for poor Tony! As the giant scraped over him all held their breath. But Tony rolled his dimutive frame into a shallow crevice. The giant passed over him, pressed against his back, mashed his face against the hard, slate rock, but never broke a bone. At this critical juncture Watts reached the throttle on the pipe line and shut the water off. He then came storming down into the diggings.

Tony, his face cut and bleeding,

and trembling in every limb, meekly met the wrath of the foreman. After relieving himself of his anger and making elaborate use of his entire stock of profanity, in which he cursed the whole line of Colorado ex-governors from the time the State was annexed, he put Tony to "bucking" boulders in the diggings. Tony wanted to explain but he dared not. He knew the cause of it all, but the "cause" had been blown from the giant's nozzle, so Watts never knew the truth.

It was most humiliating for Tony to handle a sledge and wheel-barrow, but it was even more so to undergo the sneering remarks and retorts of the diggings gang. He was silent, sullen, almost sulky, but always busy. He seldom spoke a word but worked like a beaver from end to end of his shift. Small as he was he could handle more rock than any other man in the diggings. He kept himself aloof and associated with none of the men. It was supposed that Tony was an Italian, though so far as his brogue was concerned he might have been taken for anything from a Mexican Greaser to an Icelander. There were a number of Italians amongst the crew, and believing Tony to be a fellow countryman they one by one addressed him in their native tongue. Tony would only look at them blankly and exclaim:

"No savvy! Yes, I can understand you, no!" This was sufficient to satisfy each of them that Tony was not a Dago.

There was one desire paramount in Tony's mind: that was to redeem himself with Watts and once more be allowed a try at old No. 3. He brooded constantly over his first day's misfortune, but how to explain the matter to the gruff foreman was beyond Tony's power to figure out.

One day when both he and Watts were in apparent good spirits, Tony asked permission to handle No. 3 for a time. What Watts told him but it was forcible enough to wilt wouldn't do to print. It was brief, Tony's desire and banish all his hopes of ever becoming piper at giant No. 3.

About a month after Tony's arrival he awoke one night to hear something that nearly curdled his blood. Just how he came to awake he never knew, but the first sounds that caught his ear brought him to his senses with a start. Two of the Italians who worked beside him each day, occupied a bunk near his own. They were talking in their mother tongue and in low tones. Tony's ears were Dago in an instant. The Italians were unfolding a murderous plot to rob the bedrock race and the sluices. From the drift of their conversation it was evident to Tony that the whole thing had already been arranged, and that every man of the day and night shift diggings gang, except himself, was implicated in the plot. A large and rich pocket had been uncovered by one of the giants and the gold of this was to be a part of the spoils. The following night was set for the robbery.

Tony lay quiet. Long after the two men had ceased talking and fell asleep, he remained awake thinking, planning, what to do. It was the hardest work he had yet done at the mine, but when the cook's gong clanged at five o'clock, sounding the first breakfast call, he had his plans complete.

That night the day men retired to their bunks as usual, and so void was everything and everyone of the coming theft that Tony almost concluded it was a dream. He changed his mind when later in the night, each man silently arose, dressed in the dark, and sneaked noiselessly from the bunk-house. When all had gone Tony too arose and crept through the manzanita that grew to the edge of the cliff overlooking the diggings. A score of arc lights suspended high above brightly illuminated the working grounds,



He played the stream over the culprits.

making the three giants and the men below plainly visible. As yet nothing unusual had occurred. The superintendent was asleep in his room. Watts was likewise asleep at his cabin, and the night foreman was operating No. 3. Tony could not believe the night foreman and the two pipers were in the plot. However he would wait and see.

Just as the men from the bunk-house emerged from the trail at the head of the diggings, Tony noted three men walk casually and simultaneously toward the three pipers. A moment later and each of the three unsuspecting men at the giant pipes were knocked down, gagged and bound. The giants were turned from the banks, tied fast, and their streams sent hurling to one side out of the way. The men from the bunk-house joined those in the diggings and all were soon at work gathering the gold.

Tony realized instantly that something must be done. He could have awakened the superintendent and Watts, but he had another plan. He decided to fight the whole crew single handed. He knew there would be a man on watch along the trail, so he dropped down into the gulch by aid of the clumps of chapparel, climbed the opposite bank, and crept up to the edge of the diggings. Just ahead of him was No. 3, unmanned and throwing her great stream far away into the night.

Noselessly he followed the shadow of the pipe line. He reached the giant, cut the ropes that held it fast, took hold of the deflector and had the stream turned upon the robbing band before they were aware that aught was wrong. With a yell that would have done credit to a man many times his size, Tony commanded the men to "t'row up" their hands. There was a general scamper for safety. One miscreant attempted to escape but was caught in the giant's stream and shot against the gravel bank like a pebble from a catapult.

Profiting by the experience of this one, the others made no effort to get away. Tony's hand was true now and old No. 3 responded to his every touch. He played the stream around the huddling group that stood trembling like a pack of whipped curs. It was sure death to attempt escape.

The night foreman at last came to his senses and began squirming at Tony's feet. He glared up fiercely at the little Dago. Tony laughed a loud, fiendish laugh as he played the hissing stream close over the heads of the robbers. This done to his entire satisfaction, he cut the night foreman's bounds and released him of his gag. The big man jumped angrily to his feet and in a moment would have pounced upon Tony had not the latter yelled:

"You no savvy, yes. Look see! Robber devils!" Then the foreman understood. As Tony would not give up his place, the foreman rushed across to each of the two pipers and after releasing them, awoke Watts and the superintendent.

They later came down heavily armed and found Tony still laughing in hideous glee as he played the giant's stream about the heads of the culprits.

The next day the superintendent called Tony to his office and while the little Dago stood trembling, hat in hand before him, he was told that he had saved the mine of $20,000 robbery. He was once again asked for his letters of recommendation. Tony dug them up from the depths of his loose coat. The superintendent read them thoroughly and casually remarked:

"Well, Tony, I guess you'd better take the day shift at No. 3. It seems that you can handle her better than anyone else I know of."

When the little Dago took the trail on his return to the diggings, he was whistling merrily—something he had never done before he had won the confidence he craved.

A PROSPECTOR'S LUCK

BY JAMES M'NELLIS

SEVERAL years ago, a lone prospector was in camp with a few Indians on the Mexican side of the line. The Indians were of that tribe that lives on the desert's border and subsists on wild honey, pine nuts and the fruit of the cactus. With what Spanish he could command, the prospector was trying to gain some information.

He was meeting with poor success, not on account of his Spanish, but because of the Indians' meagre knowledge of a country which they had inhabited for generations. The only information he received was advice to keep entirely away from the Desert, for many Mexicans and Indians acquainted with the surrounding country, venturing beyond the town, had left their bones in that sea of sand.

But here was a man who had left the States intending to prospect the Desert; he had prospected the mineral States and territories of the Union, and had been in most camps of any consequence; he combined hunting and trapping with prospecting, traveling over mountain and valley with a pack outfit, generally alone. The man had seen rough times and hardships in cold and in warm climates, though his strength or endurance had never been overtaxed. He had been provided with a new outfit at San Diego, laying in six months' provisions for the trip. The burros were young and in good condition, and able to stand any kind of fatigue.

On the morning the prospector made his start, going blindly, as it were—for the little information he had received from the Indians was as discouraging as it was limited; they had hoped, up to the last minute, to change his course, but they saw at last that he was determined, and they parted with him as though they were about to bury him. They watched him out of sight in an easterly direction, then an old man told them that there was one Gringo less in the world. Then they started at once to break camp, as they always do after they bury a relative or friend.

The sun had disappeared some time and the western horizon had grown purple when the prospector reached a spring—the only one which was known in the direction he had taken. He had to leave his course a long distance to the south to reach it, though it brought him well out into the Desert. The water oozed out of a small porphry cropping, and seemed like surface water which might dry up at any time. He was tired out. His burros had already lain down with their packs on. After removing the packs and hobbling the animals, he cooked his supper of frying-pan bread, coffee and bacon; then he laid down in his blankets while the burros stood around and watched him. There was nothing in sight for them to eat, and they were too tired to hunt for anything, besides their front feet were hobbled short. But that was a necessity. Foot loose, by morning they would be well out of sight in any direction they took, and if a wind started up, their tracks would soon be covered with sand, and it would be impossible to trace them.

When the prospector awoke it was daylight. He gathered a few dried cactus leaves to make a fire, and looked out over the rolling sand in every direction. Nothing else

could be seen. After another meal of bacon, bread and coffee, he filled his gallon canteen with water. strapped on a forty-four Remington six-shooter, and started out in a southeasterly direction; not to prospect for gold, but for water, which seemed far more scarce. He would turn every few minutes to landmark his camp in the short, dry gulch, so he would not miss it on his return. He traveled in the same direction until his shadow in the sand became twice his own length before he turned his face toward camp. He had seen no signs of water. It was dark that night when he reached camp with his canteen nearly empty, and too tired to cook. He made a meal on panoche and Mexican cheese, and again was soon asleep in his blankets.

The next three days saw the same experience tried. The man went as far as he could go and return to the camp the same night, each day taking a different direction, and each day with the same result—no sign of water. But in his travels he picked up float quartz, which on prospecting with a horn spoon at camp, proved to be very rich. Not knowing in which direction he had found this rich quartz he had to go over his old trails and get specimens of the same character of rock, which was a fine-grained, rosy quartz. For these trips he had to take a burro, and alfocoses to pack and mark each specimen. This he continued doing for four or five days, changing burros every day, without discovering where the rich rock came from, although he got prospects from other kinds.

Then he determined to push further south, and to go as far in a day as he could, with the hope of locating water. If not successful, his gallon canteen full would not allow him to suffer much in two days. He took only the provisions for two days, his gallon canteen full of water and his six-shooter.

He was able to cover forty miles a day, and he knew he must have done this, though handicapped by the weight he carried, and the fine sand that offered no resistance.

The country he traveled over was all the same—rolling sand and cactus. But as evening approached he could see on the horizon a smoky blue ridge rising out of the sand. It was twenty or thirty miles away, but there might be water somewhere along its base. It was the only sign of any kind he had seen for days. He concluded to keep on, and by morning he hoped to reach it. Should he not find water he had still a little left for the return. The thought of discovering water gave him new strength, and he quickened his pace. The night was bright, and he had no trouble to keep his direction. He was saving with the water now, for he had at least a two-days' trip back; his canteen was not more than half full, and he would have to rest on the return trip. Toward morning and he found the ground rising. He knew he was approaching the elevation he had seen early in the evening. Well worn out, he stretched himself on the sand for an hour's rest and sleep. When he awoke it was daylight. He was at the base of a hill. The elevation proved to be three hills, some little distance apart, and one behind the other, which, at a long distance, gave them the appearance of a ridge. They were also higher than they had seemed to be on the previous evening.

The man ate a little of the food and drank some of the precious water. What he could now see of the hills was not encouraging, but his waking dream came to him—a dream of cottonwood trees, and willows under them shading a cool, running stream on either side of the ridge. Thinking of this, he gathered his belongings and started slowly to ascend the hill. It was a long climb and he rested often, becoming more excited as he



Nuggets of all Shapes and sizes.

neared the top, whence he would be able to see the other side. His heart sank as it came in sight, for it was dryer, if possible, than the one he had traversed, and his vision of an hour before became as a nightmare. He knew no time could be wasted in making the return trip. It was a two-days' journey; he had a scant one-day's water supply, and he was very weak. He started around the hill to get his bearings for camp. He noticed pieces of queer-looking brown rock, and through force of habit he picked up a specimen to examine as he went. It was decomposed quartz and it crumbled in his hand. He imagined he could see yellow particles falling. He picked up another and another; they were the same. Now the brown chunks on the ground seemed yellow to him. He picked one up. It not only looked yellow—it appeared very heavy. He tried others; all were the same.

Was he dreaming? Or going mad? He feared the latter. He dropped the last piece he had picked up and started for the top of the hill, rubbing his eyes. He sat down in his excited condition and tried to calm himself. He looked out over the Desert. Everything had its natural color; he took a little water; everything seemed real; then he went back. He was neither dreaming nor going mad. It was real! The ground for a space about two feet wide and several yards long was covered with nuggets of all shapes and sizes. Some had the dark brown quartz attached, and all were embedded in a ledge of honeycombed, decomposed brown quartz, with a black malachite rock on both walls. He took his canteen from his shoulder and laid it carefully down while he inspected his find. He became excited again when picking up the nuggets, and in shifting his position gave the canteen a kick which set it on its round edge. In a flash he realized what he had done.

As the canteen started down the hill he pitched after it, though every second made wider the gap between it and his reaching hand, and every time the canteen would strike the hard, black bedrock with a thud it was like a dagger struck at his heart. He followed it, hoping the tin would not give way, for there was not a brush to check its speed. But as it struck the bottom his heart sank, for it bounded high in the air with a clear ring and swerved from its course. He followed still in the hope of saving a mouthful of the water of which he had been so careful a few minutes before; when he reached it, the can was dry in a little moist sand where it was resting. He grew weak as he thought how thirsty he was, and of the twenty-four hours of hard traveling before he could reach water. While he could hear the churning of the water in his canteen he had not felt such thirst, but now he shuddered to think of what this disaster meant.

Then he started around the hill to get his bearings for camp. He cared nothing for his discovery of a few minutes before, although it was the richest sight of virgin gold human eyes ever rested upon; neither did he care for food which he would not be able to eat without something to drink. He took another look up the hill and wondered if he would ever see it again. As nearly as he could he took his bearings for camp, and started. At every step he felt his six-shooter dragging him down, so, unbuckling it, he threw it in a dry gulch he was crossing at the time, and turned to see how far he was from the hill. That day was a long one. He thought of every cool, refreshing drink he had ever had. The hot air he was breathing was whistling in his ears; he could not swallow nor close his mouth, for he would strangle for want of air. In this condition night found him, staggering on,



He made a circle but found no tracks.

sliding back one-half of every step in the sand and often falling; he would imagine he could hear coyotes and see them a few yards away on either hand, dodging from one cactus to another, and keeping close watch on him. In reality he had not seen a living thing since he left camp. He kept on, staggering and falling; he dared not stop. It was dark now. He stumbled, fell heavily, and lay, thinking to rest a moment. Then he fell asleep. He awoke while dreaming that he was resting in the shade of some trees by a running stream; he did not realize for a moment where he was, but when he remembered he jumped up and moved on, he knew not which way—only to be going. When he thought of his direction with horror, he came back to see from his tracks which way he had been going when he fell.

He got on his knees and made a circle to find the tracks, for he could tell nothing from the tracks where he had lain in the sand. He made a circle but found no track; he made a larger circle and examined every part of the sand, with the same result; he could not tell north, south, east nor west.

He knew of the North star and the Dipper, but he had never had use for them before, and now every star looked alike to him. They would brighten up, then fade away. He was becoming blind and he could hear nothing but what seemed the howling of coyotes and water running. The coyotes seemed drawing nearer, and the thought of his bare bones lying on the Desert in a few hours started him to his feet. He took the course he was facing. He was very weak, and reeled as he went in the direction of his discovery of the morning before. That seemed to act as a magnet, in his weak condition. He thought now, in his suffering, of his Creator and of the Hereafter. He had never given either much thought before, but he knew now he was facing them. Suddenly he came upon his tracks and found that he had been walking in a circle. Then his last hope fled; he staggered, tripped, fell heavily on his head, and lay unconscious.

When the man recovered consciousness he was lying on some brush against a large granite boulder which formed one side of a brush hut. On the other side was the door, through which could be seen pine trees whose branches moved to and fro, giving a purring music. The man tried to understand what had happened. It came to him by degrees, and then marveled that he was still in the body; he moved his limbs and traced his features with his hand, trying to recognize himself. While thus thinking, he heard voices speaking Spanish outside. Then an old Indian woman came in, looked at him strangely, and asked in Spanish how he was. He told her he felt well, but the sound of his own voice frightened him, and he would say no more. Later in the day an old and a young man came into the place. They had evidently been hunting all day. From them the prospector learned of his rescue.

A few months prior to the white man's journey an Indian, named Pinto, a Mexican outlaw, for whom a large reward was offered, lived by skirting the Desert from one waterhole to another, and relieving prospectors of their provisions, (and miseries), if he saw them first, through the sights of his rifle. In this way he had maintained himself for years, until he located the rich placers in Alamo, for which discovery the Mexican Government pardoned him his crimes. The rush to the new placers was great; Indians and Mexicans were going from all quarters. Pinto had sent word to a friend at Yuma to come to the mines. He described the course his friend should take, and how he would recognize the camp when he reached it. It had a large number

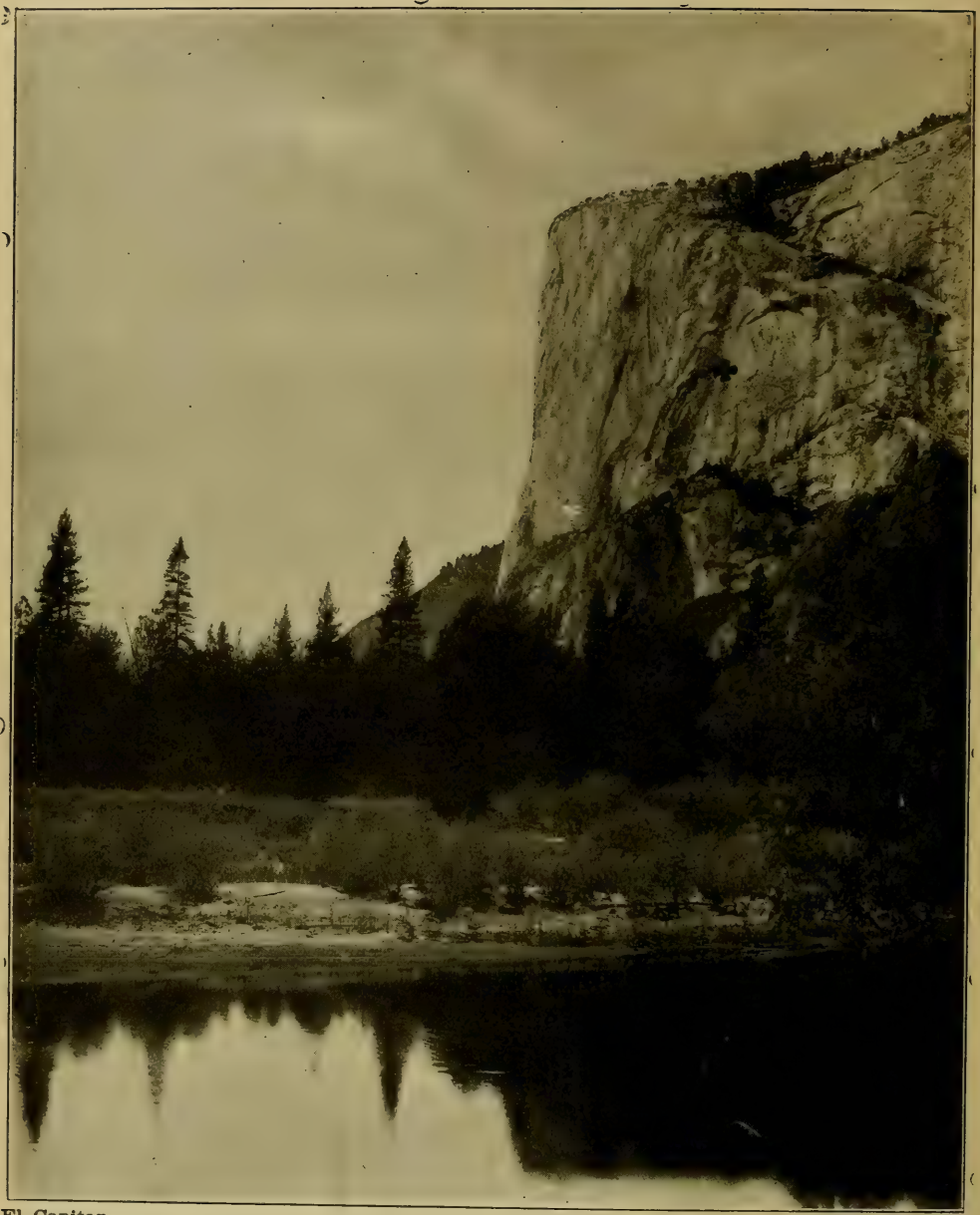
of alamo (cottonwood) trees in the gulch, which was surrounded by mountains, from which the ocean could be seen, about forty miles away. The man started from Yuma with his wife, daughter and young son. They took a westerly direction, but in a few days had lost their bearings and drifted out in the Desert. They had packed plenty of water on their burros, for they knew what to expect.

Several days out of Yuma they crossed tracks. They followed this trail in its zig-zag career, then they guessed the truth—some one was lost in the Desert, and they concluded to follow him. They had not gone far when they found the unconscious man. In their own way they treated him and gave him a little water at regular intervals, then packed him on a burro, changed their course to the north, for they knew the country, and on the fourth day they reached the camp in which the escaped fugitive heard their story. When the patient was well enough, they wanted him to go to the new field with them; he begged them to return with him, and told them of the wonderful discovery and the good outfit which was out on the Desert somewhere. As the prospector told of the nugget trail two feet wide, the old man would look at his wife and raise his shoulders slowly in a strange way. But the prospector insisted; he tried in every way to get them to return with him. His persistence was the only thing which would alter the smile which persistently played on the old man's bony features. He would change the subject by saying they would come back after visiting Alamo. There was no choice left the prospector; he accompanied his rescuers, and in the gold fields he tried to interest prospectors to go with him; but when he told of the richness of the find they would shrug their shoulders and look incredulous.

* * * * *

For several months the man who lived this adventure prospected in Alamo, in the hope of interesting, in the desert discovery, some prospector—American, Mexican or Indian, he cared not which—but to no purpose. He finally located a rich and extensive mine, known as the Silent Partner, on the north slope of the Santa Tomas mountains, overlooking the Desert. He worked the mine for years. But seldom did a day pass that he did not sit for hours facing the Desert, thinking of that strange find and its stranger loss.





El Capitan.

EL CAPITAN

Yosemite Valley

BY THOMAS S. DENISON

No milestones mark the mighty handiwork
Of God's creation. Time is but a spark
That points the vastness of eternity.
A satellite may run its course and mark
A fleeting second on that vaulted disk,
Where nebulae revolve a single hour.
But mortal all, we know an infinite
Of lesser scope to mete by measures vast.
And thou, *El Capitan,* cloud-piercing rock,
Which rearest in one matchless height supreme
Three thousand feet of awful majesty,
Dost stand and mark the greatness of thy birth.
Lost in transcendent awe, the mortal eye
Regards thy unscaled, battled heights benumbed,
And seeks in vain thy hidden origin,
Three thousand feet! 'Tis but a feeble span!
But there on high thy cloud-capped fretted head
Hast scorned the fuming storms of gnawing time.
And thou, perchance, hast seen the fiery birth
Of planets, and beheld the perishing
Of suns, unmoved on thy supernal seat,
Thine own birth hid in deepest mystery,
Thou greater than the sphinx. But thou divine,
Stupendous form, exalted one of time,
Through untold aeons, wilt thou break the spell
Of thine immensity and tell thy tale?
How wast thou reared, colossus, granite ribbed,
Great monument of Nature's wild caprice?



On the road to the Valley.

THE IDYL OF THE YOSEMITE

BY OLIVER OXE

THE Major's manner was the result of his military experience. The lithe grace of the West Point cadet had not entirely vanished, when, as a lieutenant, of somewhat heavier physique, he had danced through several winters in Washington; and the more arduous duties of captain at an Arizona post, and on the trail of the renegade Apache, had proved an excellent fixitive, keeping the trunk emphasis on the chest and preserving the easy muscularity of movement. Among others who noticed him as he made his way through the thronged hostlery which accommodated Wawona's over-night population of tourists, campers, and stage men, was Miss Warren, the actress, going to spend her month of enforced idleness in the Yosemite. And, later, when he stood before her for the presentation which he had sought, she knew that, taking him all in all—the gold leaves on his broad shoulders, the assurance of his bow, and the interesting blue in his eye and gray in his military mustache, both relieving the almost swarthy tan of his complexion—she had met a mature man and that the more callow masculinity which surrounded her was no longer entertaining.

"Miss Warren has conferred a great favor," he said.

For answer, she held up a small paper tablet on which she had scribbled the single word,

"Ditto."

Her mode of communication startled him, and he failed to reply. She scratched with a stub of soft lead,

"You've put them all to flight."

But the puzzle in the Major's mind increased. Was she dumb? What a terrible infirmity! And a pervading pity seized him for this beautiful, dark-eyed woman, the magnetism of whose personality had reached him in spite of the hundred in the room, and she seemed so cheerful—so sparkling—so vivacious!

While this mixture of thought and feeling had flashed through his mind she had turned to the middle-aged lady seated at her side, and as she presented her tablet again to his gaze—with what exquisite grace she bore her misfortune!—he read,

"My Aunt, Mrs. Mellor."

"Mrs. Mellor's face was kindly and her smile was reassuring.

"My niece has startled you most cruelly," she said. "Her vocal chords have undergone a severe strain and the doctor has prescribed complete rest for a period."

His relief was instant, but he could not help smiling in embarrassment at the shock which his feelings had sustained and which he had shown quite too plainly. Miss Warren keenly enjoyed his discomfiture.

"Major Winton is the only one who is dumb," she wrote.

The raillery brought him to himself.

"The affection was merely sympathetic," he replied.

And, explaining that it had disappeared with the deception which had occasioned it, he fell to admiring the wonderful mobility of her features as they reflected the varying moods of the conversation. When he finally left her and mounted his horse to return to camp, he was content that the animal should walk, while the stars and the pines and the peaks and the sound of the river intensified the

glow of mind and feeling which her cleverness and her beauty had wrought within him.

Next morning as the sunshine came tumbling down the canyon sides, the Major stood before his tent waiting for the passing of the stages. And when they came dashing down the road, each driver looking with careful skill to his four-in-hand, and the passengers voicing the early-morning gayety of many nationalities, the Major saluted with a most unmilitary wave of his hat and received a merry cheer for his courtesy. But as the last stage swung by him, and he accorded it the same salutation, he thought he recognized a face, and then, as the flutter of a white handkerchief showed itself, he was sure of it, and, summoning all the manly and professional grace that he could muster, he bowed low with enthusiasm.

Lieutenant Danburgh, coming up at that moment, was just in time to receive some most unwelcome information.

"Danburgh," said the superior officer, "I wish you would have Sergeant Smith report to me at once, to receive orders to prepare for a trip to the Valley. I will take him and an orderly with me and will leave you in charge. Your instructions are to disarm all campers entering the reservation and to keep a sharp look-out for forest fires. Above all, Danburgh, see that no one but yourself casts a fly on this river. Deal harshly with offenders."



Blithe waters danced.

Danburgh smiled grimly and resigned himself to the companionless monotony that would be his during the Major's absence. But the Major was not thinking of the Lieutenant's hard lot. His thoughts, while he ate his trout and drank his coffee, were deep in the treasons, strategems, and spoils of a war-fare that knows no Geneva Convention nor any aid to the wounded. He would draw, however, on the resources of an army. For he reflected that he could provide better horses than Miss Warren could hire in the Valley and that he, himself, knew the wonders of the region better than any guide that could be had for mere dollars per day.

When they met in the Yosemite he found her awed in spirit; her soul rapt with wonderment—lost in aspiring to comprehension of Nature's climax; and worshipful, the heavenly harmony of her whole being singing a high mass of reverence and joy. And, thus, the very depths of her mind and heart were sounded for him, and he found them deep indeed, and full of beauties not disclosed to surface view. Nor did he do aught to disturb the current of her feeling—not a stray leaf of petty personal effort should mar the calm serenity of that flow.

But, rather, during the days that followed, he chose to join her in cheerful, understanding companionship. And she accepted him frankly on those terms, thankful for his kindness in placing at her disposal his unusual knowledge of the mountains, and, yes, glad of the chance for good fellowship with a man

whom she instinctively liked and respected. Not, however, that there was lacking the coquetry of bright, dark eyes, the piquancy of smile and frown; these fretted, charmed, bewildered him by turns. But, though she was a woman of the world, she yet possessed a simple naturalness quite proof against those premature self-questionings which had so often rendered shallower women disappointing to Winton. And so they made the round of climbs and drives, of sunburst trails and shaded roads, the man knowing his heart but wilfully repressing his knowledge, waiting and watching and hoping for the dawn of a like consciousness in the soul of his companion.

But there came a time, a sharp, informing instant, which rendered speech unnecesssary. It was on the morning they visited the Happy Isles. The wavering foilage overhead, the sun splotched verdure underfoot, the purling waters on the shores—here they rested. And then he led her out, far out, to the uttermost rocks of the Isles, where first the joyous river meets them. The footing as they moved from point to point was slippery—'tis always so on the Happy Isles; and when they paused, at last, he held her hand in steadying support. The blithe waters coming swiftly on, danced in the sunlight, and as they struck the rocks, they leapt and splashed and tossed as waters will, in sheer extravagance of happiness. The two laughed with the waters, and even the bowing plants that fringed the banks went low to catch the joyful spray that glistened underneath. And, laughing, she turned to him, as her habit had come to be, and—he felt her hand move, suddenly, in his; he caught her fleet but piercing glance; she looked again at the river; her face, pale; her eyes, fixed—looking, looking.

Something, the Spirit of the Place, had told her—had asked her! and, latent in the telling, a question loomed vaguely, its import hardly felt, however, in the swift rush of vivid memory that now swept through her mind. The succeeding moments dealt, rather, with the past and she saw each scene again, more conscious, now, that he had shared it all, that, in her heart, however, dim his image, he was a part of all. She saw the sun as it rose in Mirror Lake, but, as she watched, she saw her own face in the glass below,—and his. On the dizzy height of Capitan, she stood upon its verge, and he was near. Together, they had scaled the snowy resting place of all the clouds, had deciphered Nature's handwriting on the granite wall of bold Half Dome, had seen the finger marks of glaciers on the brow of Eagle Point. Together, they had stood above the mighty rush and throw of Yosemite Fall; together, felt the feathered spray of Bridal Veil!

Ah yes, the past weeks, bearing, as they did, the very majesty of Nature, deep set in her rememberance, were forever linked with that quiet, strong personality. And she knew, now, that he loved her. But the knowledge brought, inevitably, the question, and she found herself unprepared to answer it. Think as she would— and more than once, that morning, he watched her lag behind the rest of the party, her face demure with thought—she could not tell. Not, however, that it was all thought, there was feeling too, such as she had never known. Could it be mere admiration? No. She grew red at the realization. But, still, she was not sure; she could see, too, that he was only waiting for a chance to ask her. She must not let him—yet. If he could speak now she would be compelled to say "No". That she did not want to give such an answer was a thought that brought another rush of color, and though she was alone, now, in her room at the hotel, she covered her face with her hands that the

mirror might not see. And then she rose to her feet, scorning her predicament, and deliberately sought the commonplace in the public parlor—where a book of views brought it all back again.

In the evening, they were together again; and when, looking down the valley, they saw the blue shadows gathering midst the spires of Cathedral Rocks, they found themselves seated on a fallen pine, a little distance from the road. They were silent for the most part, moodily thinking, their thoughts new in both their lives and due in each to the life of the other. Finally, apropos of what he assumed to be the common thought of both of them, he said,

"I suppose I must put it into words before I can get an answer."

She saw her opportunity immediately for though his assumption had been correct, she was not ready to admit it.

"Elisions," she wrote, "privilege—those who talk with—pencil."

He read it and frowned impatiently.

"You know what I mean," he said.

She did not deny it, and he continued.

"You are trying to save me the humiliation of a refusal—but to love you, even without return, is not humiliation, and one word cannot make it so."

Prepared, as she had been, for his words, they sent the blood surging to her heart, and though she had heard men say the same before, she had never been moved as now. Nor could she endure to have him draw the conclusion that he had; she cared too much for that; and, yielding to an impulse to give him an inkling of the truth, she wrote slowly, while he read,

"I could not answer in one word—now. This morning—first I knew. How can we," she blushed as she crossed out the word, "you be sure."

She had not intended to go so far; but as it was, she had told him, more by her inadvertance with the pronoun than by anything else, just how she felt; and hope swelled in his heart and showed itself, flaming, in his face.

"Miss Warren—"

But she rose quickly, the written leaves of her tablet fluttering to the ground, and stopped him with a gesture so imperious and a look so pleading that he could not but obey. This one solace, however, he permitted himself, and she did not deny him, that he took her out-stretched hands in both of his and, bending over them, he touched them to his lips—and there were reverence and passion, and hope in his eyes.

But hope alone, being something short of certainty, is closely followed by doubt. The morning brought a sharp reaction to the Major's mind, and, as they rode in single file, clambering slowly up the zig-zag scratch across the face of the cliff that leads to Glacier Point, he failed to respond to the brightness of the day or the kindness that dwelt in Miss Warren's eyes. It was, therefore, in a mood of deep depression that, having reached the summit of the trail, he left the girl and her aunt, and went to bring up the luncheon, which had been left with the saddles. He was gone but a few moments; when he returned he noticed that Miss Warren stood alone at the edge of the cliff that rises sheer from the floor of the Valley itself. She turned, as he came up, and beckoned to him and, as he stood beside her, she smiled and looked again at the wonderful scene before her. The simple action was eloquent of her wish that he should share her enjoyment and it moved him again to happiness.

Her presence lent unwonted vividness to the grandeur. They noticed each feature from Capitan to Cloud's Rest—the Brothers, the Domes, the Arches, the mountain tops beyond; the smooth floor beneath, the tall pines dwarfed to the stature of weeds by the precipitous distance,

and the bright ribbon of Merced's winding stream gleaming in the sunshine.

And as the day wore on the Major felt that they were coming ever closer to one another. Every ecstasy of wondering admiration at God's handiwork placed them more in accord, and, as they descended the trail, late in the afternoon, he came near to asking her if the day had made no difference between them. But, instead, he merely suggested that she might like to ride down the Valley and see the Bridal Veil in the light of the westering sun.

"The fall is more beautiful at this time of day than at any other," he said, anxious to prolong the hours of their comradeship.

And, when she assented, the Major's gratitude was such that he swore an oath to say no word of love until her eyes should bid him. She trusted him and her trust should be respected.

As they came below the fall, they saw that it was, indeed, more beautiful than it had ever been to them before. Wind and sunshine seemed to have come there, to that angle all day, on purpose to play together with the white, laughing water, that had hastened—how many miles?—to meet them. And, as it fell from the worn notch through which it poured, the wind caught its outer folds and scattered them in fine mist over the rocks and the trees, and the sun shone on it and placed beautiful rainbow arcs, here, there, now fixed, now shifting—wondrous jewels of the elements hung in the glittering drapery of the Veil.

No other human beings were near, and, as the two approached, through the moist avenues of pine and tamarack, their presence seemed in harmony with the place. And they drew nearer and stood upon a little knoll, just clear of the heavier spray; and some roughness of the footing—real or fancied—caused him, again to take her hand. Her mood answered to the mood of the wind and the sunbeam. In their minds was no feeling, no thought of the beauty of the scene—they were a part of it; they too, had been bidden, ages ago, to that joyful tryst.

And they were recognized and welcomed. For, as they stood there confidently, the mirthful breezes caught up a fold of the Bridal Veil and threw it swiftly around and over them, and the sun, for one brief second, hung the colors of the bow of promise just above their heads. She laughed softly and, then, as his hand closed, tightly, about hers, she turned and looked into his eyes, then he took her in his arms and kissed her. And knowing, at last, she answered his carresses with a single word, the first he had heard her speak;

"Dearest."



INDIAN MYTHOLOGY OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

GEORGE ELLIOT TOWNSEND

YOSEMITE—majestic, peerless—is to the traveler and searcher after the beautiful, a revelation of the Deity's smile. To the Indian in his superstitious ignorance, it is the ominous home of Evil Spirits.

Indian lore in all climes is full of fables and pretty legends, and it is only natural that this spot, one of the seven wonders of the world, should have its mythological traditions. The theory of their development comes originally, it is claimed, from that universal trait of the savage, curiosity. Coupled with this is their belief that everything around them has the life and passions of persons like themselves. The sky, sun, wind, and mountains are supposed to be spiritually inhabited and the Yosemite has given the aborigines abundant material for their credulity.

No doubt there have been many beautiful myths connected with this spot which have been lost in the rapid subjection of these inhabitants. The noble redman was not here represented as on the eastern slopes, and his career was short lived when the white faces entered. But the most vivid myths that remain are not the most beautiful ones, as might be supposed, but only those connected with the most fearful and grewsome localities of the Indian's early associations.

Strange as it may seem that this park of sublimity should be looked upon by a human being in this light, numerous trips to the valley and experience with the Indians in the vicinity have nevertheless proven the truth of their belief. Unable to trace misfortune as the result of their own wrong doings, superstitious tradition makes haunted ground of the scenes of previous disaster, and death and evil spirits bear the burden of their complaint.

The savage is naturally cruel and arrogant. He boasts of his misdeeds much in the same manner that he recounts his deeds of valor. His treachery is to him but cunning, while revenge is a holy obligation, and his religion but a superstitious fear. All believe in the influence and communion with departed spirits. Their crude ideas of theology are closely interwoven with mythological traditions, and from expressions occasionally used by them in explanation would point to a partial derivation from Christianity—the origin of which, no doubt, might be traced to the teachings of the early missions.

Although California's early missions and educational system have had a weight and influence in their careers that has raised them above the plane of idolatry and ignorance, they have nevertheless not deprived them of their dread of evil in all its forms.

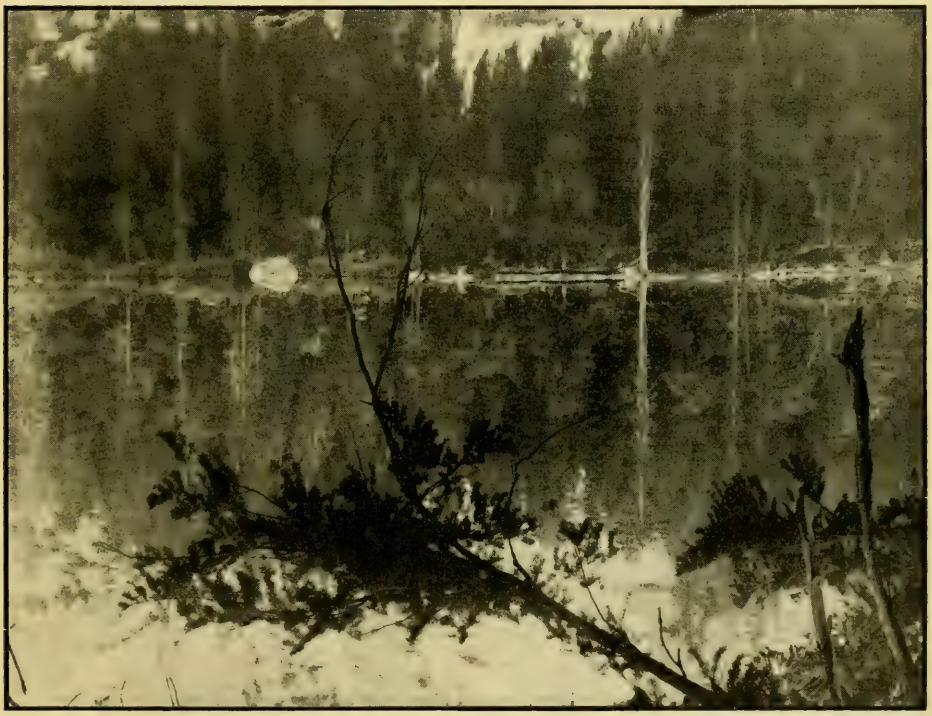
They still have a "medicine man," or priestly sachem, and the Great Spirit is revealed to them through him. These mediums in the character of priests are held in great veneration. They are consulted upon all important occasions and provide charms and amulets to protect the wearer from evil influence, performing in secret the santification of these relics by elaborate, mysterious ceremonies.

The Indians of to-day living in the High Sierras, are only a remnant of the tribes that once hunted the slopes of "Kay-o-pha"—the Sky Mountain. Composed largely of

"Monos," a few yet claim to belong to other tribes at one time more powerful and warlike. Among these the "Chow-chillas," "Noot-chu," "Chook-chancie," "Po-to-en-cie," "Ho-nah-chee," and "Pai-ute," were the most distinctive, claiming a higher lineage than the "Mono," or "Digger Indian," now more commonly known, and who were looked upon with disdain by the fighting tribes.

The Indians are now largely gathered together in camps in the cattle ranges and mining districts, and mingle regardless of tribe descent. But among all the numerous camps the original Yosemite Indian is seldom found. A few, as offsprings through intermarriage with other tribes, claim to be so called—but none as direct descendants. This fiercest, yet smallest, of all the tribes, is dead. It descended from the great "Ah-wah-nee-chee" tribe, around which centers the history and legends of the Western Indian.

"Yosemite" signifies "The Grizzly," so-called through the valor of a young Ah-wah-nee chief upon unexpectedly meeting this King of the Mountains, and conquering him in single combat, with the huge limb of a tree as his only weapon. The spot where this conflict took place is pointed out and supposed to be directly under the "Royal Arches" or "To-coy-ae" as the Indians name the place. The tribe itself, and finally the valley of their abode took the name of the race.



Ko-Koo-Too-Yem, Tomb of Tis- sa-Ack.

Annihilated by its most contemptible enemy, the "Mono" tribe, it now lives forever in Indian lore, through its death at their hands. The massacre proved the fulfillment of the tradition and fear of the evil one in this abode, for where Bridal Veil leaps in its irridescent beauty dwells "Po-ho-no," the



Po-Ho-No, Spirit of the Ill Wind.

"Spirit of the Evil Wind." Near this spot the "Monos," tenfold in number, in their wrath, swooped upon and avenged the loss of some cattle, and the death of a few of their braves from a raid by "Tenie-ya" and his "Yosemites."

Bridal Veil is the most beautiful fall of the valley. It is looked upon with greater dread by the Indian of to-day than it was by those who before that great disaster had grown forgetful of its tradition. A peculiar, natural phenomenon in connection with this fall lends to the untutored mind of the savage cause for his superstition. Within a radius of half a mile of its foot, a strong breeze blows continually throughout all seasons of the year; and even when not a breath of air is stirring in other parts of the valley, this wind dashes the water into the spray which gives the fall the semblance to a veil. The Indian believes the spirit of some unhappy departed life to dwell in every cool breeze, so this phenomenon gives ample foundation to his mind for the existence of "Po-ho-no."

Past this fall he hurries with fear, and although he will spend hours fishing the stream above the brink, no inducement can make him loiter at its base. In its breath he imagines the voices of departed ones warning him of the evil which here dwells, and on this account a reluctance which borders on distress possesses him if obliged to pass near it.

When the early whites first came to the valley, seeking to punish the Yosemites for their depredations and murders, they found an abandoned camp near "Po-ho-no." The Yosemites had grown forgetful of this treacherous Evil One through their own success in strife with the other tribes, and the toll-levying upon the settlers. But "Po-ho-no's" Spirit was waiting to be released, and it was only one year later that on the same spot the "Monos" slaughtered the whole tribe, with the exception of five or six young braves who escaped. Now the voices of the slain instead of "Po-ho-no" warn the living.

Dreadful as "Po-ho-no" is at all times, there is yet one other spot which no Indian dares to approach without expecting certain death, within the short lapse of one moon as a result.

On a beautiful meadow surrounded by tamarack pine, and resting near the summit of "Eagle Peak," the highest of the "Three Brothers" (known to the Indians as "Kom-po-pai-zes,") rests a chain

of twelve small lakes fed by perpetual springs. These lakes are practically unknown to the casual visitor to the valley; but their waters have existed and nourished this verdant spot on the summit of these granite cliffs for ages. Their exact location is shown on a map compiled by that famous student of natural history and authority on the Yosemite, Professor Le Conte. A trail leading from the "Upper Yosemite Fall" to the highest point of the "Eagle Cliff" crosses this meadow, but unless the well beaten track is abandoned, and unless "ye seek, ye shall not find." Hidden from sight by the tall grasses and luxuriant wild flowers, these little lakes during one short period of the year, are covered with pond lilies, whose perfume permeates the atmosphere for fully a mile around, and which proves a sufficient guide to the searcher.

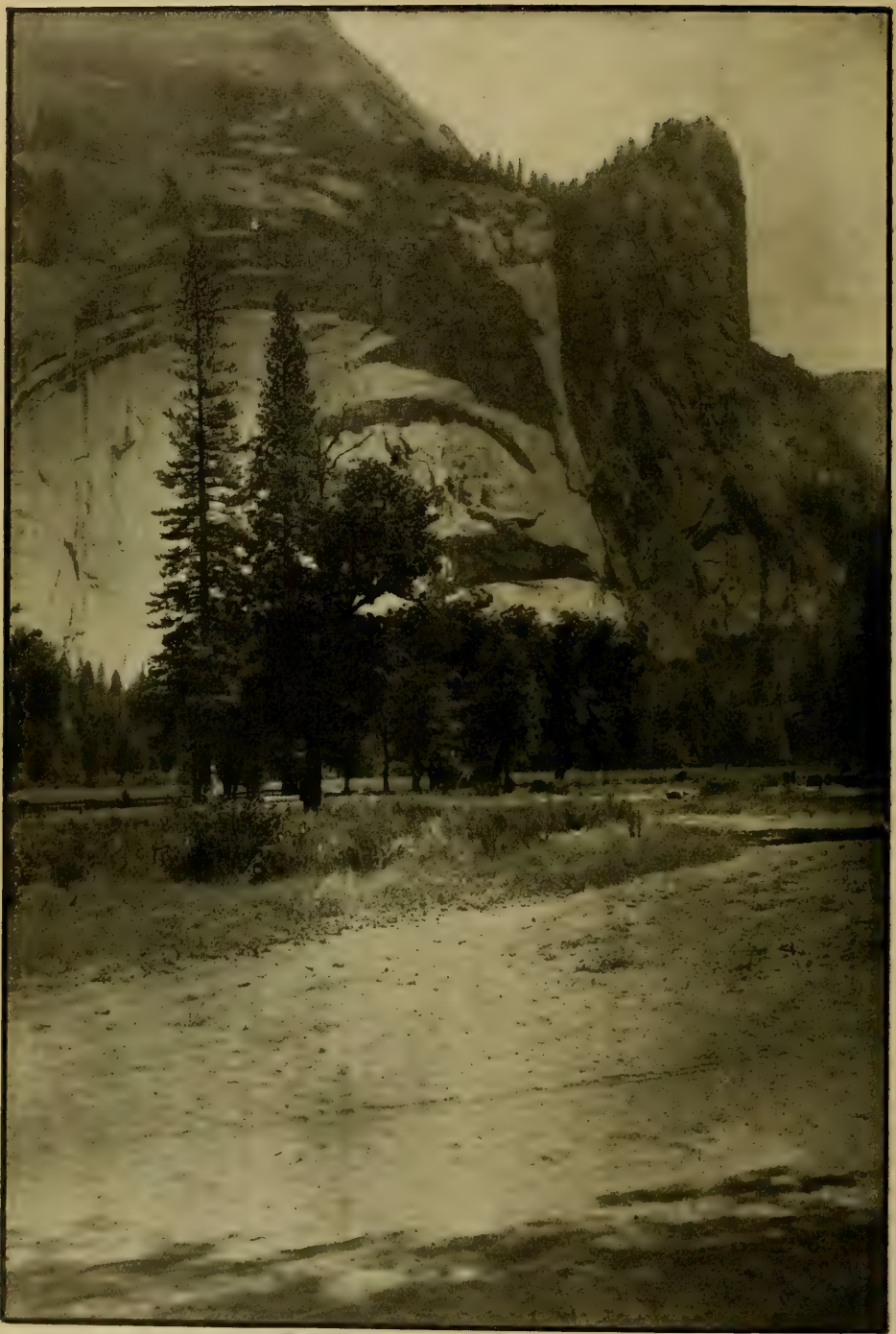
Fairly covered with golden blossoms, a sight uncommon to Californians, can we wonder that the Indian finds reason to believe in the supernatural? These lilies generally bloom in the month of July. During their life no Indian will approach this meadow, for while their fragrance is expelled, here tarries "Ee-e-ke-no," the destroyer of "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah" and "Tis-sa-ack"—the guardian angels of "Kay-o-pha" and the valley.

It is with the greatest difficulty that the Indian can be induced to speak of this Evil One for fear of death, and very little is known in consequence of it, other than has been stated—the destruction of the semi-deities whom the Indian of antiquity held in affectionate veneration.

In the unremembered past, as the legend goes, "Ah-wah-nee" and his people were loved and cared for by "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah." He was looked upon as a semi-god and chief who not only looked after the tribes and provided their creature comforts upon earth, but also superintended their pleasures in the hunting ground of the Indian Heaven. For a long time all was happiness, until one day a vision passed before his lustrous eyes. A maiden sat upon the perfect "southern dome" that lifted its head above the highest peak. She was of dazzling beauty, and "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah" gazed upon her transfixed. This lovely goddess was "Tis-sa-ack," and when she beheld the noble "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah" she whispered his name and glided from the rocky dome to vanish from his sight. But every day she returned and every sunrise found



Tu-Tack-Ah-Nu-Lah Rock.



To-Coy-Ae, Battle ground-

"Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah" watching, though never able to approach the fair goddess. So strong became his thought for her that a blindness to the wants of his people took possession of him. The corn drooped, the people were starving. But not so blind was "Tis-sa-ack." She mourned for their suffering condition, and in loving compassion for them knelt upon the summit of the Glorious Dome and besought the Great Spirit to bring aid to the people. Then the rock was split asunder, one half falling to the earth, and the other remaining erect. The waters rushed to the famished earth and formed a lake where the fallen rock encompassed it.

And so it was that "Half Dome" and "Mirror Lake" were formed. The Indians named the rock "Tis-sa-ack" in veneration of their preserver, and the Lake "Ke-koo-too-yen,"—the sleeping water, where her spirit rests.

"Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah" knew that his love was gone, and resolved to wander in search of her. But so that his people would not forget him he first carved his image upon the rock known to us as "El Capitan," and which bears his name. Only destruction awaited him, however, for when "Ee-e-ke-no," the Spirit of Pond Lily Lakes, who loved "Tu-tock-nu-lah" vainly, knew that she was no longer to behold him, she transformed herself into the fragrance of the lilies to allure him to her power.

In his wanderings in search of "Tis-sa-ack," thinking that the intoxicating fragrance must be emitted from his loved one's presence, "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah" was enticed to the depths of the marsh and disappeared in its embrace.

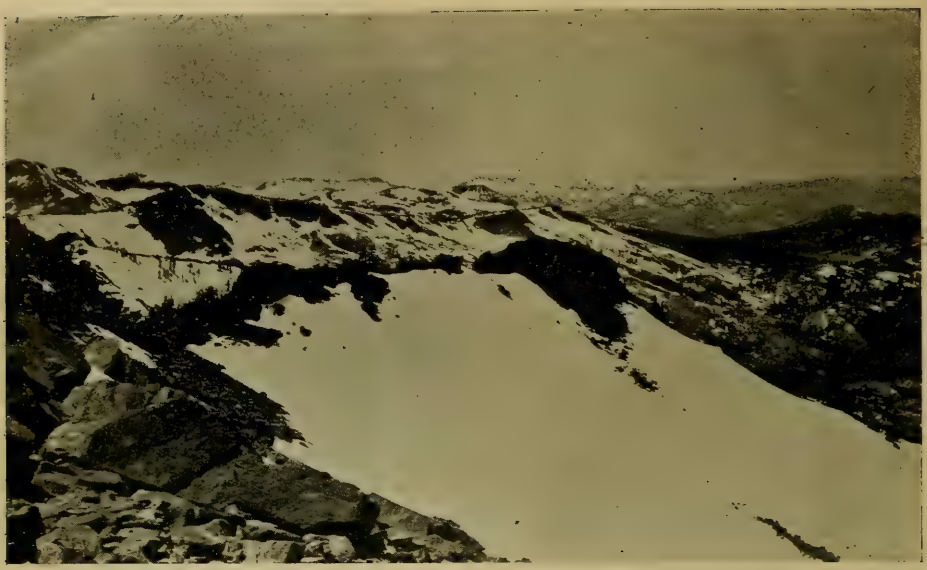
Now the lilies bloom each year, and "Ee-e-ke-no" scatters her glory to the unheeding nostrils of those who shun her charms. She has robbed the loving people of their protector, yet he is not lost to their memory. "Tu - tock - ah - nu - lah Rock" stands defiant. Sternly his image, there where he carved it, battles through ages, with the elements, and far in the distance beneath that monument of ethereal splendor, entombed in crystal shroud, sleeps "Tis-sa-ack," the love that lives forever.

TO A POPPY

Mary Floyd McMullin

Not all the beauty of the rose is thine,
And naught of her fragrance half divine.

A cup of dreams thou art, quiet and deep,
A chalice of oblivion and of sleep—
Flower of forgetfulness.



A glittering glacier, miles away.

A Mid-Summer Night Idyl: The Enchanted River

BY HENRIETTA S. BRECK

WE knew it was enchanting, She and I, because during long, long weeks we had camped beside it in that glory of the world—a Redwood forest. But the merest chance discovered to us its true character. It seemed an insignificant stream at first, but as the days sped by we were aware of a singular charm, a something as evanescent as those strange half-memories that perplex children. Then we thought it shy and coaxing, but too soon found it all indifferent to our praises, and entirely self-absorbed. A glittering glacier, miles away in the cloud-reaching Sierras, gave it birth—did it mourn that icy cradle? One glance at its smiling, dimpled face banished the thought of grief. Was it dreaming, as it lay there so passive and inert that only a practised eye could tell its course, of the time when the bonds that held it to its tortuous bed would be broken, and it might leap straight from the parent arms into the eager, waiting ocean?

"Yes, it must be that," said She, "for look, what wild, mad efforts it makes to escape when the winter rains enforce its tiny strength! See how it has cut the opposing banks and hurled the pebbles and debris away to build up those long reaches of shimmering sand! And I am sure there is an intention, hidden somewhere in those deep holes where the black bass lurk, to tear down those overhanging rocks when next the flood comes in.

"But don't you see," I answered, "how it caresses the banks, sand and rocks alike, with its little laughing ripples?" Have we not heard the music of its lullaby to those bending ferns and grasses? And look now at its glassy bosom where all the exquisite verdure of those banks lies mirrored, can you suppose it

dreaming of the day when that lovely picture shall be effaced? Oh, no. It may be driven to violent deeds, but believe me there is no treachery in the soul of this fair river."

So we idled by its side, bathing in its soft, warm shallows; luring its fish from their dark retreats; skimming its surface in our light canoe, until we knew (or thought we knew) its every mood, from the moment when dawn revealed a thin, gray mist drawn close as a winding sheet over its sleeping bosom, through the golden-shod day till night took earth and river together into its calm embrace. And there was no hour that did not reveal some special beauty of contour or color



Tossed its white arms of spray.



Dancing, swinging, swirling along.

in reed or rock, in pebbly beach or flower-scented, shrub crowded bank, the hills that sprang straight up from the limped water till their crests reached the blue of heaven, or in the long lines of silvery-leaved willows, that grew on either side the stream between two sharp curves and formed a water-way more witching than any Venice can boast. For, besides the hush and the low, dull lapping of the wavelets among the sedges and the willow stems, it seemed a miniature lake since one could see no exit. Some giant redwoods barred one entrance, and from the

other rose a steep, dark mountain over whose top we watched the stars of great Orion come twinkling out of the azure sea.

All these things and more the day and early twilight showed us, and something of its serenity, some message of a world-deep peace, stole into our hearts as we talked of God made manifest in all His works. And yet we felt with that sure knowledge which is not reason that we had but touched the surface of this river's secret, that the innermost part of it was locked from us. Would we ever find the key? Mona Lisa's elusive smile, the first breath of Spring calling to the crocusses, the half-whispering sigh of Septemper winds are not more alluring than the thought of that something that lay beyond our ken. But who guards his secret with such care that somehow, somewhere, sometime it is not betrayed to watchful eye or ear?



Where the verdent banks are mirrored.

One afternoon in idle mood we left the awesome, whispering redwoods to float with the laggard current, and the wind's will down the sleeping river. We knew a deep curve where a heavy silence hung like a barrier that threw back our voices with an unreal sound, and the thrush's evensong and the mocking bird's melody floated on the fragrant air like thing's apart from earth. Just at this bend a hill rose sheer from the water's edge. A long way up its side a tree had fallen and now lay with some of its roots still clinging desperately to the yielding mold, and its crown half submerged in the dark pool, the vines that yet clung to the broken boughs trailing miserably in the water, and murmuring their discontent. A little farther on was a shelving bank covered with bracken and wild azalea. In this nook we beached our boat and sat down to await the coming moon, and to drink in all the wonder and mystery of the silence and the shadows. Hand in hand we sat, speechless, She and I.

Slowly the twilight deepened until there was only a little thread of sky above studded with stars. The shadows, truly, were come, but the Silence! Ah, the Silence! To us, listening, there sounded from beyond the cliff a long, tremulous flute like note—

"'Tis Pan!' 'Tis Pan! The great god Pan, down in the reeds



Shrub-crowded, flower-seented cone.

by the river" whispered She, trembling with the ecstacy of the thought. Then, holding our breath, patter, patter came footfalls from the bracken about us, and an indefinite, indistinct stir in the woods as you sometimes hear in the hush that precedes a summer shower, but these were no storm sprites for the stars were peering curiously down from a cloudless height. Again that prolonged note, but louder and more



Lullaby to those bending ferns and grasses.

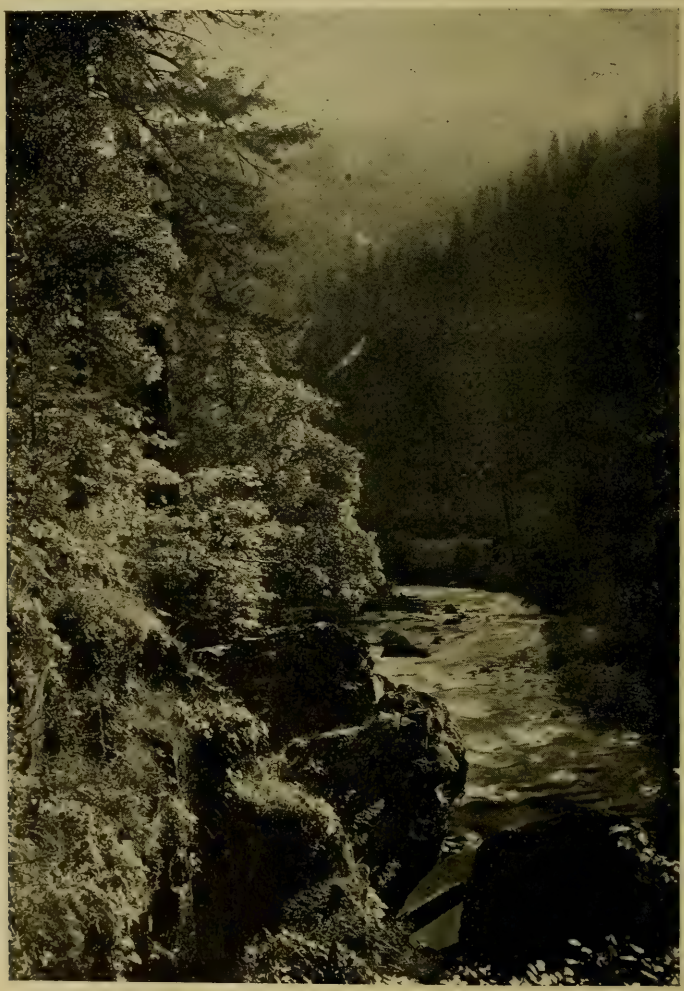
certain, then thicker and thicker fell the pattering, soft as fairy footsteps until they made a confused murmur with which mingled an unwonted commotion of the river.

"Nereids," She breathed, "and hark, the Siren's song!" we bent to catch the strain—faint and far away but heavenly sweet it floated on the air.

"'Tis Helas come again," I murmured. Then She—

"The poets say no gods of earth have ever taken flight and only wait the coming of believing hearts to show themselves." But we strove in vain to see them when the moon rose full, while in her pale beams, we seemed to catch the glint of shadowy forms and shining wings.

It was the Hour of Sound, and to its mystic rule belonged our erstwhile silent River. Thus it was we heard it spring to life and laughter, throwing off the chains of Day. Gone its apathy, gone its indolence as, dancing, swinging, swirling in the abandonment of glee, it shook white wreaths of spray into the air, and roared forth calls and songs to the mountain Echoes who tossed them to and fro in the canyon like



Sent Calls and Songs to the Mountain Echoes.



Night took earth and river into his embrace

a weaver's shuttle, binding fast the sweet medley with this silver thread of sound, into a wondrous web.

All night we sat there, listening, gazing, wondering. But when the first flush of dawn shone on the hill-tops, silence fell upon wood and water, and over the river crept that soft, white mist which we knew to be the breath of the wily river—god as, tired out, he sank to sleep, and the long, sinuous curves but marked the settling of his mighty limbs into the placid waters of the Light. The sun found no token of those moonlight revels, for the wonted peace and calm lay every where, but we, thereafter, knew the meaning of the sly, sweet smile that beamed on the face of this enchanted River, as it paused on its singing way to the sea.

SIMILITUDE

Frances Beadlestone

Like unto Love, Night in her arms enfolds
  Day-born Unrest and its rebellion stills.
Like unto Love, Night in her bosom holds
  The adequate relief for human ills.

O Love, O Night so like to Love, bend down,
  Bless those who languish in dire need of thee;
Lift from the aching brow Grief's thorny crown,
  Strike off Care's gyves and set his captives free!

A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY

BY F. LORENCE

"Every why hath a wherefore."
—The Comedy of Errors.

CHAPTER III.

YOUNG Stratton Wylie came, with an unusually blithe look, into the city room of the Pacific Coast Illuminator. He was feeling as happy as he looked; a sketch he had made the day before, had come out astonishingly well in the morning paper, even the smudgy tones printer's ink can give, having been unable to destroy the strokes of characteristic strength which made the picture of the Honorable Asa Witherson standing on his front door step, the most pleasing portrait of a great man, that the Illuminator had printed in months of Sundays.

The order to make the sketch had been the first important work given Stratton and that he had been told to do the write up also, had been a pleasing testimony to his other abilities. It was his consuming desire to become a Frederick Remington, although he felt an inner conviction, and he was careful, for fear of its being plagiarized, to keep it in an inner one,— that, when the time came, he would write better "stuff" even if he did not draw better broncos than the master he would imitate.

And he looked with a complacency, that strove to hide itself, by curiously regarding occasionally other pages of the Illuminator, at that portion of the paper in which appeared the spread lines and the picture with its caption: "The Honorable Asa Witherson watching his daughter, the bride."

His satisfaction was great, because of it, he had that blithe assurance which won for him instant notice as he went up to the editor's desk. The editor spoke as if he had been waiting for this very man, though in truth he had been casting about in his mind the several reporters who could take a special order. The sight of Wylie settled it.

"I want you to go over to San Rafael," he said at once, " and get sketches of the ladies at that garden party this afternoon. Get a story to go with 'em too. You know who it is we want?" he querried. Stratton's blank look was assurance that he didn't know. "Why the bridesmaids of yesterday, of course." The editor might as well have added "you fool!"—his tone said it. "The matron of honor gives the party; get her photograph and any others you can; Miss Claude Delmar won't give hers, but it's her portrait we're after and you'll probably have to sketch it. You'll have the whole afternoon and plenty of opportunity to get a good thing. I'll give you my invitation so you needn't do the reporter act to begin with. Get yourself introduced and study Miss Delmar before you try to draw. I want a likeness, mind, not a mere picture. But be accurate in your notes of the gowns,—don't trust to your memory; get a woman to prompt you. It's up to you Wylie to get a good thing for the Illuminator, for I don't believe they'll let in reporters and we can have a beat with the pictures to run besides. They say the Illuminator always falls down on its society stories; now show them what we can do."

Stratton, with his small note book buttoned into his breast pocket, looked a very presentable young fellow when he joined the throng of guests who were approaching

Mrs. Hinckley, the hostess. His chief had known whom to choose for that assignment; Stratton, if too young for society before his family lost the fortune that had enabled them to share it, had been brought up in its atmosphere; he would not commit a gaucherie and there would be those who would remember and welcome the lad grown to man's estate. Indeed, some little association with social life had been kept up by his people even after the crash which had determined his sister to go abroad and make ready to earn her living by her art work. He, remaining with the aunt and cousins with whom he had grown up from his orphan childhood, was to follow Frances in a few years, but his setting out was about to be hastened since the government appointment received by his eldest cousin, had resulted in the whole family's emigration to the Orient.

Only a week or two had Stratton been alone, living, for the first time in his twenty-two years, without restraint of home influence or care. He was looking at the world with new vision; not allowing that he was lonely, homesick for old ways and especially for gentle manners after a real experience with Bohemianism. But the moment he greeted Mrs. Hinckley he knew it. That she recognized him without explanations was confortingly pleasing; he remembered moving tales his reporter friends told of trials, in covering society assignments, where they were treated as something between a butler and a book-agent. A different reception caused him to forget his errand for a time.

The pretty bridesmaids for whom the function was given, stood in a row before which he was passed by an efficient mistress of ceremonies who made the proper presentations. The last girl of the row was Claude Delmar. The other names had made no impression on Stratton; as soon as he heard Miss Delmar's he thought of his mission with apprehension. He was to sketch her because no other sort of picture could be got of her; she had repeatedly refused her portrait to the press, and she looked as though a hatred of notoriety was her honest reason; yet he was there to force her into a public prominence, to steal away what she had a right to keep for herself,—the protection of inconspicuousness. How unassuming she looked, this multi-millioniaress! Her fluffy trailing gown was the greatest part of her. And he must study the gowns too. Great Scott! what a task, and what a stupid thing to think of now.

He managed to take up a stand just behind the row of girls and out of the way of the stream of arriving guests. Miss Delmar turned a trifle so that he had a view of her profile. Her robes the most noticeable thing about her? Why, it was her eyes, or her smile now as she talked, for she began to talk at once.

"You are the Mr. Stratton Wylie who has a sister studying in Rome, are you not?" she asked, and hardly waited for his assent. "I knew you at once," she went on, "I told your sister I should know you without introduction." Stratton looked mystified; he expressed his surprise awkwardly, but the girl seemed not to note that. Between presentations she was called to receive, she continued: "She has a very good picture of you, you know,—the one you did of yourself, the charcoal. I told her I should know you by that and the other picture, and you see I have."

Stratton stammered when he was embarrassed: "Fra— Frances is a jolly good girl to show me off so well." He thought he had expressed it with pleasing modesty. Miss Delmar brought him up short:

"Who said it was 'well'?"

"Oh, you know I mean so—so—graphically."

"But it is not she who is entirely responsible—it is your own work by which I knew you."

"Then I must feel complimented

on both." Said he.

"Why on both?"

"Because the one leads to the other,—and,—to you." he added, catching his breath at daring the words. She had not heard him; her attention was claimed again and, intensely thankful, Stratton addressed himself to fulfilling the orders given him, to study her as a model. Unconsciously, he fell to studying her as a human being, another creature like unto himself yet differing in an alluring way; fair, not with the fairness of great beauty, but of something else, incapable of being defined and infinitely more subtle.

The young man did not, indeed, analyse his thoughts; he looked and felt and,— forgot to attempt anything else. When she was free again she took up the conversation where it had left off with that ease a very young woman who has been bred to social forms, can maintain with perfect ingenuousness.

"It was a charcoal you made," she reminded him, "but Frances painted the miniature from it. That is why I recognized your coloring as well as your features."

"A miniature! Frances! Why she does'nt paint—she only models."

"Ah, but she paints too. Don't you know she can do anything—anything she tries to do?" I knew that in two days after I met her. "He opened his eyes so wide she laughed outright at which her eyes closed up so tightly they seemed only glints of soft humid color. "Of course she can do anything, cousin James says so, and he was one of her instructors at Berkeley—he knows."

"A school teacher!" Stratton's tone was scornful, "pedagogues are great bluffs, you can't take stock in what they say out of a class room."

He was beginning to feel a very pleasing self assurance; this sweet little girl was not at all formidable and now that she had shown an interest in art—as well as a thorough ignorance of it (Frances a painter! the girl of course didn't know that mere dabbling with brushes was not painting)—he believed he could get her portrait and with her own consent. And he really wanted it; she wasn't pretty; her features were set on her face in the most irregular way; they did not correspond to one another at all if considered separately, and yet there was harmony, and a lovely appealing expression. Oh, yes, he could make a good picture of her. But for the paper? As he thought of that, a singular twinge brought him up short. To mix her up in yellow journalism! For the journal in whose pay he was here, was yellow, no denying it; all sorts and conditions of people were exploited in it but chiefly a sort he shrank from thinking of as he talked to this plain young girl whose millions he forgot while his consciousness paid tribute to her womanhood.

And the seriousness of his mission, the meaning of his profession became newly impressive to him. Making a likeness of a girl whose budding life was of interest to thousands, whose sweet personality might well be imitated, seemed to him as great a work to undertake as Raphael had set himself when he painted his madonnas, copying their features from models who not having been divine mothers, so often fail to look the character he gave them.

"Let me make a sketch of you," he found himself saying.

"Why yes—sometime; I should like that." She assented. "But do you really think you can draw me?" the tone was quite serious, even anxious; but he did not understand it; his ability seemed questioned and pride was touched.

"That I *can*," he emphasized.

"That you can get a likeness? Of me, nobody gets a likeness, not even the photographers. I'm so ugly, you see, they try to idealize, and then

there's no likeness. Do you think you can get one?"

"I know I can," he asserted boldly. "Look here—I've got my notebook. Let me show you right here and now."

A breaking up of the group of hostesses interrupted their talk; everyone began to move around; he thought he was about to lose her when she exclaimed: 'There, it's over—I'm free. Now, let's fly before Mrs. Hinckley wants me to parade again. I'll show you the gardens."

She slid dexterously through the crowd, Stratton following. He knew there were, in the grounds of Mrs. Hinckley's show place, many horticultural wonders. He had heard of a Buddha temple in a jungle; of a Babylonian hanging garden; of a Borgia woodland and a Burgos alameda. The girl stopped her swift flight in the shade of the alameda hedge.

"For days I've been running away from people," she laughed. "Do you know why Rome is nicer than San Francisco?" but she did not wait for his guess. "Because there is so much left of the past great ones that present-day people can go unnoticed." She dropped on a seat, and Stratton found a perch on an ornamental bowlder. He produced his note book, and his pencil was at work before she had moved again. When she stirred, he held up an entreating hand.

"Please, just a minute. Let me show you it was not egotism that made my sketch of myself what you call 'good.' I must make yours equally good to prove it."

"But mine can't be that," she protested.

"I'll prove it can," he insisted, working fast. "Of course you must allow for the tonelessness of penciling, but I'll work it up in wash; that'll make it tell. By Jove! it's going to come out fine."

His fingers trembled with energy as they did his bidding; his throat ached as it used in childhood when he wanted to cry; his muscles were tense as were his nerves while he saw a telling likeness growing under his fingers. The picture was herself! With the sense of having accomplished a great thing came a revulsion of feeling. The picture was made, it was his, done with her full consent, but consent won—how? If she knew for what he meant to use this likeness, her anger, her contempt would justly fall upon him. How could he suffer them? She had welcomed him as Frances's brother; she knew nothing of his connection with the odious papers that disturbed her peace. He had accepted her estimate of him, allowed it to go unmodified; was purposely winning from her what he knew she would not have given him had she known his errand. All this became horribly plain to him as the sketch was finishing in his hands. He grew silent and she chatted without seeming to expect reply, giving him glimpses of strange high views of life and duty and of simple, gentle ambitions. She might have been a pauper, so unassuming was her talk. She, too, had studied in Rome, working industriously over music, lodging as poor students lodge, laboring as they labor who mean to be one day more than laborers. Then, suddenly she had given it up to return home.

"Oh, it's a bother to come of age," she exclaimed. "There are so many things to sign all the time. Trustees can do it, of course, but it doesn't seem fair to give them all that trouble. One's just got to know for one's self—and that means to—do. I'd rather sing, but then——" She forgot her pose and jumped up, looking over his shoulder. He heard her give a little gasp.

"Why, it's me!" she exclaimed.

"Do you like it?" he asked, not knowing his tone was a plea. It was a pretty piece of work; the pencilings had given the soft tones that

suited the subject; the figure was dainty as her own, and the face, strikingly like the original, was also lovely with feeling and character. The girl drew in her breath; there was a note that almost thrilled in her voice as she said: "Oh, I do!"

She held out her hand for it: "I never wanted to keep a photograph of myself, but this I shall keep."

But he did not give it to her: "I want it, too," he said, smiling a little, though his heart was giving tremendous throbs; how tell her now?

"But you did it for me?" Still he held it. "I can't allow you to have a portrait of me," and now the tone was haughty as well as hurt.

"You spoke of a photograph just now," he said. "Did you give away all you have? Is there not one left?"

"I give them away as soon as I get them; I haven't one; that is why I want the sketch."

He hesitated, fingering the paper nervously. "Give me a photograph for this, and you may have it." His voice showed he was ashamed; she looked at him strangely as she said:

"I won't bargain for a picture of myself, and as I told you, I have no photograph." She turned away abruptly. Stratton got to his feet uttering something incoherent, but arresting by its sound. She stopped, looked at him straight in the eyes and waited. It was the hardest thing he had ever had to do to meet that look; he could imagine what her eyes would say when she saw this sketch in the Illuminator. How she would despise him. But what difference could it make? Why, the difference of something found and something lost. They had become friends all in a minute—yes, friends; they would be friends no more. Well, they could not have been so beyond this day in any case. Her wealth, his poverty, took them different ways; they would never meet again probably. Why try to hold her good opinion? Where had she gained that opinion? Ah! from Frances! Frances, whose love saw, in him, all possibilities, made him see them in himself; who had held up the proudest aims of manhood for him to reach; who had made this sweet girl believe him capable of achieving—he had read it in her eyes, heard it in her voice as she talked of what Frances had taught her, and—he must lose this, lose it, unless—— Was there another way? the thought gripped his heart. Yes, he could fail! But could he? Fail on his assignment; fail in the trust imposed in him; fail in honesty to that which was furnishing him the means to live, and had set his feet successfully on the first path to his chosen road? No, he could not fail, must not; he would lose something precious, but in that he alone would be the loser.

His face had grown very white. Hardly a perceptible pause had the girl made, yet all those thoughts had surged through his mind as she waited. He took a step toward her. "I want to tell you something," he said, hoarsely. "You will judge me harshly—well, do so, but do not judge my sister that way; she is not responsible for my mistakes." She looked up, amazement, apprehension in her glance. "I came to this garden party," he went on, "as a representative of the Daily Illuminator, Miss Delmar." He saw her expression harden. "I came to get a report for to-morrow's paper, but in especial to get a portrait of you."

"Of me! A portrait of me?" Horror was in the tone.

"As an heiress, as a young lady prominent in society, you are an object of interest to the country. Nearly every other woman can be persuaded to give her photograph to be reproduced in the papers; you have refused so persistently it was thought useless to urge you further. I was sent to make a portrait of you. I have made it, but I declare to you that I would give all I dream to become had I not been given this assignment. When you were asking me for a sketch just now, I hesi-

tated between duty and—and a wish to give you whatever you asked of me; now I know I may not do this; you will despise me, but this sketch is the property of the Daily Illuminator, and it is out of my power to let you have it."

She heard him through in absolute silence, though her face grew paler, her eyes darker every instant. He stood; his arms dropped inert; his head bowed and glance avoiding hers. Suddenly she moved quite close to him:

"I will solve the difficulty for you," she said. Her voice trembled and her fingers fluttered in the laces at her throat, fumbling with a large heart-shaped locket she wore. "The brother of my dear friend, Frances Wylie, must neither betray his trust to duty nor to," a break in the tone, "honor. A portrait is what they want. Give me the sketch and take this." She held out to him the locket, opened; it disclosed a miniature of herself on one side, and from the other there looked into Claude's face the eyes of his own sister. "You have my permission to reproduce my portrait in the Illuminator."

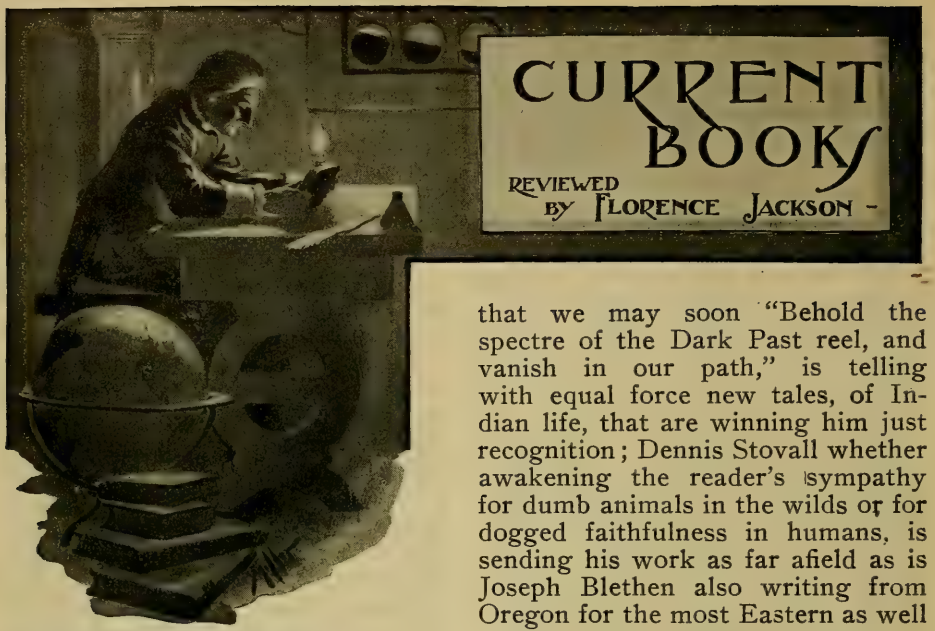
Stratton gasped. How could he accept such a favor? She was sacrificing her own feelings to save him, but to save him only in the letter, not in the spirit of the deed. His actual work would not be printed, but he had none the less betrayed the confidence she had put in Frances's brother. As he hesitated, she came and took the sketch-book from his hand; the leaf came out easily; she returned the book, then, turning her back to him, she tore the sketch across again and again, and tossed the bits of paper to the winds. Her head was held very high but her chin trembled.

"Thus I am saved from a growing vanity," she said. "No doubt, if I had been pretty I should have given my portrait for publication long ago. That sketch was the only pretty picture of me that was ever a true likeness, so I should have fed my vanity upon it. The miniature is pretty, too, but it is not a real likeness. Now, my pride will be kept down when people are saying: 'She was never so lovely as that,' and all the papers are copying, with addenda—the Illuminator is just the beginning. But never mind, only," her eyes were appealing as she moved away, "don't ever do anything that would grieve Frances—she believes in you."

"Oh, can't you believe in me, just a little?" he cried, but if she had heard him she did not turn back. Stratton was left with the miniature and his own thoughts.

(To be continued.)





NO little self-gratulation can the West feel at this time at the evidence shown, by the spring lists of many publishing houses, of the standing her writers are taking in the world of literature. Not only are the old and well known names repeated again and again, but new authors are given conspicuous place, both for their completed books and for their work appearing in the magazines. Among the latter, Mr. Herman Whitaker, whose story in the April issue of the Overland Monthly gives rare view of a sense of humor displayed by red men, takes his place with the novelists as the initial chapters of his serial appear in print; Miss Alice MacGowan, whose Mexican tale of love and revenge was another attraction of our April issue, has "arrived" in the success won last fall by her novel "The Last Word;" Mr. Charles Lorrimer, who is intimately conected with diplomatic and social circles in the Orient, sends from the Celestial land, interesting matter to us as well as to other periodicals; Mr. John G. Neihardt, stirring us in "The Voice of the West," bidding us believe that we may soon "Behold the spectre of the Dark Past reel, and vanish in our path," is telling with equal force new tales, of Indian life, that are winning him just recognition; Dennis Stovall whether awakening the reader's sympathy for dumb animals in the wilds or for dogged faithfulness in humans, is sending his work as far afield as is Joseph Blethen also writing from Oregon for the most Eastern as well as the most Western readers for whom publishers are begging of him the inevitable novel without, which, it seems, no writer is to be allowed to go in peace. Mrs. Ella Higginson, with her well known volumes belonging to the class of the famous has her hands full writing short stories, the orders for which she cannot hope to fill for years to come.

Such is some of the work that has been successfully accomplished by western writers, and on our table there are several books by new California authors whose initial effort gives promise of more good things for the future .

A Hero of Old Mexico. Not in a long time has such a thorough romance come to hand as this one of an American Confederate officer and a Mexican girl whose father is a loyal Imperialist of the court of Maximilian, That the author, if not a Californian, is now residing in California, being one of the faculty of Leland Stanford University, enables the State to feel distinction through his successes. We prophesy a speedy

dramatization of "Roderick Taliaferro," which has all the thrilling situations, the high motive and picturesque setting of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but gives a happier ending, and makes vivid a period of real history. However, the chief fault of the book concerns this very historical atmosphere. The air is allowed to thicken so densely with the smoke of battle, that as with Carlysle's "French Revolution," if one does not know the trend and connection (even at times the details) of political events, it is difficult to understand the drift of them in the story or to know which party belonged to which policy. But that which is a serious fault in a history is but a slight one in a historical novel, and a historical novel the book is, although its romance is the leading characteristic. A charming one it is, too, showing thereby that wonderful thing, the world is ever ready to love a dauntless lover, sure of himself, constant to honor, confident of friends, and winning by force of his own truth. The tale combines, in a singular way, this theme of romantic love, narrative of great events, scenic descriptions of unusual power, and a lofty philosophy of ethics as contrasted with unreasoning religious form.

"Roderick Taliaferro," by George Cram Cook. The Macmillan Co., Publishers, New York. Price, $1.50.

An Hereditary Capitalist.

An interesting and curious story of a community and people that differ as sharply from Eastern and Western lands and characters as they do from the South from which the hero is taken to the shores of Lake Michigan, is found in "The Legatee," another first book. It corroborates the claim made that in the United States, themes and conditions are to be found of sufficiently varied interests as to offer unending possibilities for the settings of fictitious narratives. In this story, which takes up the life of a Michigan lumber town, whose chief industry is carried on by the man who inherits it and is hated both as the capitalist and as a Southerner, the combining of characters in representatives of various nationalities of blood is found in an eminently American community. The tone of the book and its style takes one back to the atmosphere of some of those sterling tales that helped to make fiction what it is to-day in the world of literature; John Halifax, Gentleman, Crawford, Miss Mitford, all recur as we see in the life of this latter day and amid very different forces, the same sense of steady growth of mind and heart through common interests, slight or stirring events centered in a small neighborhood. There is a touch, too, of the stately tone of Southern life, and the hero, so persistently "Mr. Proctor," is no sham Virginian although his democratic behavior is rather socialistic for a man of his birth, especially in the epoch given. The characters are somewhat confusingly introduced, and several of them might be omitted without loss to the story, but many chapters are very strong and exceedingly moving; a gentle humor pervades some of the less tense passages, and not few are the telling epigrams: "Comfortably resigned to the expected." "It is sometimes good to have been lonely—when the loneliness is over." "—that was what pushed people to great deeds—that they might forget that life wasn't giving them what they had a right to expect."

The book leaves the reader with a sense of completion and peace that is significant of its moral worth, and this sense remains in spite of the stirring scenes of the last chapters, showing the awesome fury of forest fires.

"The Legatee," by Alice Prescott Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price $1.50.

EDITORIAL DIGEST

THE AGE OF GOLD of which long ago Milton sang that "time would run back to fetch" it, has, it would seem, proved itself to be like life and death, having all seasons for its own (and all eras), and thus it is that interest can ever be awakened by the mere mention of the magic name of that most precious of all metals.

Nothing that has ever been possessed or desired by man, excepting life, has had so much said of it as has the searching for, the finding, mining, and the acquiring of gold, and if one more phase of its influence be considered—its spending—there will be comprehended in the history of gold the entire history of human aspiration, effort, achievement. From the beginning of nations gold has been precious of all things, so that the esteem of it was so great as to make consistent the likening of a period of supreme happiness to "the age of gold." More beings have died for gold than ever died for honor, or glory, or love of home or country, and the most subtle minds have woven about it fancies of rich imagery. And yet a contemporary review has recently been telling its readers that now-a-days "Imagination is no longer the ruler (of the fancies of the mind), but the handmaid. The former place is occupied by Observation," and this contemporary goes on to say what the collection of contributions in this number of our magazine goes to prove, that "Looking over the tremendous literary output of the moment throughout the world, one will scarcely find a work that is the product of the Imagination, as the term was once understood."

True for the most part here, yet our confrere does not observe the complement of that condition; no branch of industry, science, practical effort or necessary or gratuitous achievement from the greatest to the most common-place and unimaginative happening, but what now takes on, demands, and is expected to wear, some sort of literary livery when it is set before the public through written form. So that imagination is not less, but more, than ever generally exercised.

To the story of a wonderful period and marvelous discoveries of glittering treasure, the lucid, simple statements of how these riches are made available for use, and how from crude endeavors and efforts where energy was uselessly wasted, the imagination of man, teaching his inventive faculties, has evolved labor and wealth-saving processes of gathering the stores of nature, there is added stories of romance that are founded in fact, From the surface washings of gold-sprinkled river sands, to the subterranean workings of the deepest mines, the reader is carried by the mystery of language that, without the imagination which follows the words, would be only meaningless jabberings. El Dorado has been a magic word ever since the first gold ornament was seen by the conquerors upon the person of an Indian. The Gilded One was pursued from land to land. Nearly every tribe told the same story, and for long years the El Dorado searched for, was variously thought to be a new treasure or a different chief. It was probable that one and the same legend was told in many places, but first in Venezuela to those same cruel German colonists who began the extortion practiced on the Indians. This Gilded One was said to be a chief who bathed himself

in gold every day, washing it off at night, and as the conquerors advanced into the country the realm of this rich chief was said to be farther and farther in the interior. Thus the fame of El Dorado spread and was given by the white men to any desirable lands where riches could be found.

SOLOMON'S MINES OF OPHIR have been credited to the New World with some warrant of probability in their existence. Long before the northern part of this continent had known the foot of white men quantities of gold were taken from the heart of a country almost as dark, in regard to means of access, as is the center of Africa itself. Following the coast of this Western Ocean, the nearest approach to the mines of Bolivia can be found, but the seaport of Antofagasta is still a weary distance from those high mesas. From their simple, leisurely manner of pursuing the industry, they were, after the conquest, forced to the dreadful slavery of the mita tax. The rescate de oro (auction of gold), established by the Spaniards, is kept up to this day in some of the primitive towns of Bolivia, notwithstanding the fact that foreign companies conduct most of the mines now worked, and the annual sale is carried on in the same way that it was managed two centuries ago. Nor have the natives learned much, in the interim, of business enterprise. Long, long ago nine bolivars the ounce was the usual price of gold, and now but twenty-eight bolivars are paid: a bolivar is valued at about sixty-nine cents. The lack of means of transportation prevents the swift growth or development of an immensely vast and rich land which, if once opened, would rival the richest mining country of this northern hemisphere, and so in spite of the treasure of the ancient Ophir, the foot of the wandering prospector goes not near to those historic mines. Nineteenth and twentieth century history is busy with northern industries, and the facts that these present are offered in the romance dress that shall appeal to the imagination. When these no longer have interest there will be worlds to conquer below the line, and when gold becomes wearisomely glittering, there will be the silver mines to yield their store. A dozen years ago, Bolivia exported through the port of Buenos Ayres alone twenty-one millions of silver ore, and her mines are not really worked. If European Governments appreciated all the southern half of the continent of America has to offer to the developer of industries, it is not strange, since they alone of the great Powers, have taken interest enough in Latin America to find out what is desirable within her shores.

RECOGNITION OF INDIVIDUAL AND OF RACE is one of the questions of the hour, and it will compel attention more and more in spite of suppression or the the atrocious manner of governing Filipinos, or notwithstanding any effort to annex the unfortunate Cubans. The discoveries reported by General Miles as having been made by him in his tour of the Philippines, are disheartening to those who would believe the Anglo-Saxon race too far advanced beyond barbarism to have inclination for, much less to permit, the practice of cruelties such as those declared to have been perpetrated on the Filipinos. The facts narrated—and to the writer some of these horrors were not long since admitted by one who had witnessed them—simply show that even civilization and culture have not yet wholly eliminated savage instincts from human nature and that where opportunity is given, oppression is most apt to be used. The Cubans remember this with such distinctness that even expedi-

ency cannot make the idea of annexation popular except with those speculators with political situations who thoroughly believe in attention to the individual first and the race next. Senator Newlands, in his plan for "inviting" Cuba to join the United States, can scarcely be thinking of any regulation of race differences. Nor is he considering, it would seem, the adding to the white population of our Government, an additional immense black population, which must be estimated in that solution of the race problem which is already a sufficiently difficult equation.

That there is not felt in Latin countries the intense antagonism to the negro which the people of the United States cultivate, should be a credit mark to a greater breadth of mind and heart, but it also should be a reason why those Latin countries should not, by being absorbed into the larger government, become closed to greater freedom of the nēgro as a citizen and an individual or bring their quota of the black race to be placed in the trying position their brothers occupy under the Stars and Stripes. They would better not become citizens than, as citizens to be disfranchised. F. J.

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY CADETS

TO all Californians either by birth or adoption the following report showing the efficiency of the military corp of the University of California will be a matter for gratification and elation. It was submitted by Col. George Wm. Bauer, Commander of the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association, University of California, after a thorough inspection. Col. Bauer besides commanding the University Cadets also holds a Commission as Commander in the State Naval Battalion, and is rated as a most painstaking and competent officer. Herewith we give a photo fac-simile of that popular officer:

San Francisco, May 2, 1903

Benjamin Ide Wheeler,
President, University of California
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sir:—

In accordance with custom, as Commander of the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California, I inspected and reviewed the University Cadets on Monday, April 27th, 1903, and herewith tender you my report of same.

The exercises consisted of regimental parade in line of masses, in which the whole corps participated, regimental review, battalion and company drills.

The regimental parade was formed promptly and in order and progressed to the end without a hitch and with a great deal of snap. The officers displayed their familiarity with this ceremony and the men great precision in the manual. The marching and playing of the band on parade was a great improvement on the past efforts of that organization.

In the review the marching of the companies was very good, and in this respect we wish especially to compliment "N" company, which is composed entirely of students who entered the University last January and had not prior to that time received instruction in military tactics.

The battalion drill was excellent. The officers proved their efficiency by their prompt commands and their ready execution of the commands of their superiors. Some of the most difficult movements of the battalion were executed with precision and promptness and the entire battalion drill was a pleasing revelation to us.

The company movements were well executed and the manual of arms was far above the average.

We note one great improvement over previous years, that is, in the carriage and set up of the men. They walk more erect and fewer round shoulders were noticeable than on previous reviews. We understand that this improvement is due to the interest taken by Professor Magee, who has drilled the men in the setting up exercises four times a week. He has accomplished a wonderful result and the superior carriage of the men is no doubt wholly due to his exertions.



Colonel George W. Bauer.

We were invited to inspect the armory and the arms and accoutrements and find that they are kept in excellent condition. When it is considered that this work is entirely done by two men and that there are over nine hundred small arms and accoutrements in addition to sabres and field pieces and band instruments, it may readily be seen that the task is no small one.

In our last report we adverted to Colonel Waite's excellent system of keeping the records of the department.

From an examination of these records we find that the attendance is excellent, few men absenting themselves from drill without being excused by the Commandant or Medical Examiner. The total number of students enrolled in the Department is now 808, a considerable decrease from our last report. This fact is owing to withdrawals of students from the University.

The examinations for promotion show an increased interest on the part of the students in their military exercises. Out of a total enrollment of 808, in the Department, 466 took examinations for promotion, by far the largest number in the history of the Department. The percentages obtained in these examinations are far above all previous records and show great interest in the work on the part of the students.

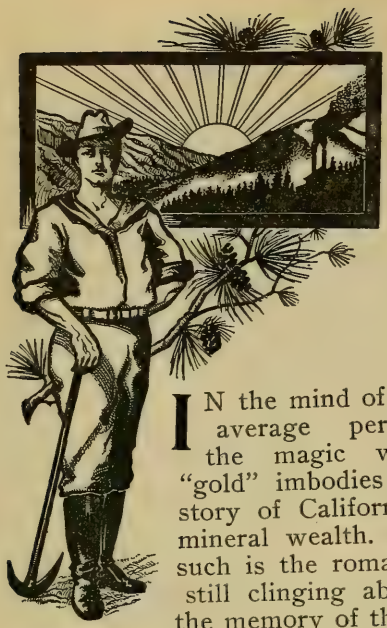
In our opinion the efficiency of the corps is constantly increasing and those who have received commissions in the University Cadets are much concerned in this matter, as the value of their commissions is greater or less accordingly as the efficiency of the Corps increases or diminishes.

We believe that the present efficiency of the Corps is due to its present Commandant, and that the longer he is retained at the head of the Military Department the better will be the results attained. We are given to understand that Colonel Waite's term as Commandant is about to expire and we respectfully urge the President of the University to recommend his reappointment and retention.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE WM. BAUER

Colonel, Commander A. C. O. A. U. C.



California's Copper Mines

An industry that produces millions yearly, yet which is almost unknown. even to our home people California the fourth copper producing State in the Union.

By Thos. H. Guptill.

IN the mind of the average person, the magic word "gold" imbodies the story of California's mineral wealth. For such is the romance still clinging about the memory of those days of '49 when the eyes of the civilized world were dazzled by the glitter of her untold riches.

In the contemplation of that word "Gold," and the resultant affluence to its possessor all else was forgotten.

For it men toiled incessantly at the primitive sluice box and rocker or attacked the quartz ledges with the old arastra or improvised stamp.

Later came capital to supplement the work of the horny-handed miner. The giant was set tearing at the hillside, the dredger sucked unceasingly at the river beds, and the modern cyanide plant displaced the rude stamp upon the mountain side. And all this for gold. But with the development of different mineral-bearing ledges came the knowledge that here within our bounds lay deposits of copper ore that rivaled in extent and richness the famous mines of the world.

Between then and now California's copper production has grown to gigantic proportions. The story of California's copper greatness must be largely the story of Shasta county for within her borders is mined the great bulk of the red metal of the State.

In Shasta County there is to-day operating one great property, the Mountain Copper Company, whose output has induced the attention of the mining world and whose record places it the sixth largest producer of copper on the American continent, and the ninth largest in the world. If we compare it with others we find that the value of the output of this one mine is twice as great as the combined output of all the oil wells in the State of California, and if we add to its output the value of its own great neighbor, the Bully Hill copper property, we have a total output for Shasta County valued at three times as much as is the value of all the oil wells in California.

It is natural that we should be interested in the stories of wealth of different lands, but a few comparisons will show how great is the wealth of the splendid mines of the northern county as compared with the wealth of mines distributed greater distances from home, which are so well known in their world-wide story. The wealth of the Klondike and of Cape Nome could astound the world, yet wonderful as is the Klondike, great as is Cape Nome, the value of the output of the mines of Shasta County is one-half as great as the output of all the properties of the entire Klondike and greater than the outputs of all the mines in Nome. The mines of Montana, Michigan and

Arizona have been praised in splendid story, yet the value of the output of Shasta County is greater than the output of some of their greatest properties. It is greater than that of the Butte and Boston; it is greater than that of the great Parrot mine; it is greater than that of the Arizona Copper Company of Arizona; of the Detroit of Arizona; greater than that of the world-famed Tamarack of Michigan; of the Atlantic or of the Wolverine. Utah claims many splendid copper properties, yet the output of Shasta county is greater than the output of all of the Utah copper mines combined.

As compared with the value of the output of some of the great precious metal mining districts of our country, the value of Shasta County's output is two-thirds as great as the value of the output of the whole great Leadville district of Colorado; it is one-third as great as the value of the entire output of the great Cripple Creek district of Colorado; it is greater than the output of the famed Eastern Gold Belt of Colorado, which is important enough to support several flourishing towns and be counted as one of the most important mining resources of that mining State. Again, comparing the output of these great Shasta properties, the value of the product from the copper properties of that single county is as great as the value of the combined output of the wonderful Homestake mine of Dakota and of the Treadwell mine of Douglas Island, Alaska, and the net profit earned by the Mountain Copper Company during the year 1901 was greater than the gross output of that great Alaska property, which itself stands as a model gold mine of the world.



View on the Redding Gold and Copper Mining Co.'s Four-Mile Bar property, where over $7,000,000 in copper ore shows above water level.

To those acquainted with the splendid successes in Shasta's great copper mining district the lack of interest shown by Californians in the operation of these great mines has been a wonder, calling for explanation, yet the explanation is perhaps found in simple causes, and one of the leading excuses is the limited amount of information held by our people regarding the extraction of copper from the ores. An investor readily appreciates the explanation regarding the extracting gold from the ores, while a more careful explanation is called for in order to place before his mind the method of extracting copper ores.

The output of the copper mines of Shasta County is as great probably, as the value of sulphurets obtained from the concentrates of all the gold as mined in the State, and it is as great as the entire gold output of the three greatest gold producing counties of California.

The limit of Shasta County's copper production has not yet been reached, for great as she is now, greater are the days to come, when a full realization shall come to our home people of the splendid possibilities before us of the advancement of the resources at our doors. Until now Eastern or foreign hands have lifted Shasta into the light that displays her to the world. The problem of her ores is now a solved one and the development of Shasta's great and promising resources is assured.

Another addition to the long list

of wealth producing properties in Shasta County is the Four Mile Bar Copper property of the Redding Gold and Copper Mining Co., where a ledge of very fine copper-bearing ore has recently been opened up.

Samples submitted to experts are declared to equal the best product of the copper belt.

The force now employed will be increased as soon as the necessary equipment can be placed and buildings erected for their accommodation.

They have twenty-five claims including 127 acrrs of patented mining ground.

At present the company is confining itself to the development of its Four Mile Bar Copper property on Clear Creek, where they are now driving a tunnel in rich ore, and are negotiating for an 80-ton smelter. This property is destined to be one of the greatest copper producers yet discovered.

Prof. M. P. Boag, one of the most able and conservative mining engineers on the coast, after a thorough examination of this group, basing his estimate on a valuation of $16 per ton—$12 for copper and $4 for gold and silver—gives the valuation of Four Mile Bar property as $7,200,000 above water level.

As it is the invariable experience in this mineral zone that ore becomes richer below water level, and as repeated assays, made since Prof. Boag's report was rendered, show that Four Mile Bar ore carries values in gold, silver and copper to the the extent of $33 per ton, it can be readily seen that a great rival of the famous Iron Mountain and Bully Hill properties is being opened up by the Redding Gold and Copper Mining Company on Clear Creek.

Some of the Eastern stockholders of this company, amazed that such a vast deposit of rich ore should exist in so favorable a locality, detailed Mr. Edward A. Smith, a mining engineer of wide experience in the mining districts of Mexico and the Western States, to examine their property and make a report direct to them. Mr. Smith in that report said:

"I can candidly say that in all my travels in the past fourteen years through various mining districts, I have not seen as promising a property as the Four Mile Bar Copper.

"I find on the footwall fourteen feet of solid ore, which is exposed for several hundred feet in length and which is highly mineralized."

Referring to Prof. Boag's report, Mr. Smith said: "I have never seen a more accurate and just one written, based upon conservative calculations, and I heartily endorse the entire report."

Stock in the Redding Gold and Copper Mining Company is now selling at 25 cents per share. They are capitalized for 1,000,000 shares at a par value of $1 per share. Treasury stock, 600,000 shares.

The price will be advanced on securing their smelter.

The copper mines of Shasta county are paying their stockholders millions of dollars every year. You can participate in this by securing stock now in the Redding Gold and Copper Mining Company. Write to them to-day.

Their booklet on the mineral possibilities of Shasta County is well worth possessing for the valuable information it contains. It can be had free, with any other information desired by addressing the Redding Gold and Copper Mining Company, 222 California Safe Deposit Building, San Francisco, Cal.